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——Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit——Horat.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

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OBSERVER.

NUMBER I.

WHEN a man breaks in upon a company of strangers, to which he is not invited, the intrusion does or does not demand an apology, according to the nature of the business which brings him thither: if it imports the company only, and he has no interest in the errand, the less time he spends in ceremony the better; and he must be a very silly fellow indeed, who stands shuffling and apologizing, when he ought either to warn people of their danger, or inform them of their good fortune: but where this is not the case, and the man, so intruding, has nothing more to say for himself, than that he is come to sit down in their company, to prattle and tell stories, and club his share to the general festivity of the table, it will behove him to recommend himself very speedily to the good graces of his new acquaintance; and if his conversation furnishes neither instruction nor amusement, if he starts no new topics, or does not talk agreeably upon old ones, 'tis well if he does not make his exit as abruptly as he entered.

In like manner, every author finds a material difference in his first approaches to the public, whether

his subject recommends him, or he is to recommend his subject: if he has any thing new in art or science to produce, any thing important to communicate for the benefit of mankind, he need be under no difficulty in demanding their attention to a business, which it is so much their interest to hear and understand; on the contrary, if he has nothing to tell his readers, but what they knew before he told it, there must be some candour on their part, and great address on his, to secure to such an author a good reception in the world.

I am at this instant under all the embarrassments incident to a man in the last-mentioned predicament: I am exceedingly desirous to make my best bow to the good company I am intruding myself upon, and yet equally anxious, that in so doing I may neither make my first advances with the stiff grimace of a dancing master, nor with the too familiar air of a self-important. As I pretend to nothing more in these pages, than to tell my readers what I have observed of men and books, in the most amusing manner I am able, I know not what to say to them more than humbly to request a hearing; and, as I am in perfect charity and good-humour with them, sincerely to hope that they on their parts will be in like good-humour and charity with me.

My first wish was, to have followed the steps of those essayists, who have so successfully set the fashion of publishing their lucubrations from day to day in separate papers. This mode of marching into the world by detachments has been happily taken up by men of great generalship in literature, of whom some are yet amongst us. Though Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, N° 124, has asserted, that *a man who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writ-*

ings to the world in loose sheets and single pieces, it does not appear that he is serious in his assertion; or, if he is, it is plain that his argument draws one way and his example another; *I must confess,* says he, *I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen.* This will suffice to convince us that Mr. Addison saw the advantages of this mode of publication in such a light as led him to make choice of it himself, and to recommend it to others; for it is not to be supposed, that he would have prefixed a motto to this very paper, purporting that *a great book is a great evil,* and then argued seriously in recommendation of that evil.

Some of the most pleasing volumes now in our hands are collections of essays published in this manner, and the plan is still capable of a variety, that is in no danger of being exhausted; add to this, that many years have now elapsed since any papers of this sort have been published: the present time therefore on this account, as well as from other circumstances peculiar to it, may seem favourable to the undertaking: but there are good reasons, why writers have desisted from pursuing any further these attempts of working through a channel, which others are in possession of, who might chance to levy such a toll upon their merchandize as would effectually spoil their market.

The miscellaneous matter I propose to give in these sheets naturally coincides with the method I have taken of disposing them into distinct papers, and I shall proceed to publish in like manner till my plan is completed, or till any unforeseen event cuts short the prosecution of it. For me to con-

ceive, in any age so enlightened as the present, that I can offer any thing to the public, which many of my readers will not be as well informed of as myself, would be a very silly presumption indeed: simply to say that I have written nothing but with a moral design would be saying very little, for it is not the vice of the time to countenance publications of an opposite tendency; to administer moral precepts through a pleasing vehicle seems now the general study of our essayists, dramatists, and novelists. The preacher may enforce his doctrines in the style of authority, for it is his profession to summon mankind to their duty; but an uncommissioned instructor will study to conciliate, whilst he attempts to correct. Even the satirist, who declares war against vice and folly, seldom commits himself to the attack without keeping some retiring place open in the quarter of panegyric; if he cuts deep it is with the hand of a surgeon, not of an assassin. Few authors now undertake to mend the world by severity, many make it their study by some new and ingenious device to soften the rigour of philosophy, and to bind the rod of the moralist with the roses of the muse.

I have endeavoured to relieve and chequer these familiar essays in a manner that I hope will be approved of; I allude to those papers, in which I treat of the literature of the Greeks, carrying down my history in a chain of anecdotes from the earliest poets to the death of Menander; to this part of my work I have addressed my greatest pains and attention. I believe the plan is so far my own, that nobody has yet given the account in so compressed and unmixt a state as I shall do, and none I think will envy me the labour of turning over such a mass of heavy materials for the sake of selecting what I hoped would be acceptable in the relation. Though

I cannot suppose I am free from error, I can safely say I have asserted nothing without authority; but it did not suit the purpose of the work to make a display of these authorities, as it was my wish to level it to readers of all descriptions. The translations I shall occasionally give will be of such authors, or rather fragments of authors, as come under few people's review, and have never been seen in an English version: these passages therefore will have the merit of novelty at least with most readers, and if I succeed in naturalizing to any degree authors, whose names only float amongst us, I shall not think that what has been the heaviest part of my undertaking has been the most unprofitable. As I mean this to be a kind of *liber circumcurrens*, I have thought it not amiss to intitle it *The Observer.*

NUMBER II.

There is a pretty numerous sect of philosophers in this kingdom, whom I cannot describe by any apter denomination, than that of *Dampers.* They are to be known in society by a sudden damp, which they are sure to cast upon all companies, where they enter. The human heart, that comes within their atmosphere, never fails to be chilled; and the quickest sense of feeling is as effectually benumbed, as the touch is with the torpedo. As this sect is of very ancient standing in the world, and has been taken notice of by several heathen writers, I have sometimes thought that it might originate in the school of Thales, who held water to be the first principle of all things. If I were certain that this

ancient philosopher always administered his water cold to his disciples, I should incline to think the present sect of *Dampers* was really a branch from the Thalesian root, for it is certain they make great use of his first principle in the philosophy they practise.

The business of these philosophers in society is to check the flights and sallies of those volatile beings, who are subject to be carried away by imagination and fancy, or, in other words, to act as a counterpoise against genius; of the vices of mankind they take little notice, but they are at great pains to correct their vanity. They have various receipts for curing this evil; the ordinary method is, by keeping stern silence and an unmoved visage in companies which are disposed to be cheerful. This taciturnity, if well kept up, never fails in the end to work a cure upon festivity according to the first principle of Thales: if the *Damper* looks morose, every body wonders what the moody gentleman is displeased with, and each in his turn suspects himself in the fault; if he only looks wise, all are expecting when the dumb oracle will utter, and in the mean time his silence infects the whole circle; if the *Damper* seasons his taciturnity with a shrug of the shoulders, or a shake of the head, judiciously thrown in, when any talkative fellow raises a laugh, 'tis ten to one if the mortified wit ever opens his mouth again for that evening; if a story is told in his company, and the teller makes a slip in a date, or a name, a true *Damper* may open, provided it is done agreeably to the rules of his order, by setting the story-teller right with much gravity, and adjusting the mistake so deliberately, that the spirit of the story shall be sure to evaporate, before the commentator has properly settled his correction of the text. If any lucky wit chances to say what is

called *a good thing*, and the table applauds, it is a *Damper's* duty to ask an explanation of the joke, or whether that was all, and what t'other gentleman said, who was the butt of the jest, and other proper questions of the like sort. If one of the company risks a sally for the sake of good-fellowship, which is a little on the wrong side of truth, or not strictly reducible to proof, a *Damper* may with great propriety set him right in the matter of fact, and demonstrate, as clear as two and two make four, that what he has said may be mathematically confuted, and that the merry gentleman is mistaken. A *Damper* is to keep strict watch over the morals of the company, and not to suffer the least indiscretion to escape in the warmth of conviviality; on this occasion he must be ready to call to order, and to answer for his friend to the company, that he has better principles than he affects to have; that he should be sorry such and such an opinion went out against him; and that he is certain he forgot himself, when he said so and so. If any glance is made at private characters, however notorious, a *Damper* steps in with a recommendation of candour, and inveighs most pathetically against the sin of evil-speaking. He is never merry in company, except when any one in it is apparently out of spirits, and with such an one he is always exceedingly pleasant.

A *Damper* is so profest an enemy to flattery, that he never applies it in ever so small a degree even to the most diffident: he never cheers a young author for fear of marring his modesty, never sinks truths because they are disagreeable, and if any one is rashly enjoying the transports of public fame on account of some successful production in art or science, the *Damper* kindly tells him what such and such a critic has scoffingly said on the occasion, and

if nothing better offers, lowers his triumphs with a paragraph from a newspaper, which his thoughtless friend might else have overlooked. He is remarkably careful not to spoil young people by making allowances for spirits or inexperience, or by indulging them in an opinion of their persons or accomplishments. He has many excellent apothegms in his mouth ready to recommend to those, who want them, such as *to be merry and wise* :—*a grain of truth is better than an ounce of wit* ;—*a fool's bolt is soon shot, but a wise man keeps his within the quiver* ;—*he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master* ;—and many more of the like sort.

The following letter will serve to show in what sort of estimation this sect of *Dampers* was held by a Roman author, who was one of the finest gentlemen of his time.

PLINY TO RESTITUTUS.*

" I cannot forbear pouring out my indignation before you in a letter, since I have no opportunity of doing so in person, against a certain behaviour which gave me some offence in an assembly, where I was lately present. The company was entertained with the recital of a very finished performance: but there were two or three persons among the audience, men of great genius in their own and a few of their friends' estimation, who sat like so many mutes, without so much as moving a lip or a hand, or once rising from their seats, even to shift their posture. But to what purpose, in the name of good sense, all this wonderous air of wisdom and solemnity, or rather indeed (to give it its true appellation) of this proud indolence? Is it not downright folly, or even madness, thus to be at the expense of a

* Melmoth's translation.

whole day merely to commit a piece of rudeness, and leave him an enemy, whom you visited as a friend? Is a man conscious that he possesses a superior degree of eloquence than the person whom he attends upon on such an occasion? So much the rather ought he to guard against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority wherever it resides. But whatever a man's talent may be, whether greater, or equal, or less, than his friend's, still it is his interest to give him the approbation he deserves: if greater or equal, because the higher his glory rises, whom you equal or excel, the more considerable yours must necessarily be: if less, because if one of more exalted abilities does not meet with applause, neither possibly can you. For my own part, I honour and revere all, who discover any degree of merit in the painful and laborious art of oratory; for eloquence is a high and haughty dame, who scorns to reside with those that despise her. But perhaps you are not of this opinion; yet who has a greater regard for this glorious science, or is a more candid judge of it than yourself? In confidence of which, I chose to vent my indignation particularly to you, as not doubting you would be the first to share with me in the same sentiments. Farewell."

The Romans were much in the habit of reading their unpublished performances to select parties, and sometimes no doubt put the patience and politeness of their hearers to a severe trial: I conceive that this practice does not obtain to any great degree amongst us at present: neither is it a thing to be recommended to young authors; except under peculiar circumstances; for they certainly expose themselves and their hearers to a situation very delicate at best, and which sometimes leads to unpleasant conse-

quences. I am aware how much is to be expected from the judicious remarks of a critic, who will correct *with all the malice of a friend*; yet a man so qualified and disposed is not easily found, and does not often fall within the list of an author's acquaintance: men, who read their works in circles, or to any but the most select friends, read for no other purpose but for admiration and applause; they cannot possibly expect criticism, and it is accordingly agreed upon by all, but the sect of the *Dampers*, either to keep out of such circles, or to pay their quota when the reckoning is cast up. Few, but men of quick and lively parts, are forward to recite in such societies, and these are the very men, who are most pained by neglect; for I think it is a remark, with as few exceptions to it as most general remarks have, that brilliant talents are attended with extreme sensibility, and the effects of sensibility bear such resemblance to the effects of vanity, that the undiscerning multitude are too apt to confound them. These are the men, who, in their progress through life, are most frequently misunderstood, and generally less pitied than they ought to be.

Now a *Damper* will tell you that he is consulting such a man's good, and lowering his vanity, when he is sporting with his feelings, and will take merit to himself for the discipline he gives him; but humanity will reflect, that the same spirits, which are prone to exult upon success, are proportionably agonized by the failure of it, and will therefore prompt us to a gentler treatment of such persons.

The sums which are expended in this nation upon those refined enjoyments, which are produced by the expertness of the hands and the ingenuity of the head, are certainly very great; and men are therefore apt to exclaim, 'See what encouragement this country gives to arts and sciences!' If money

were the standard measure of encouragement, there could be no dispute in the case; but so long as men have a feeling for their pride, as well as for their pocket, money alone will not encourage and promote the genius of a nation; it is the grace of doing a favour, which constitutes its merit; it is from the manners of the great, that the man of rising talents is to draw that inspiriting consideration of himself, that stimulating pride of nature, which are to push his efforts towards perfection.

A limner will take a canvass and chalk out a man's face he has never seen before, and hang on his robes, or his garter, if he has one, or will put a horse in his hand, if he likes it better, or make a battle in the back ground, if he was ever within hearing of one, and when the job is finished will be paid the price of his labour, like any other mechanic; the money he may spend or put to use, and, if customers come in, he may raise his price upon them, and the world may call those profits an encouragement; but the painter is still a tradesman, and his sitter, not a patron, but a customer: the mercer, whose damask clothes the walls of the nobleman's saloon, and the artist, whose pictures hang round it, are in the same predicament as to encouragement, whilst neither of them are admitted into the house they contribute to adorn.

As I have made this remark with a reference to the *Dampers* in high life, I am aware that there are many eminent encouragers of the arts and sciences among the rich and liberal; nay, so general is their protection, that it comprehends a numerous importation of exotic tooth-drawers, dancers, and milliners, who find that England is the nursery of genius: even the magnifying philosopher of Piccadilly, (unless he multiplies as well as magnifies) has shown his *wonders* so frequently and to such prodi-

gious numbers, that it is to be doubted if they shall continue to be *wonders* much longer.

There were men, in ancient Greece, no doubt, who talked though Zeno chose to hold his tongue, when certain ambassadors had invited him to supper, that they might report his sayings to their sovereign: *what shall we say of you to our master?* the foreigners demanded; *say that I had the wisdom to hold my tongue,* replied the Stoic. Though I am clearly of opinion that this great master of silence was an intolerable *Damper*, and made a very poor return to these same hospitable ambassadors for their good entertainment of him, yet I am not quite so ready with my answer to a certain female correspondent, who in consequence of some discourse upon *Dampers* the other day, in a company where she was present, favoured me with the following short, but curious, epistle.

'SIR;

'I have the misfortune to be married to an elderly gentleman, who has taken strange things in his head of late, and is for ever snubbing me before folks, especially when the captain is in company. 'Twas but t'other night he broke up a party of hot-cockles in the back parlour, and would not let the captain take a civil salute, though I assured him it was only a forfeit at questions and commands.

'I don't know what he means by saying he will put a spoke in my wheel, but I suspect it is some jealousy matter.

'Pray, Sir, is not my husband what you call a *Damper?* Your's,

'LUCY LOVEIT.'

NUMBER III.

The desire of praise is natural, but when that appetite becomes canine, it is no longer in nature; a taste of it is pleasant to most men: temperance itself will take a little, but the stomach sickens with a surfeit of it, and the palate nauseates the debauch.

Let the passion for flattery be ever so inordinate, the supply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly, drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all sorts; some keep a stall of offals, some a storehouse of delicacies; a squeamish palate must be forced by alluring provocatives, a foul feeder will swallow any trash that he can get hold of.

In a recent publication of the history of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, written by Sepulveda of Cordova (a contemporary and favourite of that famous monarch), the Academy of History at Madrid in their dedicatioh to his present Catholic Majesty, address him in the following words—*Nam quem tu, Carole Rex, ut nomine refers, ita etiam bellicâ laude jampridem æmularis.* When these courtly academicians have thus mounted their peaceable sovereign on the war-horse of the victorious Charles, they seriously proceed to tell him, that *being fully equal to his predecessor in his martial character, he is out of all distance superior to him in every other kingly quality; more wise, more politic, more magnanimous, and (as the present work can testify) a greater friend to learning than all that ever went before him, and if they may risk a prediction, there will probably be none to come in competition with him hereafter.*

If his Catholic Majesty shall ever come to an understanding of this paragraph, and strike a fair comparison between himself and his illustrious namesake, I should not be surprised if the next work his academicians shall be employed in proves the fortifications of Ceuta.

When I compare the state of flattery in a free country, with that which obtains in arbitrary states, it is a consolation to find that this mean principle is not natural to mankind; for it certainly abates in proportion as independency advances. This will be very evident to any one, who compares the flattery of Elizabeth's and James's days with the present. Ben Jonson, for instance, was a surly poet, yet how fulsome are his masques! In his *News from the New World*, he says of James

Read him as you would do the book
Of all perfections, and but look
What his proportions be:
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmony.

This poet, though he was rather a clumsy flatterer of his prince, was ingenious enough in the mode he took for flattering himself, by introducing a kind of chorus, wherein he takes occasion to tell his hearers, that *careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident his plays shall superplease judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest by example or otherwise.* It is remarkable that this passage should be found in his *Magnetic Lady*, and that he should speak with such confidence of one of his worst productions, as if he was determined to force a bad comedy upon the hearers by the authority of his own recommendation. This is an evident imitation of Aristo-

phanes, who, in his comedy of *The Clouds* holds the same language to his audience, fairly telling them *he shall estimate their judgment according to the degree of applause they shall bestow upon his performance then before them:* in conclusion he inveighs against certain of his contemporaries, Eupolis, Phrynichus, and Hermippus, *with whose comedies, if any of his audience is well pleased, that person he hopes will depart from his dissatisfied; but if they condemn his rivals, and applaud him, he shall think better of their judgment for the future. Act* 1. *sc.* 6.

The caution authors now proceed with shows the refinement of the times; still they can contrive in a modest way to say civil things of themselves, and it would be hard indeed to disappoint them of so slight a gratification—for what praise is so little to be envied, as that which a man bestows on himself? Several of our diurnal essayists have contrived under the veil of fiction to hook in something recommendatory of themselves, which they mean should pass for truth; such is the intelligent taciturnity of the Spectator, and the solemn integrity of the Guardian.

The latter, in one of his papers, notices the ambition of some authors to prefix engravings of their portraits to their title-pages; his ridicule has not quite laughed this fashion out of countenance, for I perceive it is still in existence, and I frequently meet the face of an old acquaintance looking through the windows of a booksellers shop. One very ingenious gentleman, whose *beauty* is amongst the least of his recommendations, has very prudently stamped his *age* upon his print. In the same shop window with this gentleman, I observed with great pleasure an elegant author standing by him, as erect as a dart, firm and collected in the awful moment of beginning a *minuet.* I own I regret that the honest butler, who has regaled the age with *a treat*[illegible]

and strong beer, has not hung out his own head in the front of his book, as a sign of the *good entertainment* within.

But of all the instances of face-flattery I have lately met with, that of a worthy citizen surprised me most, whose compting-house I entered the other day, and found an enormous portrait of my friend in a flaming drapery of blue and gold, mounted upon the back of a war-horse, which the limner has made to rear so furiously, that I was quite astonished to see my friend, who is no great jockey, keep his seat so steadily: he confessed to me that he had consented to be drawn on horseback to please his wife and daughters, who chose the attitude; for his own part it made him quite giddy to look at himself, and he frequently desired the painter not to let the horse prance so, but to no purpose.

Too great avidity of praise will sometimes betray an author into a studied attempt at fine writing, where the thought will not carry the style; writers of this sort are like those tasteless dabblers in architecture, who turn the gable-ends of barns and cottages into castles and temples, and spend a world of plastering and pains to decorate a pig-stye. They bring to my mind a ridiculous scene, at which I was present the other day: I found a lady of my acquaintance busily employed in the domestic education of her only son; the preceptor was in the room, and was standing in an attitude very much resembling the erect gentleman I had seen that morning in the bookseller's window: the boy kept his eyes fixt, and seemed to govern his motions by certain signals of the feet and arms, which he repeated from the preceptor. In the course of my conversation with his mother, I chanced to drop my glove upon the floor, upon which he approached to pick it up, but in a step

so measured and so methodical, that I had done the office for myself, before he had performed his advances. As I was about to resume the conversation, the mother interrupted me, by desiring I would favour her so far as to drop my glove again, that Bobby might have the honour of presenting it to me in proper form: all this while the boy stood as upright as an arrow, perfectly motionless; but no sooner had I thrown down my gauntlet, than he began to put one foot slowly in advance before the other; upon which the preceptor of politeness cried out, *one!—first position!*—The boy then made another movement of his feet, upon which the master repeated—*two!—second position!*—This was followed by another, and the echo again cried out—*three! very well—third position! bend your body slowly!*—At the word of command the automaton bent his body very deliberately, its arms hanging down in parallel perpendiculars to the floor, like the fore-legs of a quadruped. The glove being now taken up by the right hand, was placed with great decorum upon the back of the left hand; the trunk of the animal was slowly restored to its erect position, and the glove presented with all due solemnity. As I was in hopes the ceremony was now over, upon hearing the teacher cry *bravo!* I thought it time to make my compliment of, *thank you pretty Master!* but I was again in a mistake, for the mother begged me not to hurry her dear Bobby, but allow him time to make his bow, and still hold the glove in my hand: this was an operation of no slight consequence, for in the time it took him up, a nimble artist might have made the glove: at last, however, it was over, and the boy was putting himself in order of retreat, when the master observing that I had omitted the necessary bend of my wrist upon receiving the glove, for want of which the whole

had been imperfect, proposed a repetition of the manœuvre, in which Bobby should be the dropper, and himself the picker up of the glove. This proposal struck me with such horror, that, taking a hasty leave of the lady, in which, first, second, and third position were probably huddled all together, I departed, repeating to myself in the words of Foigard, *all this may be very fine, but upon my soul it is very ridiculous.*

NUMBER IV.

Lady Thimble is one of those female pedants, who, with quick animal spirits, a pert imagination, great self-conceit, and a homely person, sets herself up for a woman of talents: she has as much of the learned languages, as a boarding-school girl carries home of French upon her first holidays, when Miss assures you she can call for what she wants, and, though she won't utter a word in the parlour from pretended modesty, insults the ignorance of the chambermaid with an eternal jargon of bad grammar, worse pronounced. This learned lady is the only child of a wealthy trader of the city of London, who, having never advanced in his own education beyond the erudition of the compting-house, took care his daughter should be instructed in every thing he did not understand himself, and as the girl grew exceedingly vain of the applause of the pedagogue, who read to her, the merchant grew as vain of the scholarship of his child, and would listen to the sound of Latin or Greek with as much superstitious

respect, as a Gentoo does to the Shanscrite language of the Brahmins.

Miss, in the mean time, became an insufferable slattern in her clothes and person, her handkerchiefs and aprons were full of iron-moulds from the drippings of the inkhorn, and her stockings full of holes from her neglect of the needle: these were in fact, badges of affectation rather than of oversight, and you could not pay your court to her better than by rallying her about them. She wore a head of false hair, not because her own was thin, but because a wig was thrown on in an instant; this was sometimes done with a negligence that seemed studied, and when the learned Ventosus vouchsafed to visit her, she was sure to wear her wig awry, as Alexander's courtiers did their heads, in honour of her guest: there was indeed an unseemly humour settled in her nose, but this she got by studying *Locke upon the human understanding* after dinner; before she could develope the whole doctrine of *innate ideas*, the humour deepened many shades, which, however, on the whole may be allowed to be getting off, pretty well for a student in metaphysics. No face could bear the addition of a red nose better than Lady Thimble's: but a more alarming accident had befallen her in her astronomical studies, for as she was following a comet in his perihelion through the solutions of Sir Isaac Newton, her cap caught fire, and she was forced to break off in the midst of a proposition, by which means she dropt a stitch in the demonstration, and never was able to take it up again; her skin being cruelly scorched by this system of the comets, she wears a crimson scar upon her cheek, not indeed as an ornament to her beauty, but as a trophy of her science.

Her works are pretty voluminous, especially in manuscript; but censorious people affect to whisper,

that she performed one work in concert with the pedant her master, and that, though this composition was brought secretly into the world, it is the only one of her producing that bids fair for posterity: this story, and the remark upon it, I had from a lady, who is one of her intimate friends, but she assured me she gave no credit to it herself, and considered all such scandalous insinuations as the effects of malice and envy.

At the age of seven and twenty, by the persuasion of her father, she was joined in the bands of wedlock to Sir Theodore Thimble: this gentleman had been lately dubbed a knight for his services to the crown in bringing up a county address; his father, Mr. David Thimble, had been an eminent taylor in the precincts of St. Clement's, in which business he had, by his industry and other methods raised a very respectable fortune in money, book-debts, and remnants: in his latter years, Mr. Thimble purchased a considerable estate in Essex, with a fine old mansion upon it, the last remaining property of an ancient family. This venerable seat during the life of Mr. Thimble remained uncontaminated by the presence of its possessor, but upon his death it fell into the occupation of young Theodore, who disdaining the cross-legg'd art, by which his father had worked himself into opulence, set out upon a new establishment, and figured off as the first gentleman of his family: he served as sheriff of the county, and acquired great reputation in that high office by the elegant and well-cut liveries, which he exhibited at the assizes; a lucky address from the county gave him a title, and the recommendation of a good settlement procured him his present lady, whom we have been describing.

As I have been in long habits of friendship with the worthy citizen her father, I could not resist the

many pressing invitations he gave me to pay a visit to his daughter and Sir Theodore at their country seat, especially as he prefaced it by assuring me I should see the happiest couple in England; and that, although I had frequently opposed his system of education, I should now be convinced that Arabella made as good a housewife, and understood the conduct of her family as well, as if she had studied nothing else, and this he was sure I would confess, if he could prevail with me to accompany him to her house.

On the day following this conversation we set out together, and in a few hours found ourselves at the promised spot: as I remembered this fine old mansion in the days of its primitive simplicity, when I was ushered to its gates through a solemn avenue of branching elms, that arched over head in lofty foliage, and formed an approach in perfect unison with the ancient fashion of the place, I must own I was much revolted to find that Sir Theodore had begun his improvements with a specimen of his father's art, by cutting an old coat into a new fashion: my favourite avenue no longer existed; the venerable tenants of the soil were rooted up, and a parcel of dotted clumps, composed of trumpery shrubs, substituted in their places; I was the more disgusted, when I perceived that by the nonsensical zigzaggery of the road, through which we meandered, I was to keep company with these new-fashioned upstarts, through as many parallels, as would serve for the regular approaches to a citadel. At one of these turnings, however, I caught the glimpse of a well-dressed gentleman standing in a very becoming attitude, who I concluded must be the master of the mansion waiting our approach; and as I perceived he had his hat under his arm, expecting us with great politeness and civility, I

instantly took mine from my head, and called to our driver to stop the carriage, for that I perceived Sir Theodore was come out to meet us. My companion was at this time exceedingly busy in directing my attention to the beauties of his son-in-law's improvements, so that I had stopped the chaise before he observed what I was looking at; but how was I surprised to find, in place of Sir Theodore, a leaden statue on a pair of scates painted in a blue and gold coat, with a red waistcoat, whose person upon closer examination I recollected to have been acquainted with some years ago, amongst the elegant group, which a certain celebrated artist exhibits to the amusement of stage-coaches and country waggons, upon their entrance into town at Hyde-Park Corner! I was happy to find that this ridiculous mistake, instead of embarrassing my friend, occasioned infinite merriment, and was considered as so good a joke by all the family upon our arrival, that I am persuaded it was in the mind of the improver when he placed him there; for the jest was followed up by several other party-coloured personages cast to the life, gentlemen and ladies, who were airing themselves upon pedestals, to the no small delight of my companion; and though most of these witticisms in lead were of the comic cast, one group, of a mountebank in the act of drawing an old woman's tooth, was calculated to move the contrary passion; and this I observed was the last in the company, standing in view from the windows of the house, as the moral of the fable. We now entered a Chinese fence through a gate of the same fashion, to the side of which was affixed a board, on which I observed, at some distance, a writing in fair characters; this I suspected to be some classical text, which my Lady had set up to impress her visitors with a due respect for her learning, but

upon a near approach I found it contained a warning to all interlopers, that men-traps and spring-guns were concealed in those walks.

In this dangerous defile we were encountered by a servant in livery, who was dispatched in great haste to stop our driver, and desire us to alight, as the gravel was newly laid down, and a late shower had made it very soft; my friend readily obeyed the arrest, but I confess the denunciation of traps and guns were so formidable to my mind, that I took no step but with great circumspection and forecast, for fear I was treading on a mine, or touching a spring with my foot, and was heartily glad when I found myself on the steps, though even these I examined with some suspicion, before I trusted myself upon them.

As we entered the house, my friend the merchant whispered me, that *we were now in my Lady's regions; all without doors was Sir Theodore's taste, all within was hers;*—But as here a new scene was opened, I shall reserve my account to another paper.

NUMBER V.

Our visit to Sir Theodore and Lady Thimble being unexpected, we were shown into the common parlour, where this happy couple were sitting over a good fire with a middle-aged man of athletic size, who was reposing in an elbow-chair, in great state, with his mull in his hand, and with an air so self-important, as plainly indicated him to be the dictator of this domestic circle.

When the first salutations were over, Lady

Thimble gave her orders to the servant, in the style of Lucullus, to prepare *The Apollo*, declaring herself ashamed to receive a gentleman of talents in any other apartment; I beseeched her to let us remain where we were, dreading a removal from a comfortable fire-side to a cold stately apartment, for the season was severe; I was so earnest in my request, that Sir Theodore ventured in the most humble manner to second my suit; the consequence of which was a smart reprimand, accompanied with one of those expressive looks, which ladies of high prerogative in their own houses occasionally bestow to husbands under proper subjection, and I saw with pity the poor gentleman dispatched for his officiousness upon a freezing errand through a great hall, to see that things were set in order, and make report when they were ready. I could not help giving my friend the merchant a significant look upon this occasion; but he prudently kept silence, waiting with great respect the dreadful order of march.

My lady now introduced me to the athletic philosopher in the elbow-chair, who condescended to relax one half of his features into a smile, and with a gracious waving of his hand, or rather fist, dismissed me back again to my seat without uttering a syllable. She then informed me, that she had a treat to give me, which she flattered herself would be a feast entirely to my palate; I assured her Ladyship I was always happiest to take the family-dinner of my friends, adding, that in truth the sharp air had sufficiently whetted my appetite to recommend much humbler fare, than I was likely to find at her table. She smiled at this, and told me, it was the food of the mind that she was about to provide for me: she undertook for nothing else; culinary concerns were not her province; if I was

hungry, she hoped there would be something to eat, but for her part she left the care of her kitchen to those who lived in it. Whilst she was saying this, methought the philosopher gave her a look, that seemed to say he was of my way of thinking; upon which she rung the bell, and ordered dinner to be held back for an hour, saying to the philosopher she thought we might have *a canto* in that time.

She now paused for some time, fixing her eyes upon him in expectation of an answer; but none being given, nor any signal of assent, she rose, and observing that *it was surprising to think what Sir Theodore could be about all this while, for she was sure* the Apollo *must be ready*, without more delay bade us follow her: *Come, Sir*, says she to me, as I passed the great hall with an aking heart and chattering teeth, *you shall now have a treat in your own taste;* and meeting one of the domestics by the way, bade him tell Calliope to come into *the Apollo*.

When I set my foot into the room, I was immediately saluted by something like one of those ungenial breezes, which travellers inform us have the faculty of putting an end to life and all its cares at a stroke: a fire indeed had been lighted, which poor sir Theodore was soliciting into a blaze, working the bellows with might and main to little purpose; for the billets were so wet, that Apollo himself with all his beams would have been foiled to set them in a flame: the honest gentleman had taken the precaution of opening all the windows, in spite of which no atom of smoke passed up the chimney, but came curling into the room in columns as thick, as if a hecatomb had been offering to the shrine of Delphi; indeed this was not much to be wondered at, for I soon discovered that a board had been fixed across the flue of the chimney, which Sir Theodore in his attention to the bellows

had neglected to observe: I was again the unhappy cause of that poor gentleman's unmerited rebuke, and in terms much severer than before; it was to no purpose he attempted to bring Susan the house-maid in for some share of the blame: his plea was disallowed; and though I must own it was not the most manly defence in the world, yet, considering the unhappy culprit as the son of a taylor, I thought it not entirely inadmissible.

When the smoke cleared up I discovered a cast of the Belvidere Apollo on a pedestal in a niche at the upper end of the room; but, if we were to judge by the climate, this chamber must have derived its name from Apollo, by the rule of *lucus a non lucendo:* As soon as we were seated, and Lady Thimble had in some degree composed her spirits, she began to tell me, that the treat she had to give me was the rehearsal of part of an epic poem, written by a young lady of seventeen, who was a miracle of genius, and whose talents for composition were so extraordinary, that she had written a treatise on female education, whilst she was at the boarding-school, which all the world allowed to be a wonderful work for one of such an early age. There was no escape, for Calliope herself now entered the room, and dinner was put back a full hour for the luxury of hearing a canto of a boarding-school girl's epic poem read by herself in the presence of Apollo. The Scottish philosopher had prudently kept his post by the parlour fire, and I alone was singled out as the victim: Sir Theodore and his father-in-law being considered only as expletives to fill up the audience. Calliope was enthroned in a chair at the pedestal of Apollo, whilst Lady Thimble and I took our seats opposite to the reader.

I was now to undergo an explanation of the subject matter of this poem; this was undertaken and

performed by Lady Thimble, whilst the young poetess was adjusting her manuscript: the subject was allegorical: the title was *The Triumph of Reason*, who was the hero of the piece; the inferior characters were the human passions personified; each passion occupied a canto, and the lady had already dispatched a long list; if I rightly remember, we were to hear the fourteenth canto; in thirteen actions, the hero Reason had been victorious, but it was exceedingly doubtful how he would come off in this, for the antagonist he had to deal with was no less a personage than almighty *Love* himself: the metre was heroic, and many of the thoughts displayed a juvenile fancy and wild originality; the action was not altogether uninteresting, nor ill-managed, and victory for a while was held in suspense by a wound the hero received from an arrow somewhere in the region of the heart; for this wound he could obtain no cure, till an ancient physician, after many experiments for his relief, cut out the part affected with his *scythe:* upon the whole, the poem was such, that had it not been allegorical, and had not I been cold and hungry, I could have found much to commend and some things to admire, even though the poetess had been twice as old and not half so handsome, for Calliope was extremely pretty, and I could plainly discover that Nature meant her to be most amiable and modest, if flattery and false education would have suffered her good designs to have taken place; I therefore looked upon her with pity, as I do on all spoilt children; and when her reading was concluded, did not bestow all that praise, which, if I had consulted my own gratification more than her good, I certainly should have bestowed; the only occasion on which I think it a point of conscience to practise the philosophy of *the Dampers.*

At length dinner was announced, and being a part of Lady Thimble's domestic economy, which she had put out of her own hands, as she informed us, and in which I suspect the athletic philosopher had something to say, it was plentifully served. Sir Theodore and my friend the merchant plied him pretty briskly with the bottle ; but as a stately first-rate ship does not condescend to open her ports to the petty cruisers that presume to hail her, in like manner this gigantic genius kept the oracle within him muzzled, nor condescended once to draw the tompion of his lips, till it happened in the course of many topics, that Lady Thimble, speaking of the talents of Calliope, observed that *miracles* were not ceased : *How should that thing be said to cease*, replied the oracle, *which never had existence ?* The spring was now touched that put this vast machine in motion, and taking infidelity in miracles for his text, he carried us, in the course of a long uninterrupted harangue, through a series of learned deductions, to what appeared his grand desideratum, *viz. an absolute refutation of the miracles of Christ by proofs logical and historical.* Whilst this discourse was going on, I was curious to observe the different effects it had on the company : Lady Thimble received it with evident marks of triumph, so that I could plainly see all was gospel with her, and the only gospel she had faith in : Sir Theodore wisely fell asleep; the merchant was in his compting-house,—

‘ His mind was tossing on the ocean :
There, where his argosies with portly sail,
Like seignors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Did overpeer the petty traffickers——’

But all this while, the young unsettled thoughts of Calliope were visibly wavering, sometimes borne

away by the *ipse dixit* of the philosopher and the echo of Lady Thimble's plaudits; sometimes catching hold of Hope, and hanging to the anchor of her salvation, Faith; at other times without resistance carried down the tide of declamation, which rolled rapidly along in provincial dialect, like a torrent from his native Highland craggs, rough and noisy; I saw her struggles with infinite concern; the savage saw them also, but with triumph, and turning his discourse upon the breach he had made in her belief, pressed the advantage he had gained with devilish address; in short, a new antagonist had started up, more formidable to *Reason* than all the fourteen, from whose attack she had brought her hero off with victory; and that champion which had resisted the arrows of all-powerful *Love*, was likely now to fall a victim to the pestilential breath of *Infidelity*. In this dilemma I was doubtful how to act; I did not decline the combat because I dreaded the strength of this Goliah of the Philistines, for I knew the weapons might be confided in, which the great Captain of Salvation had put into my hands; but I disdained to plead before a prejudiced tribunal, in which the mistress of the mansion sat as judge; and as sleep had secured one of the company out of harm's way, and another was upon an excursion from which I did not wish to bring him home, there remained only Calliope, and I determined within myself to take occasion of discoursing with her apart, before I left the house next morning.

NUMBER VI.



I HAD resolved to have some conversation with Calliope after the athletic philosopher's harangue against the evidences of the Christian religion: I was at the pains of putting my thoughts together in writing before I went to bed, for I judged it best to give them to Calliope in such a form, as she might hereafter at any time refer to and examine.

I had the satisfaction of an hour's conversation with that young lady next morning, before the family had assembled for breakfast: I could observe that something dwelt upon her mind, and demanding of her if I was not right in my conjecture, she answered me at once to the point without hesitation—'I confess to you,' says she, 'that the discourse which Dr. Mac-Infidel yesterday held, has made me thoroughly unhappy; things which are above reason, I can readily suppose are mysteries, which I ought to admit as matter of faith in religion; but things contrary to reason, and facts which history confutes, how am I to believe? What am I to do in this case? Have you any thing to oppose to his argument? If you have, I should be happy to hear it; if you have not, I pray you let us talk no more upon the subject.'—I then gave the paper into her hand, which I had prepared, and explaining to her the reasons I had for not taking up the dispute before our company yesterday, desired her to give my paper a serious reading; if there was any thing in it that laid out of the course of her studies, I would gladly do my best to ex-

pound it, and would show her the authorities to which it referred: she received my paper with the best grace in the world, and promised me that she would consider it with all the attention she was mistress of.

In our further discourse, it chanced that I let drop some expressions in commendation of her understanding and talents, upon which I observed she gave me a very expressive look, and when I would have spoken of her poem, she shook her head, and, hastily interrupting me, desired I would spare her on that subject; she did not wish to be any more flattered in a folly she had too much cause to repent of; she had burnt the odious poem I was speaking of, and, bursting suddenly into a flood of tears, protested she would never be guilty of writing another line of poetry while she lived.

No words of mine can paint the look and action, which accompanied these expressions; much less can I describe the stroke of pity and surprise, which her emotion gave me. It was evident she alluded to something that had occurred since the reading of the poem; I recollected she was absent all the latter part of the evening, and I felt an irresistible propensity to inquire into the cause of her affliction, though the shortness of our acquaintance gave me no right to be inquisitive; she saw my difficulty, for her intuition is very great; after a short recollection, which I did not attempt to interrupt—'I know not how it is,' says she, 'but something tells me I am speaking to a friend.'——Here she paused, as doubting whether she ought to proceed or not, and fixed her eyes upon the floor in evident embarrassment: It will readily be supposed I seized the opportunity to induce her to confide in me, if there was any service I could render towards alleviating the distress she was evidently suffering—'I have

no right to trouble you,' says she, 'but that fatal argument I heard last night has so weakened the resource, to which my mind in all afflictions would else have naturally applied, that I really know not how to support myself, nor where to look for comfort, but by throwing myself upon your friendship for advice, as the most unhappy of all beings. You must know I have the honour to be the daughter of that gallant sea officer Captain———.' Here she named an officer, who will be ever dear to his country, ever deplored by it, and whose friendship is at once the joy and the affliction of my life. I started from my seat; the stroke I felt, when she pronounced a name so rooted in my heart, was like the shock of electricity; I clasped her hands in mine, and pressing them exclaimed—'You have a father,' —here I stopt—the recollection checked me from proceeding—for it was false.—'No, no, my child,' I said, 'you have no father! nor had he a friend, who can replace your loss; however, pray proceed,' —'Implicitly,' replied Calliope (for by that name I still must beg to call her, though that and poetry are both renounced for ever.) 'As you are the friend of my father, you must know that he lost my mother, when I was an infant; two years are now passed since he perished; a miserable period it has been to me; I am now under the protection of a distant relation, who is an intimate of the lady of this house, and one whose ruinous flattery jointly with lady Thimble's, has conspired to turn my wretched head, and blast the only hope of happiness I had in life: These learned ladies, as they would be thought, put me upon studies I was never fitted to, gave me this silly name Calliope, and never ceased inflaming my vanity, till they persuaded me I had a talent for poetry: In this they were assisted by Mac-Infidel, who lives in great

intimacy with Lady Thimble; the adulation of a learned man (for that he surely is) intoxicated me with self-opinion, and the gravity of his character compleated the folly and destruction of mine.' 'What do I hear,' said I, interrupting her, 'the destruction of your character?'—'Have patience,' she replied: 'when I disclose the sorrows of my heart, you will own that my destruction is complete.'—Melancholy as these words were, the deduction notwithstanding that I drew from them was a relief compared to what at first I apprehended.—'Alas! Sir,' resumed Calliope, 'I have lost the affections of the most amiable, the most beloved of men: He was my father's darling, and from a boy was educated by him in the profession of the sea; he shared every service with my father except the last fatal one, in which your friend unhappily was lost; Providence, that ordained the death of the one, has in the same period enriched the other; he is lately returned from the West Indies, and by his duty has been confined to the port he arrived in, so that we have not met since his return to England; here is the first letter he wrote to me from Plymouth; read it, I beseech you, and then compare it with the fatal one I received last night.' Calliope put a letter into my hands, and I read as follows:—

'My dearest Nancy!

'I have this instant brought my frigate to an anchor, and seize the first moment, that my duty permits, to tell the loveliest of her sex, that I have luckily come across a prize, that makes a man of me for life: a man did I say? Yes, and the happiest of men, if my dear girl is still true, and will consent to share the fortune of her faithful Henry.

'I cannot leave Plymouth this fortnight, there-

fore pray write to me under cover to my friend the Admiral. Yours ever,

'HENRY CONSTANT.'

When I had returned this letter to Calliope, she resumed her narrative in the following words:—'The joy this letter gave me set my spirits in such a flow, that in the habit I was of writing verses, I could not bring my thoughts to run in humble prose, but giving the reins to my fancy filled at least six sides with rhapsodies in verse; and not content with this, and foolishly conceiving that my poem would appear at least as charming to Henry, as the flattery of my own sex had persuaded me it was to them, I enclosed a fair copy and sent it to him in a packet by the stage coach: the next return of the post brought me this fatal letter I received last night.

'MADAM;

'Though there cannot be in this world a task so painful to me, as what I am now about to perform, yet I think it an indispensable point of honour to inform my late most lovely and beloved Nancy, that if I am to suppose her the author of that enormous bundle of verses I have received from her hand, it is the last favour that hand must bestow upon her unhappy Henry.

'My education you know; for it was formed under your most excellent father; I served with him from a child, and he taught me, not indeed the knack of making verses, but what I hope has been as useful to my country, the duties of an officer. Being his daughter, I had flattered myself you would not like me the less for following his profession, or for being trained to it under his instruction.

But alas! Nancy, all these hopes are gone. My ignorance would only disgrace you, and your wit would make me contemptible; since you are turned poetess, how can my society be agreeable? If those verses you have sent me are all your own making, you must have done little else since we parted, and if such are to be your studies and occupations, what is to become of all the comforts of a husband? How are you to fulfil the duties of a mother, or manage the concerns of a family? No, no; may heaven defend me from a learned wife! I am too proud to be the butt of my own table! too accustomed to command, to be easily induced to obey; let me ever live a single man, or let the wife I choose be modest, unpretending, simple, natural in her manners, plain in her understanding: let her be true as the compass I sail by, and (pardon the coarseness of the allusion) obedient to the helm as the ship I steer; then, Nancy, I will stand by my wife, as I will by my ship to the latest moment I have to breathe For God's sake what have women to do with learning? But if they will step out of their own profession and write verses, do not let them step into ours to choose husbands; we shall prove coarse messmates to the muses.

'I understand so much of your poetical epistle, as to perceive that you are in the family of sir Theodore and Lady Thimble: three days of such society would make me forswear matrimony for ever. To the daughter of my friend I must for ever speak and act as a friend; suffer me then to ask if any man in his senses will choose a wife from such a school? Oh grief to think! that one so natural, so sincere and unaffected as was my Nancy, could be the companion of such an ugly petticoated pedant as Lady Thimble, such a tame hen-pecked son of a taylor as Sir Theodore!

'As for the volume of verses you sent me, I dare say it is all very fine, but I really do not comprehend three lines of it; the battles you describe are what I never saw by sea or land, and the people who fight them such as I have never been accustomed to serve with: one gentleman I perceive there is, who combats stoutly against *love*; it is a good moral, and I thank you for it; cost what it may, I will do my best to imitate your hero.

'Farewell,

'I must be only your most faithful friend,

'HENRY CONSTANT.'

NUMBER VII.

CALLIOPE has favoured me with the following letter; it is dated from the house of a worthy clergyman, a friend of her father's, who with an exemplary wife lives upon a small country vicarage in primitive simplicity, where that afflicted young lady took shelter.

'SIR;

'After you left me at Lady Thimble's, I seized the first moment, that the anguish of my mind permitted me to make use of, to put myself in readiness for taking my final leave of that family, and, according to the plan we had concerted, came without delay to this place, where, if any thing could have given absolute peace to my mind, the consolation of these excellent people, and the serenity of the scene must have done it. As it was, I felt my afflictions lighten, my self-reproach became less bit-

ter, and, whilst the vanity, which flattery had inspired me with, has been cured by their admonitions, the doubts that infidelity had raised have been totally removed, and truth made clear to my eternal comfort and conviction. Had it not been for this I should have been given up to despair; for as I heard no more from Captain Constant, I was convinced he had renounced me for ever; in the mean time I wrote many letters but sent none to him; some of these letters were written in a high tone, most of them in a humble one, and in one I gave a loose to passion and despair in expressions little short of phrensy; all these I constantly destroyed, for as I had not the heart to write angrily to him, so I dreaded to appear mean in his eyes, if I was too plaintive; nay I was not sure, since his fortune had become so superior to mine, but I might lay myself open to a charge of the most despicable nature.

'Thus my time passed, till yesterday morning, upon observing the house in one of those bustles, which the expectation of a visitor creates in small families, I found my good hostess deeply engaged with her pastry, and having myself become a considerable adept in the art under her tuition, I was putting myself in order to assist her in her preparations when turning to me with a smile, which seemed to spring from joy as well as benevolence— 'Come my dear child,' says she, 'I have been at work this hour; and if you had known it was to entertain a friend of your father's, I am persuaded you would not have let me been so long beforehand with you.'—I asked her who it was she expected— 'No matter,' she replied, 'fall to your work, and do your best, like a good girl, for your mistress's credit as well as your own.'——The significant look with which she accompanied these words, set my heart into such a flutter, that my hands no

longer obeyed me in the task I undertook, till having spilt the milk, overthrown the eggs, and put every thing into the same confusion with myself, I burst into a flood of tears, which ended in a strong hysteric fit. My screams brought the good man of the house and every body in it to my assistance; but judge of my condition, betwixt joy, astonishment, and terror, when the figure of my beloved Constant presented itself to my eyes; my God! he exclaimed, and started back aghast, then sprung to my assistance, and clasping me in his arms, lifted me at once from the floor and ran with me into the parlour, where there was a couch—my life! my soul! was all he could say, for he was like a man beside himself with fright and agony, till I recovered; this was at last effected by a plentiful relief of tears, and then I found myself alone with my beloved Henry, my head reclined upon his neck, and him supporting my whole weight in his arms, whilst he knelt on one knee at my feet; no sooner had I recollected myself, than the blood, that had been driven from my cheeks during my fit, rushed back again with violence and covered me with blushes. Henry's transports now became as vehement as his terrors had been, and loosing his hold of me for a moment, whilst he fixed his eyes upon me with an ardour, that confounded me so as almost to deprive me of speech or motion, he again caught me in his arms, and pressing me eagerly to his breast, almost smothered me with caresses. He then quitted me altogether, and throwing himself on his kness at my feet, entreated me to forgive him, if he had offended me: he had been distracted between joy and terror, and scarce knew what he had done; he proceeded to account for the motives of his conduct towards me, both when he wrote the letter to me from Plymouth, and for every moment

of his time since: that he had set off for London the very day he wrote, had sought you out, and conversed fully with you upon the effects his letter had produced; that, hearing I was come to this place, he would have followed me with an immediate explanation, if you had not prevailed with him to the contrary (for which advice I cannot now find in my heart to condemn you:) that however he had placed himself within two miles of me in a neighbouring village, where he had daily intercourse with the worthy vicar, who gave him punctual intelligence of the state of my mind, and the total revolution effected in it: that what he suffered during this state of trial and suspense no words of his could paint, but the accounts he received of me from this good man, and the benefits he knew I was gaining by his counsel and conversation, kept him from discovering himself, till he had permission for so doing; that he threw himself upon my candour and good sense for justification in the honest artifice he had made use of, and now that I added to my good qualities those religious and domestic virtues, which the society of unbelieving pedants had obscured, but not extinguished, he hoped there was no further bar in the way of our mutual happiness; but that I would condescend to accept a man whose heart and soul were devoted to me, and who had one recommendation at least to offer in his own behalf, which he flattered himself no other person could produce, and which he was sure would have some weight with me: so saying, he put a letter into my hands, which I had no sooner glanced my eye upon, than perceiving it was the well-known hand-writing of my ever honoured and lamented father, I sunk back upon the couch and dissolved again into tears: even the manly heart of my Henry now gave way, and the sad remembrance

of his departed friend melted his brave bosom into all the softness of a woman's.—Then, Sir, oh then indeed I loved him, then he triumphed in my heart; how dear, how noble, how almost divine did he then appear! his eyes, whose ardent raptures had affrighted me, now, when I saw them bathed in tears, inspired me with the purest passion, and contemplating him with the affection of a sister, not regarding him as a lover, I cast off all reserve, and following the impulse of the soul, *dearest and best of men!* I cried—and sunk into his arms.

'Thus, Sir, you have the full and unreserved account to which your friendship is entitled; still there remains one act of kindness in your power to show me, and which my Henry jointly with myself solicits, which is, that you would stand in the place of your deceased friend upon our marriage, and complete the kind part you have taken in my welfare, by joining my hand with that of the most deserving man on earth.

'I had almost forgot to mention to you a circumstance, that passed as we were sitting at table after dinner, and by which our good friend the Vicar undesignedly threw me into a confusion that was exceedingly distressing, by repeating some verses from Pope's Essay on Man, in which he applied to me to help him out in his quotation: I certainly remembered the passage, and could have supplied his memory with the words; but Henry being present, and the recollection of what had passed on the subject of poetry, rushing on my mind, at the same time that I thought I saw him glance a significant look at me, threw me into such embarrassment on the sudden, that in vain endeavouring to evade the subject, and being pressed a little unseasonably by the Vicar, my spirits also being greatly fluttered by the events of the morning, I could no longer com-

mand myself, but burst into tears, and very narrowly escaped falling into a second hysteric. Nothing ever equalled the tenderness of Henry on this occasion; nay, I thought I could discover that he was secretly pleased with the event, as it betrayed a consciousness of former vanities, and seemed to prove that I repented of them: whatever interpretation he might put upon it, still I could not bring myself to repeat the verses; and believe I shall never utter another couplet whilst I live; I am certain I shall never make one.

'I inclose you a copy of my father's letter to Henry: and am Sir,

'Your sincere friend,

'and most obliged servant,

'Anne——.'

Though the letter of which my amiable correspondent has inclosed a copy, is hastily written in the bustle and hurry of service, yet, as it breathes the sentiments of the friend, the father, and the hero, and as every relic of so venerable a character is, in my opinion at least, too precious not to be preserved, I shall take permission of the reader to subjoin it.

'Dear Harry;

'This perverse wind has at last taken shame at confining so many brave fellows in port, and come about to the east, so that we are all in high spirits getting under weigh: the commmissioners yacht is along side, and I drop these few lines by way of farewell to assure my brave lad, that whether we meet again or not, you shall not hear a bad account of your old shipmate, nor, with God's blessing, of his crew. I think we shall soon come into action, and that being the case, d'ye see, few words and fair dealing are best between friends: you tell me

if you get a prize, you mean to marry Nancy; that is honest, for the girl is cruelly in love with you, and I like her the better for it; a seaman's daughter should be a seaman's friend, and without flattery, I don't believe a braver lad ever trod a plank in the king's service than yourself—so enough of that, you have my consent, and with it all the fortune I have to bestow, which is little more than my blessing.

'There is one thing, however, I must warn you of, which is, that the girl, though of a good nature in the main, has got a romantic turn in her head, and is terribly given to reading and making verses, and such land lubber's trash, as women and sailors have nothing to do with; now I would not have you make a fool of yourself, Harry, and marry a learned wife, though she was of my own begetting. If therefore Nancy and you come to an understanding together, when my old carcase shall be feeding the fishes, remember it is on this express condition only which I charge you on your honour to observe, that you burn her books, as I will do if ever I get at them, and never yoke with her till she has renounced these vagaries, of poetry, which if you cure her of, you have my free leave to make her as good a husband as you can, and God bless you with her: and this you will observe and obey as the last will and testament of him who is '

Your's till death,

P. S. Remember I tell you Harry, this old ship is damn'd crank and leewardly; but our wise-acres would not take her down, so they must stand by the consequences; she is a fine man of war at the worst, and if she comes along side of the Monsieurs, will give their first-rates a warming. Hurrah! we are under sail!

NUMBER VIII.

UPON revising what I wrote for Calliope, in answer to Dr. Mac-Infidel's discourse against Christ's miracles, I find the argument so connected with certain passages in the life of the great heathen philosopher Pythagoras, which the adversaries of Christianity have set up against the scriptural records of the Messias, that I have been tempted to enlarge upon what I gave to that young lady, by prefacing it with an account of what I find curious in the relations of the sophists and biographers touching that extraordinary man.

The variety of fictions, which the writers, who treat of Pythagoras, have interspersed in their accounts, makes it difficult to trace out any consistent story of his life: his biographers agree scarcely in any one fact or date: Porphyry says he was born at Tyre; Jamblichus will have it to be at Sidon, probably as being the more ancient city; Josephus says it is as hard to fix the place of his nativity, as Homer's, or to ascertain the year of his birth. Jamblichus, glancing at the gospel account of the birth of Christ, says, that when the mother of Pythagoras was with child of him, her husband being ignorant of her pregnancy, brought her to the oracle at Delphi, and there the prophetess told him the first news of his wife's having conceived, and also that the child she then went with, should prove the greatest blessing to mankind; that her husband thereupon changed her name from Parthenis to Pythais, and, when the child was born, named him

Pythagoras, as being foretold by Apollo Pythius, for so, says he, the name signifies: and adds, that there can be no doubt but that the soul of the child was one of Apollo's companions in heaven, and came down by commission from him. When this and many other fables are cast out of the account, it is most probable that Pythagoras was born at Samos in the 3rd year of Olymp. XLVIII. 586 years before Christ, being the son of Mnesarchus, an engraver of seals, which Mnesarchus was descended from Hippasus of Phlius, and his mother Pythais from Ancæus, one of the planters of Samos.

Nature bestowed upon Pythagoras a form and person more than ordinarily comely: he gave early indications of a mind capable of great exertions, and ambitious of excelling in knowledge: the Greeks had now begun to open schools for the public instruction of youth; the rudiments of science were taught in these seminaries to a degree sufficient for the common purposes of liberal education, but the last finishing for such as aspired to be adepts in the superior learning of the times was only to be obtained amongst the Egyptian and Chaldean sages; to them was the great resort of literary travellers; from their source, Greece had derived her systems of theology and natural philosophy. The Egyptians were in possession of many ancient traditions of Mosaical origin, though disguised by emblems and hieroglyphics, which Greece in adopting was never able to develope, and of which it is probable the Egyptians themselves had lost the clue: the Greeks ever since the time of Cecrops, had been progressively erecting a fabulous and idolatrous system of theology upon this foundation. The Egyptians in very early time under certain types and symbols had shadowed out the attributes of the deity, the great events of the deluge and re-peopling of the

earth, and these being received by the Greeks in a literal sense, generated in the end a multitudinous race of deities with a thousand chimerical rites and ceremonies, which altogether formed so puzzling a compound of absurdity, that no two thinking heathens agreed in the same creed: still they went on accumulating error upon error; every philosopher who returned from Egypt, imported some addition to the stock, till Olympus was crowded with divinities. If the heathens had ever defined their religion, and established it upon system, they would have destroyed it; but whilst every man might think for himself, and every man who thought at all, got rid of his difficulties by supposing there was some mystery in the case, which he either did not trouble himself to interpret, or interpreted as he saw fit, the imposing fabric stood, and, magnified through the mists of error, appeared to have a dignity and substance, which upon examination and scrutiny would have vanished.

The parents of Pythagoras put him first under the tuition of Pherecydes of Syrus: Pherecydes did not die till Olymp. LXVI. so that Diogenes Laertius must be flagrantly mistaken in saying that Pythagoras studied under this philosopher till his death: he was very young when he went into Syria for this purpose, for he returned to Samos to his parents, and after studying some time under Hermodamas there, set out upon his travels into Egypt at the age of eighteen. At this early age, he had acquired all the erudition the philosophers of Greece could give him: he had already visited many cities of Syria, and performed his initiations: it is said he had consulted Thales in person, and been advised by that sage to prosecute his studies amongst the learned Egyptians: but this is doubtful; it is altogether improbable that he should depart from Samos at the

age of eighteen upon the patriotic motive ascribed to him by Laertius, of avoiding the growing tyranny of his countryman Polycrates; especially when the same biographer informs us, that he took letters of recommendation from Polycrates to king Amasis, desiring him to give order for Pythagoras's being instructed by the Egyptian priests.

With this letter Pythagoras repaired to Amasis, and obtained an order to the priests, agreeable to the request of Polycrates; with this, he went first to the priests of Heliopolis; they declined the execution of it by referring him to their brethren at Memphis, as being their seniors in the sacerdotal rank: these again evaded the order, and dispatched him to the Diospolites; he found these sages as little disposed to compliance as the priests of Heliopolis or Memphis; however, as the king's command was urgent, they did not think fit absolutely to disobey it, but took a method, which they thought would answer the same purpose, and began by deterring and alarming the inquisitive youth by their preparatory austerities; but they had no common spirit to deal with: Pythagoras had a constitution that could endure hardships, and an ambition that nothing could daunt; he submitted to the ceremony of circumcision, and was initiated into their sacred rites, unintimidated by all the horrors with which they contrived to set them forth. They began then to regard him with more benignity and respect, and when they found him learning their language with surprising rapidity, and conforming to their discipline with the most rigid exactness, they looked upon him with surprise and admiration; they now resolved to hold nothing back from talents so extraordinary and temper so conformable; he learnt their three sorts of letters: they admitted him to their sacrifices, and disclosed the most secret rites of their

religion, mysteries never before imparted to any foreigner. He resided in Egypt a long time, during which he read the books of the ancient priests, and in them he discovered the sources of the Grecian theology, and how erroneous the system was, which they had derived from these sources: he is supposed henceforth to have held the gods of the heathen in contempt, and to have entertained suitable ideas of The One Supreme Being.

Having perfected himself in the geometry and astronomy of the Egyptians, and acquired the observations of *infinite ages* (as Valerius Maximus expresses it) he determined upon exploring new and more distant scenes in search of knowledge, and from Egypt went to Babylon; his recommendations from Egypt secured him a reception by the Chaldees and Magi; here he was a disciple of Nazaratus the Assyrian, and we are told by Porphyry, that he was purified by Zabratus from all defilements of his former life; by what particular modes of discipline this purification was effected Porphyry does not explain. From Babylon he pushed his travels into Persia, and was instructed by the Magi in their religion and way of living; from them he received those rules of diet which he afterwards prescribed to his disciples, with various opinions of things clean and unclean, which were amongst his maxims; these conform to the present practice of the Brahmins, which may well be supposed to have been inviolably preserved through that separated and sacred cast from times of high antiquity; for what invention can be devised to secure the longevity of any system better than that upon which the sacerdotal order of Brahmins is established? By the Persian Magi he was instructed in many particulars of Jewish knowledge, chiefly their interpretations of dreams. We have Cicero's authority for this

part of his travels (*de fin. lib.* v.) and Valerius Maximus says the Persian Magi taught him a most complete system of ethics; that they likewise instructed him in the motions and courses of the heavenly bodies, their properties and effects, and the influence every star respectively is supposed to have.

In the course of these travels he passed more than twenty years; he then turned his face homewards, taking the isle of Crete in his way: here and at Lacedemon he perused their famous codes of laws, and having now completed the great tour of science, and stored his mind with all the hidden treasures of oriental knowledge, he presented himself, for the first time, to the admiring eyes of Greece, assembled at the Olympic Games.

A spectacle no doubt it was for universal admiration and respect; an understanding so enriched and full in its meridian vigour, was an object that the wisest of his contemporaries might look up to with veneration little short of idolatry. Pythagoras in this attitude, surrounded by the Grecian sages on the field of the Olympic Games, whilst every eye was fixed with rapture and delight upon one of the most perfect forms in nature, began to pour forth the wonders of his doctrine: astonishment seized the hearers, and almost doubting if it was a mortal that had been discoursing, they with one voice applauded his wisdom, and demanded by what title he would in future be addressed: Pythagoras answered, that their seven sages had taken the name of wise men, or sophists; for his part he left them in possession of a distinction they so well merited; he wished to be no otherwise remembered or described than as a *Lover of Wisdom;* his pretensions did not go to the possession of it: and if they would call him a *Philosopher* he should be contented

with the appellation: from this time the name of Philosopher became a title of honour amongst the learned, whilst that of Sophist sunk into universal contempt.

NUMBER IX.

I HAVE observed that Pythagoras, on his return from the East, took the island of Crete in his way; here he visited the famous philosopher Epimenides Porphyry and Jamblichus must be greatly out in their chronology when they make Epimenides one of Pythagoras's scholars; Laertius's account is more probable, who says he was one of Pythagoras's masters, which naturally accounts for that philosopher's seeking an interview with him in Crete, as he did afterwards with Pherecydes on his death-bed in Syria: in this interview, Pythagoras, no doubt, gave an account to Epimenides of the many marvellous things he had learnt in his travels, and so far the disciple may be said to have instructed his master; Epimenides himself was no small adept in the marvellous, and propagated a story through Greece of his having slept fifty-seven years in a cave, and that upon waking after his long repose he resumed his search for some sheep, which his father had sent him upon more than half a century before; the story does not say that he found these sheep, which probably were now become more difficult to recover than upon his first search; he returned however to his father's house, and was rather surprised upon discovering a new generation in possession, who thought no more of Epimenides

than they did of his sheep: this sleeping philosopher however filled up the gap in his life pretty well, for Zenophanes says he lived to one hundred and fifty-seven years of age; and the Cretans, who are liars upon record, stretch their account to two hundred and ninety-nine years, modestly stopping short of three centuries. Deducting therefore fifty-seven years of sleep, during which he probably made no great advances in science, he might have occasion to go to school when he waked, and, though an old man, might be a young scholar under Pythagoras, if the credibility of the above story can once be admitted.

From the Olympic Games, Pythagoras repaired to Samos, and opened school in a place called in the time of Antipho (who is quoted by Laertius), *Pythagoræ Hemicyclus*. Here he began a practice he continued in Italy, of retiring to a cave without the town for the purpose of study, but in fact the idea was, like most others of his, oriental: hermits have it to this day, and if mortification is used to recommend religion, solitude may be chosen to set off wisdom. Pythagoras in a cave, visited in the dead of night with awful reverence and credulity, might pass stories upon his hearers, which he could not risk in the face of the sun and the streets of the city.

He was not, however, so far sequestered from the concerns of the world, as to enjoy himself in his cave under the tyranny of Polycrates, now more oppressive than at his departure for Egypt. He thereupon resolved to go into Italy, and took Delos in his way; here he wrote the vereses on the sepulchre of Apollo, which Porphyry records; from Delos he passed to Phlius, the ancient country of his family, and at Phlius, Cicero informs us he expounded several points of his new philosophy to

the tyrant Leo, who being struck with his doctrine, demanded of him what branch of science he principally professed: Pythagoras replied, that he professed none, but was a *philosopher*. the name was new to Leo, and he desired to be informed of its signification, and wherein philosophers differed from other professors of the learned sciences: Pythagoras answered, 'that it appeared to him men were drawn to different objects and pursuits in life, as the Greeks were to their Olympic Games, some for glory, some for gain; at the same time,' says he, 'you must have observed that others attend without any view to either, for curiosity and amusement only; so we, who are travellers and adventurers, as it were, from another life and another nature, come amongst mankind, indifferent to the ordinary allurements of avarice or ambition, and studious of nothing but of the truth and essence of things: such may be called Lovers of Wisdom, or in one word Philosophers; and, like the unconcerned spectators above described, have no others to pursue, but the acquisition of knowledge and the rational enjoyments of a contemplative mind.'—In this reply he glances at his doctrine of the Metempsychosis.

In his progress towards Italy Pythagoras went to Delphi, that he might give the more authority to his precepts upon the pretence of his having received them from the priestess Theoclea.

In Italy he established himself for the remainder of his life, and taught there forty years, wanting one, in his colleges at Metapontum, Heraclea, and Croton. He staid twenty years at Croton before he went to Metapontum; Milo, the famous Olympic victor, was one of his scholars at the former of these places. The fame of his doctrines drew a prodigious resort to his college; no less than six hundred disciples at one time attended his lectures

nightly: he imposed rules of preparation and a system of discipline for his students, admirably contrived to inspire them with veneration for his person, and to train their minds to the exercises of patience and respect: he prescribed a probationary silence of five years, during which initiation they were not once admitted to the sight of their master, who in the mean time, like an invisible and superior spirit, governed them after the most absolute manner by mandates, which they never heard but through the channel of his subordinate agents: at length they were ushered with much ceremony into the awful presence. Such a course of discipline could not fail to prepare every mind, capable of undergoing it, for the marvellous stories, which at certain times he introduced into his lectures, touching the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and the revelation of his own divinity: he scrupled not to tell them, that he was the Apollo of the Hyperboreans, and he corroborated his assertion by exposing to view his thigh composed of solid gold; his food, which was of the simplest sort, was conveyed to him in his recess in a manner so secret, that he was not discovered to be subject to the common appetites and necessities of human nature; his person was most comely and commanding, and his dress of studied cleanliness and simplicity; he was always clad in milk-white garments of the purest wool; he told them his soul had passed through several antecedent forms, and that it had originally received from Mercury, when it inhabited the body of Æthalides (son of that God) the privilege of migrating after the death of one body into that of another, with the faculty of remembering all the actions of its præterient states; that these transmigrations were not immediate, but after intervals, in which his soul visited the regions of the other world, and was admitted to the society

of departed spirits; that in virtue of this prerogative, it passed after some time from the body of Æthalides into that of Euphorbus, who was wounded by Menelaus at the siege of Troy, and in his person was conscious of what had occurred in that of its predecessor; that it next appeared on earth in the person of Hermotimus, who gave proofs of his reminiscence by appealing to the shield suspended in the temple of Apollo by the hands of Menelaus; from Hermotimus it passed into one Pyrrhus a fisherman, retaining the like consciousness; and lastly, it had lodged itself where it now was, possessing all the accumulated recollection of its past transmigrations.

Daring as those fictions were, still they were credited; for the powers of his mind were wonderful, and the authority he had established over his hearers by superior wisdom and ingenious device was unbounded; the curious researches of his study in the East, and the passion he had there contracted for the marvellous and supernatural, inspired him with the ambition of passing himself upon the world for something above human; he had trained on the credulity of his disciples with such art, that he found it would bear whatever he thought proper to impose; he was sensible he transcended all men living in wisdom, and he resolved to assume a superiority of nature also. The idea of transmigration was not started by Pythagoras; it was of eastern origin, but too far out of sight for any then alive to trace it to its source: he told his scholars he should revisit the earth in two hundred and six years after his death.

Doctrines like these were hard to be received, but he so well balanced fiction with truth, that they could not be separated at the time; the strong fortified the weak so effectually, that both took place together; in mathematics, astronomy, and moral philosophy, he was an unrivalled master; his golden

verses deserved the name: his principles were temperate, moral, humane, and above all things pacifying and conciliatory; when he admitted a disciple into his presence, he took him ever after into his most cordial friendship and confidence, and men esteemed it the highest honour of their lives to have passed their probation in the school of Pythagoras, and to be allowed access to his person.

After he had staid twenty years at Croton, he removed to Metapontum, where he had a magnificent house, which was afterwards converted into a temple to Ceres, and a school which was called the Museum: here he was visited by the famous Abaris, priest of the Hyperborean Apollo; and his fabulous historians give out, that having taken Abaris's arrow, he rode upon it through the air to Tauromimium in one day, though distant from Metapontum some days sailing. Hearing that his aged master Pherecydes was dying of a loathsome disease in Delos, he went thither, and exerted all his art to recover him; and, when he was dead, having buried him with all the ceremonies due to a father, he returned to Italy. This instance of friendship is the last public action I find recorded in his life: the manner of his death is variously reported, as well as the age at which he died; the most probable account fixes it at eighty years; as to the catastrophe of his death, the relation most to be credited informs us, that one Cylon of Croton, a rich, ambitious, and disorderly man, having offered himself to the college and been rejected by Pythagoras, was so enraged thereby, that having collected a hired mob, he assaulted the house of Milo, when Pythagoras and his disciples were there assembled, and burnt the house with every body in it, two or three excepted, who narrowly escaped. Pythagoras, to whom his disciples even in the last extremity paid a filial reve-

rence and attention, was solicited to make his escape; but not being willing to expose himself to the people, as a fugitive anxious to preserve life, when his friends were on the point of perishing, he resisted their entreaties, and was burnt to death. To this account I incline; but others contend, that he escaped from the flames, and was killed in pursuit; some relate that he took refuge in the Muses' Temple at Metapontum, where being kept from victuals forty days, he was starved; and other historians, with as little probability on their side, say, that being pursued into a bean-plot, he there stopped, because he would not pass over prohibited ground, and yielded his throat to the pursuers. After his death, his surviving disciples were dispersed into Greece and the neighbouring countries.

Thus perished Pythagoras, the Samian philosopher, founder of the Italian school, and the great luminary of the heathen world.

NUMBER X.

Having in my two preceding papers been at some pains in collecting an account of the life of Pythagoras, from the many various unconnected particulars scattered up and down in the works of the sophists and biographers touching that extraordinary man, I now come to my main object, in which I desire the reader's attention, whilst I attempt to show in what manner the heathen writers have applied these particulars in opposition to the life and actions of Christ; this will be the subject of the present paper; in my next I purpose to con-

clude by answering those arguments on which modern cavillers have grounded their reasonings against the gospel miracles; a subject to which I have been led by Dr. Mac-Infidel's discourse, of which some notice has been taken in former papers.

It has been unfortunate for Pythagoras, that the writers of Julian's time, to pay court to the emperor, should have corrupted their account of him with so many fictions and absurdities; for he was truly a very wonderful man: but when they undertook to depreciate the character of Christ, his doctrines and miracles, by ascribing actions to Pythagoras equal, or, as they conceived, superior to what Christ had done upon earth, they were driven to strange resources in deifying their philosopher; for in fact, the time was rather past for those delusions; deification after death was the most that could be attempted, and even the *Julium Sidus* held its place in the heavens by a precarious tenure: at the same time an *apotheosis* would not serve their purpose; it was necessary to make Pythagoras a god or the son of a god, and to give him a supernatural birth from the womb of a virgin: their next business was, to invest him with the power of working miracles; but here some stubborn facts laid in their way; he had visited Epimenides in his last sickness without being able to prolong his life; they were driven to ridiculous resources; and, taking Abaris's arrow in aid, sent their philosopher upon it through the air from Metapontum to Taurominium; because Christ had walked on the sea, Pythagoras rode through the skies; because Christ had been forty days fasting in the wilderness, Pythagoras was to be forty days without food in the Temple of the Muses at Metapontum; because Christ descended into Hades, and rose again from the dead, and appeared upon earth, Pythagoras descended to the

shades below, remained there a complete year, saw Homer, Hesiod, and other departed spirits, returned upon earth wan and emaciated, and reported what he had seen in full assembly of his disciples, whilst his mother, by his special direction before his descent, registered upon tablets all that passed, and noted the times of his temporary death and resurrection; to carry on the competition, he was made to allay winds, tempests, and earthquakes, to cure diseases whether of mind or body, and to foretel to certain fishermen, whom he found at work, how many fish they should inclose in their net: the reader, who has consulted Porphyry and Jamblichus, will call to mind other coincidences.

With what superior, what incontestible strength of evidence does the disciple of Christ meet the disciple of Pythagoras in his comparison between their masters! The heathen teacher was almost a miracle of erudition; he traversed the East in pursuit of science, and collected knowledge, wherever it was to be found, with unremitting industry: Christ lived in privacy and obscurity, educated only in the humble trade and occupation of his parents, to whom he was obedient and devoted, till he set out upon the functions of his mission. The person of the first was captivating and comely, not to be approached but with awe and adoration, with preparatory penances and rigid initiations, with every artifice to set him off that human wit could devise; the other was *despised and rejected of men*, the simplest and the meekest being that ever walked the earth; conversing freely with all men, presenting himself to the poor and lowly, to women and to little children; in him was *no form of comeliness* that men should desire; no artifice or trick to catch applause or to excite surprise: if he exercised his miraculous power in healing the infirm, or reviving

the dead, he did it in silence, and under injunction of secrecy, directing men to pay their thanks to God alone, and forbidding them even to call him good. No magic numbers, nor mystic symbols obscured his doctrines, but he delivered the simple system of his pure morality in little easy anecdotes, levelled to the capacity, and fitted to the memory of the poorest and most illiterate. From such he chose his disciples, that the *wisdom of this world* might have no share in his ministry, and he rested upon the weakest agents the task of preaching and propagating the sublimest religion. Gloomy enthusiasts have buried themselves in deserts and caverns of the earth to brood in solitude and spend their days in penances and prayers; ambitious innovators have been carried to the highest pitch of human greatness by becoming founders of a new religion; but Christ taught his disciples neither to shun society, nor to disturb authorities; he told them indeed that they should die for the faith they professed, but it was not the death of soldiers, but of martyrs, they should suffer, and these precepts he confirmed by his own example, being *led like a lamb to the slaughter;* if they who profess his religion were to practise it, Universal Love and Benevolence would obtain upon earth.

But of the internal evidences of Christ's religion I am not now to speak; so long as the distinctions between good and evil exist, these can need no defence; if men agree in the one, they cannot differ or dispute about the other. With regard to the gospel account of Christ's miracles, I may be allowed, in general, to observe, that these forgeries of Porphyry and Jamblichus in imitation of them, warrant a fair presumption, that if these writers could have disproved the authority of the Evangelists, and controverted the matter of fact, they would

not have resorted to so indecisive and circuitous a mode of opposing them, as this which we are now examining: men of such learning as these writers would not have risked extravagant fictions, merely to keep way with a history which they had more immediate means of refuting: on the other hand, if their absurdity should lead any man to suppose that they forged these accounts by way of parody and in ridicule of the gospels, the accounts themselves give the strongest evidence to the contrary, and it is clear beyond a doubt that both Porphyry and Jamblichus mean to be credited in their histories of Pythagoras, as seriously as Philostratus does in his of Apollonius Tyaneus.

This will more fully appear by referring to the circumstances that occasioned these histories to be written.

Christ having performed his miracles openly and before so many witnesses, it is not found that the matter of fact was ever questioned by any who lived in that age: on the contrary, we see it was acknowledged by his most vigilant enemies, the Pharisees: they did not deny the miracle, but they ascribed it to the aid of the prince of the devils; so weak a subterfuge against the evidence of their own senses probably satisfied neither themselves nor others; if it had, this accusation of sorcery (being capital by their law, and also by that of the Romans) would have been heard of, when they were so much to seek for crimes, wherewith to charge him on his trial: if any man shall object that this is arguing out of the gospels in favour of the gospels, I contend that this matter of fact does not rest solely on the gospel evidence, but also upon collateral historic proof: for this very argument of the Pharisees, and this only, is made use of by those Jews, whom Celsus brings in arguing against the Christian reli-

gion and those Jews, on this very account, rank Christ with Pythagoras; and I challenge the cavillers against Christ's miracles either to controvert what is thus asserted, or to produce any other argument of Jewish origin, except this ascribed to the Pharisees by the gospel, either from Celsus, as above mentioned, or any other writer.

Celsus, it is well known, was a very learned man, and wrote in the time of Adrian, or something later; this was not above fifty years after the date of Christ's miracles. Celsus did not controvert the accounts of them, who were witnesses of the miracles, or attempt to show any inconsistence or chicanery in the facts themselves; he takes up at second hand, the old Pharisaical argument of ascribing them to the power of the devil: In short, they were performed, he cannot deny it; there was no trick or artifice in the performance, he cannot discover any; the accounts of them are no forgeries, he cannot confute them; they are recent histories, and their authenticity too notorious to be called into question: he knows not how the miracles were performed, and therefore they were done by the invocation of the devil; he cannot patiently look on and see that learning, so long the glory of all civilized nations, and which he himself was to an eminent degree possessed of, now brought into disgrace by a new religion, professing to be a divine revelation, and originating from amongst the meanest and most odious of all the provincial nations, and propagated by disciples, who were as much despised and hated by the Jews in general, as the Jews were by all other people. Unable to disprove the account, and at a loss how to parry it from hearsay, or from what he finds in former writers, he has no other resource but to bring forward again those cavilling Pharisees, and roundly to assert in general

terms (which he does more than once) that these miracles are all *all the tricks of a sorcerer*, and for this he expects the world should take his authority.

I have said that Celsus adduces neither oral nor written authority against Christ's miracles; but I am well aware it may be said (and modern cavillers will affect to say it with triumph) that authorities are silent on the subject; *there are none which make mention of these miracles, at least none have come down to our times.*—If this silence implies a want of collateral evidence, which, in the opinion of our modern disbelievers, vitiates the authenticity of the gospel, how much stronger would the argument have been in Celsus's time than in ours! Why does he not avail himself of it? And why does he take such pains to controvert accounts of which no man had ever spoken either in proof or disproof? May it not be fairly presumed, that he forbears to urge it from plain conviction, that it would operate the contrary way to what he wished, and that the reason why contemporary writers were silent, was not because they were ignorant of the facts, but because they could not confute them? Here then we will leave the case for the present; the heathen writers, contemporary with Christ, make no mention of his miracles; they are interested to disprove them, and they do not disprove them; modern unbelievers think this a reason that these miracles were never performed; Celsus writes fifty years after the time, never urges this silence as an argument for their non-existence, but virtually, nay, expressly, admits Christ's miracles, by setting up Pythagoras's in competition with them.

Neither is it Pythagoras alone he compares to Christ, he states the performances of Aristeas Proconnesius and Abaris also. Of Aristeas, the first account we have is in Herodotus, and he gives it

only upon hearsay: he relates that it was reported of him, that he died at Proconnesus, and appeared there seven years after, and having written some verses disappeared; but that two or three hundred years after, he had appeared again at Metapontum, where, by special direction of Apollo, he was worshipped as a god: of Abaris, Celsus, relates, that he rode through the air on an arrow, passing over mountains and seas in his passage out of Scythia into Greece, and back again into Scythia.

Hence it came to pass that other heathen writers, after the example of Celsus, published their accounts of Pythagoras and Apollonius Tyaneus; not so much for the purpose of giving the histories of those persons, as to set them up in opposition to Christ and his disciples. Porphyry composed the history of Pythagoras, after he had written fifteen books professedly against the Christian religion; these were suppressed by the Christian emperors who succeeded Galienus, in whose time Porphyry wrote his history of Pythagoras in the island of Sicily, whither he retired in disgust with the Emperor for his favour to the Christians, and would have put himself to death with his own hand, if Plotinus had not prevented him. Galienus soon died, and the succeeding emperors being disposed to persecute the Christians, Porphyry published his history. Jamblichus published his account of Pythagoras in the reign of the Emperor Julian, with whom he was in high favour, as the letters of that Emperor sufficiently testify. Hierocles also, in the time of Dioclesian, published two books against the Christian religion under the title of *Philalethes*, and for these was promoted by Galerius from being chief judge at Nicomedia to the government of Alexandria. These books are now lost, but we are informed by Eusebius they were mostly copied

from Celsus, and set up Aristeas, Pythagoras, and Apollonius Tyaneus against Christ, whom, he says, the Christians, on account of his doing a few *teratyai*, call a God, and concludes with these words, viz. 'That it is worth considering that those things of Jesus are boasted of Peter and Paul, and some others of the like sort, liars and illiterate and impostors; but for these things of Apollonius, we have Maximus and Damis, a philosopher, who lived with him, and Philostratus, men eminent for their learning and lovers of truth.'

As for these witnesses to Philostratus's legend of Apollonius, Maximus's minutes go no farther than to two or three years of Apollonius's life passed at Ægæ, when he was about twenty years old; and what he had from Damis was a table-book of minutes, which a nameless man, pretending to be a relation of Damis, brought to Julia the mother and wife of Caracalla, and were by her given to the Sophist Philostratus to dress up in handsomer language.

Such are the authorities for the legend of Philostratus, written above a hundred years after the death of Apollonius, who died a few weeks after the Emperor Domitian, in the year of Christ 96. This Apollonius was of the sect of Pythagoras, and the patroness of Philostratus's history was the monster Julia, mother and wife to the detestable Caracalla.

NUMBER XI.

It seems natural to suppose that any great and signal revelation of the Divine Will should be authenticated to mankind by evidences proportioned to the importance of the communication. Christians contend that in the purity and perfection of their religion, as it was taught by Christ, and in the miracles which he performed on earth whilst he was teaching, full and sufficient evidences are found of a Divine Revelation.

As for the religion of Christ it speaks for itself, the book is open which contains it, and however it may have degenerated in practice through the corruption of them who profess it, there seems no difference of opinion in the world as to the purity and perfection of its principles: of these evidences therefore, which are generally called internal, I have no need to speak.

Is it not possible to make the same direct appeal to the miracles as to the religion of Christ? Many centuries have revolved since they have ceased; nature has long since resumed her course, and retains no traces of them; their evidences therefore are not, like those of Christ's religion, internal, but historical; it must, however, be acknowledged, that they are historical evidences of the strongest sort, for the historians were eye-witnesses of what they relate, and their relations agree.

It is easy therefore to see, that if the system of Christianity is to be attacked, it is in this part only

the attack is to be expected. This has accordingly taken place in three different periods, and in three different modes.

The unbelieving Jews, contemporary with Christ, before whose eyes the miracles were performed, could not dispute their being done, but they attempted to criminate the doer by accusing him of a guilty communication with evil spirits, ascribing his supernatural deeds to the power of the devil. The heathens, who had not ocular demonstration, but could not contest facts so well established, made their attack upon his miracles, by instancing others who had done things altogether as wonderful, viz. Pythagoras, Abaris, Apollonius, and others.

Thus the matter rested for many ages, till modern cavillers within the pale of the Christian church struck upon a new argument for an attack upon Christ's miracles; and this argument having been woven into a late publication, whose historical merit puts it into general circulation, many retailers of infidelity, (and Dr. Mac-Infidel amongst the rest) have caught at it as a discovery of importance, and as they have contrived to connect it with topics of more erudition than the generality of people are furnished with, on whom they practise, it has been propagated with some success, where it has had the advantage of not being understood.

The strength of this argument lies in the discovery, that contemporary authorities are silent on the subject of Christ's miracles: naturalists and the authors, who record all curious and extraordinary events of their own or of preceding times, make no mention of the wonderful things which Christ is said to have done in the land of Judæa; in short, the Evangelists are left alone in the account, and yet some things are related by them too general in their extent, and too wonderful in their nature, to have

been passed over in silence by these authors, or in other words, not to have had a place in their collections: the elder Pliny and Seneca they tell us were living at the time of Christ's passion; the Evangelists relate, that there was darkness over the face of the earth when Christ gave up the ghost, and this darkness was miraculous, being out of the course of nature, and incidental to the divinity of the person, who was then offering up his life for the redemption of mankind. Against the veracity of the gospel account relative to this particular prodigy the attack is pointed; and they argue, that if it extended over the whole earth, elder Pliny and Seneca, with all others who were then living, must have noticed it; if it was local to the province of Judæa, men of their information must have heard of it: each of these philosophers has recorded all the great phænomena of nature which his curiosity and care could get together, and Pliny, in particular, has devoted an entire chapter to eclipses of an extraordinary nature, yet does not mention this at the Passion: the defection of light which followed Cæsar's murder, was not to be compared with what the gospel relates of the preternatural darkness at the Passion, and yet most of the writers of that age have recorded the former event, whilst all are silent as to the latter—*Therefore it did not happen.*

This I believe is a fair state of the argument, and if there be any merit in the discovery, it certainly rests with the moderns; for neither Celsus, Porphyry, nor his disciple Jamblichus, have struck upon it, though the first-mentioned wrote against Christianity in the time of Adrian, who succeeded to the empire eighty years after Christ's passion; as for Seneca, he died about thirty years, and elder Pliny three and forty years after Christ.

The fathers of the church, it seems, are divided

in opinion as to the darkness at Christ's passion being general to the whole earth, or local only to Judæa. As the decision of this point does not affect the general question, the abettors of the argument are willing to admit with Origen, Beza, and others, that the prodigy should be understood as local to that part of the world, to which his other miracles were confined, and to whose conviction, if it really happened, it is natural to suppose it should be specially addressed.

Allowing this, these reasoners contend that it must of necessity have been reported to Rome, and that report must have been known to Seneca and elder Pliny, and, being known, must have been recorded by one or both. These positions merit examination.

The first point to be taken for granted is, that the miracle of the three hours darkness upon the passion of Christ must necessarily have been reported to Rome: this report was either to come in the state-dispatches of the Procurator Pilate to the court of Tiberius, or from private communications: of the probability of the first case the reader must judge for himself from circumstances; it is merely matter of speculation: it involves a doubt at least, whether the Procurator would not see reasons personal, as well as political, against reporting to the court an event, which at best tended to his own crimination, and which, if he had delivered it for truth, might have alarmed the jealousy, or roused the resentment of his sovereign. The idea entertained by the Jews of deliverance from the Roman yoke by their expected Messias, was too general to have escaped the knowledge of their watchful tyrants, and it does not seem likely any Roman governor of that province would be forward to report any miracle, or miracles, that had reference to a

person, who having set up a new religion, declared himself that very Messias, which the Jewish prophecies foretold should appear to extirpate the Gentile idolatry: if this be a reason for the Roman Procurator in Judæa to be silent on the subject, it is no less so for the people of Rome to reject the reports of the Christians themselves, if they ventured any; and as for the unbelieving Jews, it is not to be expected they would contribute to spread the evidences of Christ's divinity:

The next point to be taken for granted in the argument under examination is, that this report, if actually made, must have been known to the philosopher Seneca, and the naturalist Pliny; and I think it may fairly be allowed, that an event of this sort could not well fail of coming to the knowledge of Seneca, and even of Pliny (though he died forty-three years after the time), if the government in Tiberius's reign had been made acquainted with it by authority, and had taken no measures for suppressing it, or any accounts published at the time respecting it; for after all, it must be observed that this event not being found in Pliny's Natural History, nor in Seneca's Enquiries, does not by any means decide the question against any accounts being published, but leaves it still open to conjecture (and with some reason), that such accounts might have been suppressed by the heathen emperors.

But waving any further discussion of this point, we will pass to the third and last position; in which it is presumed, that if this preternatural eclipse at Christ's passion was known to Seneca and Pliny, one or both must have recorded it in their works.

This I think is begging a question very hardly to be granted; for these writers must have stated the event, either as a thing *credible*, or *doubtful*, or *in-*

credible; they must either have grounded it upon authority, or reported it upon hearsay; they must have admitted it with its date and circumstances at the very crisis when it happened, and in that case what would have been the consequence of such a publication? The Christians would naturally have made the application to the passion of Christ, and how dangerous was it for a heathen to admit a fact open to such an interpretation? A Roman philosopher, giving a serious history of extraordinary and prodigious events, would make hiscourt but ill to a heathen persecuting emperor, by admitting this into the account, unless it was to confute it: now this does not appear to have been in contemplation with Seneca or Pliny in any part of their writings; each of these authors tells us what he credits and wishes to be credited, not what he disbelieves and wishes to confute: the defection of light at the time of Cæsar's death was the creed of the court; the historians, naturalists, and even the poets, celebrated that phænomenon, and it did not lose in their relations; but in the case of the darkness at Christ's death, a believer in Him and his miracles draws a stronger argument for his belief from the silence of Seneca and Pliny, than any caviller can urge against it from the same circumstance: if we admit they knew it, and yet did not record it, are we not better founded in supposing they were silent, because they could not controvert the fact, than our opponents are in saying it did not pass, because they do not mention it? It is too much to require of witnesses, that they should depose to a fact which is to convict themselves: I must therefore appeal to the candid reader, whether a philosopher writing in the court of Nero, who had charged the Christians with the burning of Rome, and was devising terrible and unheard-of modes of torturing

them upon this charge, who had beheaded Paul and crucified Peter for preaching Christ and the redemption of mankind earned by his Passion; whether a heathen philosopher, I say, writing at this very time an account of extraordinary, but what he delivers as true, events in nature, would venture upon putting into his account a miracle, tending to confirm the divine nature and mission of that person, whose immediate followers were then suffering under the most determined persecution? No heathen writer in his senses would have ventured to give such an account. Peter and Paul declared for the miracle, and were martyred for their doctrine; the gospel account declared for the miracle, and no one Roman writer controverted the assertion; this was the time for Seneca, for Pliny and other heathen writers to cry out against the glaring fiction, 'Do the Christians say there was a general darkness when their master expired? We appeal to the fact against them; it reached not us at Rome; the light of that day was like the light of other days: Do they say it was partial to Judæa only? Be it so. We meet them on their own ground; we appeal to the Procurator Pilate, to the noble Romans resident in Judæa, to the soldiers, to the very centurion who attended his execution, to witness against this impudent attack upon men's senses. Let them pretend that he healed the sick, cured the lame, turned water into wine, or performed a thousand other juggling tricks, but darkness over a whole province can be confuted by the testimony of a whole province, and to this we appeal.' Was this said? Was this appeal made? Strange perversion of reason to turn that into an argument against a thing, which seems conclusive for it! at least no negative can come nearer to conclusion, than contemporary silence in a case so open to confutation, had it not been true.

But Seneca and elder Pliny did not see the gospel— Let it pass; let us grant all that the argument supposes; why are we told of no confutation of this miracle by any heathen writer contemporary with, or posterior to the gospel account of the Passion? The assertion of a preternatural event, so generally notorious, must have been open to proof. Would Celsus have overlooked it? Would not Lucian have taken it up? Should not we hear of its having been urged by Porphyry, who was so voluminous a controversialist? Should not we meet it in Julian or Philostratus? Should we hear nothing that could lead us to believe it was controverted by Jamblichus, or Hierocles in his books entitled Philalethes? If the silence of the heathen writers is to be appealed to for the purpose of impeaching Christ's miracles, let the appeal be made; whilst we confine ourselves to the defence of those miracles only, which are recorded in the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, neither the silence of ancient, nor the eloquence of modern opponents, can shake the records on which we ground our faith.

NUMBER XII.

AT the same time that it is fair to suppose there must be more than ordinary merit in men, who rise to great opulence and condition in life from low beginnings, all the world must be sensible of the danger attending sudden elevation, and how very apt a man's head is to turn, who climbs an eminence to which his habits have not familiarized

him. A mountaineer can tread firm upon a precipiece, and walk erect without tottering along the path that winds itself about the craggy cliff, on which he has his dwelling; whilst the inhabitant of the valley travels with affright and danger over the giddy pass, and oftentimes is precipitated from the height to perish in the gulph beneath his feet. Such is the fate of many, who by the revolutions of fortune are raised to lofty situations: it is generally the lot of such people to make few friends; in their danger there are none to give them warning, in their fall there are few to afford them pity.

This is not the case with them, who are born to the dignities they enjoy: the sovereign, whose throne is his inheritance, meets with pity and indulgence; pity for the cares inseparable from his condition, indulgence for the failings and excesses incidental to hereditary greatness; but the man who is the maker of his own fortune, acts on a stage where every step he takes will be observed with jealousy; amongst the many thousands who are set to watch him, let him reflect how many hearts there are, rankling with disappointed pride, and envying him the lot, which in their own conceit at least their merit had a better title to: when such a man appears, it is the common cry—*I cannot bear that upstart*—At the same time therefore that it must be allowed more natural to excuse the proud looks of the high, than the proud looks of the low, still it is no bad caution to beware of giving easy faith to reports against those, whom so many unsuccessful people are interested to decry; for though fortune can do mighty things amongst us, and make great men in this world, she cannot make friends.

If caution be necessary for such as are only lookers on upon these sudden changes in the scene of life, how much more wary should he be, who by

fortune's favour is the actor in it! Time past and present so abounds in examples to put him on his guard, that if he will not profit by example, what hope is there that precept will avail? That any man should grow arrogant who has once been dependant, is as unaccountable for the folly of the thing, as it is for the baseness of it; it is as if a pedagogue should turn tyrant, because he remembers to have smarted under the lash of the master when a schoolboy: and yet there seems a principle in some natures that inclines them to this despicable species of revenge, by which they sacrifice all claim to reason, reputation, or religion. Dionysius, though the cruellest of all tyrants, had moderation in a private station, and made a good and patient schoolmaster; he handled the sceptre like a rod, and the rod as he should have done a sceptre. Are we to conclude from this and other instances, that humanity may be learnt by those who descend from power, but that men become tyrants by ascending to it?

Is there in nature any thing so ridiculous as pride, so self-destructive, so absurd? The man who rises out of humble life must have seen it, felt it, and remarked its folly; he must have been convinced that pride deprives itself of its own proper object: for every proud man, who assumes a superiority on the score of rank, or wealth, or titles, forfeits that better interest with mankind, which would have credited him for superiorities of a far nobler quality than those on which he grounds his silly arrogance: How strange is it therefore, when the man, who has seen through the weakness of this passion in others, whilst below them in condition, should fall into the same folly when he rises to be their equal! And yet it happens every day. What is so hateful to a poor man as the purse-proud arrogance of a rich one? Let fortune shift the scene and make the poor man

rich, he runs at once into the vice that he declaimed against so feelingly: these are strange contradictions in the human character. One should have thought that Pope Sixtus V. might have recollected himself enough to be humble, though Pasquin had never reminded him of it; but neither he, nor Becket, nor Wolsey, had any moderation in their spirit, though professing a religion whose very essence is humility.

In modern times, the philosopher's stone seems to have been found by our adventurers in the East, where beggars have become princes and princes have become beggars; if Ben Jonson was now living, could he have painted these upstart voluptuaries more to the life, than by the following animated description?

"I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd.
Down is too hard; and then my oval room
Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated——My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in, and my baths, like pits,
To fall into, from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamour and roses—
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carp, dormice, and camels' heels
Boil'd in the spirit of sol and dissolv'd pearl,
(Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsie)
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants; I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms, and the swelling unctious paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce,
For which I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth and be a knight!—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs, and for all my other raiment,

It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot a-new.
My gloves of fish's and bird's skins perfumed
With gums of paradise and eastern air—
"Q. And do you think to have *the stone* with this?—
"A. No, I do think to have all this with *the stone*."

ALCHYMIST.

These are strong colours; and though he has dipped his pencil pretty liberally into the pallet of the ancients, he has finely mixed the composition with tints of his own; to speak in the same figure, we may say of this sketch, that it is in the very best style of the master.

As I should be loth however to offer none but instances of the abuse of prosperity, I am happy in recollecting one very singular example of the contrary sort, though I go back to times far distant from our own to fetch it.

PISISTRATUS TO SOLON.

"I am neither without example in seizing the tyranny, nor without claim; for as much as I derive from Codrus, and take no more by force, than I should have inherited by right, if the Athenians had never violated those oaths of allegiance, which in times past confirmed the prerogative of my ancestors. I live here without offence towards men or gods; neither transgressing your laws myself, nor permitting others to transgress them: Judge, therefore, if the constitution you have given to Athens is not safer under my administration, than if entrusted to the discretion of the people: no man suffers wrong under my government, nor do I expect any new contributions from my people, contenting myself with the tenths of their produce, as by ancient usage established; and these I apply not to my own coffers, but to those of the state, for

defraying civil and religious expenses, and as a provision for the future exigencies of war. Against you, Solon, I harbour no ill-will, convinced that in your opposition to my measures, you acted upon public, not personal motives: you could not foresee what use I was to make of power, and if you could have foreseen it, I will persuade myself you would neither have traversed my interests, nor withdrawn yourself from your country; return, therefore, I conjure you, return to Athens, and believe me on the word of a king you have nothing to fear from Pisistratus, who has not the heart, as you well know, to annoy even his enemies, much less so excellent a citizen as Solon: come then, if you are so disposed, and be received into the number of my dearest friends; but if you are resolved against returning, remember it is your own choice: and if Solon is lost to his country, Pisistratus is acquitted of being the cause of it. Farewell."

Solon to Pisistratus.

"I can readily believe that you are incapable of doing me any injury, if I was to return to Athens: before you was a tyrant I was your friend, and am now no otherwise your enemy than every Athenian must be, who is adverse to your usurpation. Whether it is better to be governed by the will of one man, or by the laws of the commonwealth, let every individual judge for himself; if I could prefer a tyrant, certainly of all tyrants I should prefer Pisistratus. As to my returning to Athens, I do not think it for my honour, after having founded the constitution of my country, upon principles of freedom, to come home upon motives of convenience, and give a scandal to mankind by appearing to acquiesce under that tyranny which you have forcibly

assumed, but which I, when voluntarily offered, thought proper to reject. Farewell."

The above letters are to be found in Diogenes Laertius, but the learned reader knows they are generally supposed interpolations of the sophists; it must be owned, however they are characteristic of the writers, and, though they ought not to be received as facts in history, may be read as a speech in Livy or Guicciardini. The following anecdotes will throw a stronger light upon the character of Pisistratus, and as there is no reason to question their authenticity, they will be unanswerable witnesses to the point in question.

"At an entertainment given by Pisistratus to some of his intimates, Thrasippus, a man of violent passions and inflamed with wine, took some occasion, not recorded, to break out into the most virulent abuse and insult: Pisistratus, who had made no reply to his invectives, fearing that the festivity of his guests should be interrupted by the misconduct of Thrasippus, who was now got up and leaving the room, rose from his seat and entreated him to stay, assuring him that nothing he had said should be remembered to his disadvantage; instead of being pacified by an act so gracious and condescending, the brutal drunkard became more furious, and after venting all the foulest words a heated imagination could suggest, with a violence shocking to decency, and loathsome to relate, suddenly turned upon Pisistratus, as he was soliciting him to take his seat at the table, and spate in his face. Upon an insult so intolerable, the whole company rose as one man, and in particular Hippias and Hipparchus, sons of the tyrant, were with difficulty prevented from killing him on the spot. The interposition of Pisistratrus saved Thrasippus, and he

was suffered to go home without any violence to his person. The next morning brought him to his senses, and he appeared in the presence of Pisistratus with all proper humility, expecting to receive the punishment he merited. What must have been his self-conviction and reproach, when he was again received with the utmost complacency! Penetrated to the heart with recollection of his behaviour, and the unmerited pardon he had met with, he was proceeding to execute that vengeance on himself, which he was conscious he deserved, by rushing on his sword, when Pisistratus again interposed, and seizing his hand stopt the stroke; not content with this, he consoled him with the most soothing expressions, assured him of his most entire forgiveness, and having put him at peace with himself, reinstated him in his favour, and received him again into the number of his intimates."

Though it is scarce possible to find an instance of good-nature in any man's character superior to the above, I am tempted to add the following anecdote, not only as a corroborating evidence, but from the pleasure one naturally takes in hearing or relating facts that make so much to the honour of human nature, and which inspire the heart with a love for mankind.

"Thrasimedes, a young Athenian, had the audacity to force a kiss upon the daughter of Pisistratus, as she was walking in public procession at a religious solemnity; transported by the violence of his passion, and considering that he had already committed an unpardonable offence, he seized her person, and forcibly conveying her on board a ship, put to sea with her on his passage to Ægina; the sons of Pisistratus pursued and overtook him, bringing him in person before their father: Thrasimedes, without betraying any marks of fear, im-

mediately declared himself perfectly prepared to meet any punishment Pisistratus should think fit to decree; for, having miscarried in his attempt, and lost the object for which alone he wished to live, all consequences became indifferent; disappointment, not death, was his punishment; and when the greater evil had been suffered, he had little apprehension for the lesser.—Having said this, he waited his sentence: when Pisistratus, after long silence, breaking out into admiration at the resolution of Thrasimedes, instead of punishing his audacity, rewarded his passion by bestowing his daughter upon him in marriage."

NUMBER XIII.

Non jam illud quæro, contra ut me diligat illa,
Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit;
Ipse valere opto, et tetrum hunc deponere morbum.
CATULLUS.

It is become a very gainful trade with our small-ware venders of literature to expose certain pamphlets in shop-windows and upon stalls in alleys and thorough-fares, which, if any police was kept up in this great capital, would be put down by the civil magistrate as a public nuisance; I mean Trials for Adultery, the publishers of which are not content with setting down every thing *verbatim* from their short-hand records, which the scrutinizing necessity of law draws out by pointed interrogatory, but they are also made to allure the curiosity of the passenger by tawdry engravings, in which the heroine of the

tale is displayed in effigy, and the most indecent scene of her amours selected as an eye trap to attract the youth of both sexes, and by debauching the morals of the rising generation, keep up the stock in trade, and feed the market with fresh cases for the Commons, and fresh supplies for the retailers of indecency.

If the frequency of our divorces is thus to be encouraged because they make sport for the lawyers, it may be wise to use no preventives against the plague or small-pox, because they cut out work for the doctors. Upon this principle a prudent father will breed up his sons civilians, and furnish out a library for his daughters with these edifying volumes: and if once they take kindly to their studies, there is no fear of their bringing custom to their brothers, and driving a trade, as it is called, for their families. A convenient nest of these trials, neatly bound and gilt at the backs, will serve both as elegant furniture to their closets or bedchambers, and as repositories of science, like treatises on the chances to make them skilful in the game. If they are afraid of their husbands looking into their library, they may find out a hundred devices for lettering them at the back; they may call them—*Sermons to Married Women*—or *the lives of the learned Ladies*—*The acts of the British Matrons*—*Commentaries on the Marriage act*—*Treatises on Polygamy*—or by any other title, which their wit needs no prompting to devise.

Another circumstance of the times, which will greatly aid them in their studies, is, that they have it daily and hourly in their power to resort to the fountain-head for authority, and consult the very ladies themselves, who are the heroines of these interesting narratives. These adepts in the art are to be seen in all places, and spoken to at all hours,

without hindrance of business, or knowledge of a bed-fellow. As these disfranchised matrons or ex-wives keep the best company, and make the best figures in all fashionable circles, a scholar may receive instruction without slander, and prostitute her honour without risking her reputation: a husband must be a brute indeed, who can object to this society, and a wife must be a fool indeed who does not profit by it: when a new-married woman receives these privileged ladies in her house, she sees at once the folly of being virtuous, for they are the merriest, the loudest, the best followed, and the most admired of all their sex; they never disgrace their characters by a pusillanimous repentance, they never baulk their pleasures by a stupid reformation, but keep it up with spirit, like felons that die hard at the gallows, to the last moment of their lives. Most of them marry again, and are so much better than their neighbours, as they are made honest women twice over; and that reputation must be more than commonly tender, which two coats of plaister will not keep together.

As a further temptation to our young wives not to wait the tedious course of nature, but to make themselves widows of living husbands, as soon as they can, they will recollect that they ensure advantages to themselves thereby, which natural widows do not enjoy; for in the first place they avoid a year's mourning which is a consideration not to be despised; in the next place they have precedents for marrying in the first week of their widowhood; and as it is the general practice to choose their gallants, they certainly run no risk of taking a step in the dark, which widows sometimes have been suspected to repent of; thirdly, they escape all bickerings and jealousies, which disturb the peace of families, by the common practice of ladies putting their second hus-

band in mind of what their first husband would have done, or would have said on this or that occasion, had he been alive.—*things were not so in my first husband's time—Oh that my first husband were living! he would not suffer this or that thing to pass, this or that man to use me after such a manner*—are familiar expressions in the family dialogues of second wives in the regular order; whereas the Irregulars never cast these taunts in the teeth of their spouses, because they know the answer is ready at hand, if they did.

The Irregulars have also frequent opportunities of showing their affability and sweetness of temper, upon meeting their first husbands in public places and mixed companies; the graceful acknowledgment of a respectful curtsy, a down-cast look of modest sensibility, or the pretty flutter of embarrassment, are incidents upon an unexpected rencontre, which a well-bred woman knows how to make the most of, and are sure to draw the eyes of the company upon her.

If, on the other hand, a lady on her divorce chooses to revive her maiden title, and take post in her former rank, the law will probably give her back as good a title to her virgin name, as it found her with. She also has her advantages; for at the same time that she is free from the incumbrances of matrimony, she escapes the odious appellation of old maid: Such a lady has the privilege of public places without being pinned to the skirts of an old dowager, like other misses; she can also indulge a natural passion for gaming to a greater length than spinsters dare to go; she can make a repartee or smile at a double entendre, when a spinster only bites her lips, or is put to the troublesome resource of her fan, when she ought to blush, but cannot.

Before I turned my mind to reflect upon these and other advantages so preponderating in favour of

divorces, I used to wonder why our legislature was so partial to suitors, and gave such notorious encouragement and facility to Acts of Parliament for their relief and accommodation; I now see the good policy of the measure, and how much the ease of his majesty's good subjects is thereby consulted. It is confessed there is a short monition in the decalogue against this practice, but nobody insists upon it: there are also some texts scattered up and down in holy writ to the same purport, but no well-bred preacher ever handles such topics in his pulpit; and if a fine lady should ever read a chapter in the bible, or hear it read to her, it is very easy to skip over those passages, and every polite person knows it is better to make a breach in any thing, than in good manners to a lady.

Our English ladies, by the frequency of their incontinence, and the divorces thence ensuing, have not only furnished out a most amusing library to young students of both sexes, but they have effectually retrieved the characters of our wives from sinking into contempt with foreigners, on account of their domestic insipidity and attachment to the dull duties of a family. This was once the general opinion which other uations entertained of our matrons; but upon a late tour through a great part of the continent of Europe, I found it was entirely reversed, and ideas more expressive of their spirit universally adopted.

It may well be expected that the influx of foreigners, and the out-flow of natives, which the present peace will occasion, will not suffer the pretensions of our ladies to lose ground in this particular: Our French neighbours are certainly good critics in gallantry, and they need not now stand in dread of a repulse from the women of England, whatever they may apprehend from the men.

Much more occurs to me on this subject, but these premises will serve to introduce an idea, which if the several ladies, who have stood trial, would club their wits to assist me in, might be rendered practicable, and that is, of reducing infamy to a system by rules and regulations of manners, tending to the propagation and increase of divorces in Great Britain. A few loose hints occur to me on this subject, but I offer them with the utmost submission to better judges, simply as rudiments in the art; the refinements must be left to those who are professors.

"As early impressions are strongest and most lasting, I would advise all mothers, who wish to train their daughters after the above system, to put them in their infancy under the care of those commodious ladies, whom we vulgarly call Mademoiselles, as the best forcers of early plants; under whose tuition young ladies have been known to get so forward as to have pretty notions of flirtation at the tender age of six years; at eight years they can answer questions in the catechism of gallantry; before they reach their tenth summer they can leer, ogle, talk French, write sonnets, play with the footman, and go through their exercise to admiration: I would then put them to their studies, of which the annals abovementioned will be a principal part; the circulating libraries will furnish out a considerable catalogue, and Mademoiselle will supply them with French memoirs, novels, &c. &c. At the age of twelve it will be proper to send them to the boarding school, and there they will have the opportunity of making female friendships with their seniors in age, by which they will greatly edify: In the holyday vacations they will correspond with their boarding school associates, and these letters should be sacred and inviolable, by which means they may carry on an in-

tercourse of thoughts without reserve, and greatly improve their style.

"When two years have been thus employed, they must be brought to London to be finished under the best masters, most of which should be recommended by Mademoiselle; and in their intervals from study they will be allowed to relax their minds in the company of their mother, by looking on at the card-tables, reposing themselves after their fatigue upon sofas, informing themselves of the intrigues of the town, qualifying themselves in a proper familiarity of manners by calling young men by their sirnames, romping occasionally with the gallants of their mother, when she is out of sight, and above all things, cultivating intimacies with their late school-fellows, who are come out into the world.

"When their hair is off their foreheads, it will be necessary they should lay out professedly for admirers amongst the young rakes of fashion, and for this purpose I particularly recommend to them the tea-room at the Opera-house, where I would have them stay out all the company, and then commit themselves to their gallants to find out their coaches, who will be sure to lead them through all the blind alleys, and never carry them to the right door till the last, by which time the carriages of these gallants will be drove off, and then common charity will compel them to bring the obliging creatures home in theirs.

"All this while I would have them put entire confidence in Mademoiselle, whose good nature will accommodate them in any little notes or messages they may have to manage, and whose opinion in dress will be so indispensable, that it will be proper to take her out with them to all milliners' shops, artificial-flower makers, and masquerade warehouses for advice. If the young fellows will come to these

places at the same time, who can help it? Mademoiselle will go down to call the servants, and ten to one if they are not gone to the ale-house, and the coach is out of the way, in spite of all her pains to find it.

"When they have made a strong attachment, and consequences are to be apprehended, it will be time for them to think of marriage, but on no account with the man of their heart, for that would interrupt friendship: any body, who can make a settlement, can make a husband, and that husband can make his wife her own mistress, and every body's else, that she pleases; Mademoiselle becomes *femme de chambre*, and when her lady is disposed for divorce, chief witness upon her trial; a picturesque scene is chosen for the frontispiece, the heroine figures in the print-shops, her fame is sounded in the brothels, and her career of infamy is completed."

NUMBER XIV.

If any of my learned readers, skilled in the oriental languages, shall choose to turn over the thirty and three volumes of Abulfagi, the Arabian historian, they may find the following story: Near one hundred leaves of the Papyrus have been expended in the relation, but I have been at the pains of compressing it into one paper.

In the beginning of the eleventh century Abderama, the last descendant of the Samanian family, who reigned over the territory of Bucharia, was besieged in his capital of Bochara by Mamood the Great, who afterwards reduced all India to his command.

This mighty conqueror, who may be styled the Alexander of the Arabian historians, made twelve irruptions into India, and in each expedition swept away as much wealth, and made as great a devastation of the human species, as Nadir Shah in his. Mamood was the son of the usurper Subuctági, who expelled the father of Abderama from Samarcand, and reduced his empire to the possession of Bochara only and its dependencies.

Such was the formidable general who sat down with his forces before Bochara, and such the hereditary enmity of these inveterate opponents; Abderama therefore had no resource but to defend his citadel to the last extremity: Disabled by his age from active service, he put the garrison under command of a valiant captain named Abdullah: This young prince was of the house of Katiba, the general of the Caliph Osman, who conquered Great Bucharia for that victorious Mahommedan: Abdullah was the most accomplished personage of his time, of admirable qualities, and matchless intrepidity: In vain he challenged Mamood to decide the fate of Bochara by single combat; he was also beloved by Zarima, daughter of Abderama, and sole heiress of his crown; the beauty of this princess was celebrated through all the East; more rhapsodies have been composed and chaunted in the praises of Zarima than even Helen gave a subject to: Our language cannot reach the descriptions of these florid writers; the whole creation has been culled for objects to set in some comparison with Zarima; but as the fire of their imaginations would seem like phrensy to ours, I shall not risk a fall by following them in their flights.

In a furious sally made upon the army of the besiegers, Abdullah at the head of the Bocharians had singled out the person of Mamood, and pushed his

horse up to the breast of that on which Mamood was fighting; the shock was furious on both sides: Abdullah received the point of his opponent's lance in his side, and Mamood was struck from his saddle to the ground by the battle-ax of Abdullah; the combatants rushed in to cover their fallen general, and victory was snatched out of the grasp of the brave Bocharian, who fell back wounded amongst his companions, and retreated unpursued into the town after a furious slaughter of the foe.

Whether Mamood was discouraged by the obstinacy of the Bocharians, or, as some historians insinuate, was daunted by this attack, which he had so narrowly escaped from, so it was that he let the command of the siege devolve upon his general Kamhi, and at the head of a scouring party made incursions into the country to lay it waste with fire and sword, and break up the supplies of Bochara.

Kamhi had seen the beautiful Zarima; he had been in Abderama's court before Mamood's invasion, and to see the princess was to be enamoured. No sacrifice could be too great for Kamhi to obtain a prize so much above all computation in the heated fancy of a lover: He secretly imparted to Abderama the conditions, on which he would betray his trust, and expose the army he commanded to inevitable destruction.

If these conditions staggered the aged monarch on the score of honour, so did they on the side of interest. To save his crown and city was a tempting offer, and the divided heart of Abderama was not more agitated as a monarch for the impending danger of his throne, than it was agonized as a man for the daily sufferings of his faithful people. He submitted to receive Kamhi into the town, and to treat with him in person on the subject of his proposal: Abdullah, from whom this was to be concealed, was

now recovering from his wound, but incapable of service for a time; it was proposed by Kamhi to exchange hostage against hostage, and Abdullah was instructed to meet him in the depth of night with one companion on each side: each general was to exchange armour on the spot, and so to pass their respective sentinels: and mutual secrecy was pledged between the parties. There was no difficulty in persuading the generous Abdullah to this enterprise: Abderama giving him to understand, that the meeting was, to adjust the payment of a sum of money, which Kamhi was to receive for betraying the army he commanded before Bochara; the transaction was to be kept a profound secret even from Zarima; the unsuspecting Abdullah repaired to his rendezvouz, at the appointed hour, without taking leave of the princess, and Kahmi with his associate passed the city guard unquestioned in the habit of his rival. He hasted without a moment's loss to the palace of the old king, and expounded to him the plan he had devised for securing the performance of his part of the contract; nothing now remained for Abderama, but to engage his daughter to make a sacrifice, which, severe and difficult as it was, he thought he might depend upon her piety and public spirit for complying with. In this hope he immediately repaired to her chamber, where he found her reposing on her couch; he threw himself at her feet in an agony of tears, and in the most supplicating posture adjured her to arise and save her father, country, and herself from impending destruction: Roused from her sleep, the beauteous Zarima immediately demanded the reason of that solemn adjuration, and what it was that she could do to gain those glorious ends—'Emulate the magnanimity of Abdullah,' replied the father, 'resign Abdullah, as that heroic youth, to save this sinking city from extinction, has now

resigned his Zarima.'—Astonishment had now deprived her of the power of utterance, and Abderama proceeded without interruption to expose to her the whole purport of his treaty with Kamhi, and the conditions on which alone Bochara might be saved, and Mamood's army betrayed into his hands. He protested to her that Abdullah had been a party to this treaty, that he had left the city for ever, and to convince her of it, he was ready to produce Kamhi in the very habit, which her lover had exchanged with him for the purpose of bringing him to an interview with her, and concluding the agreement.

Not to dwell any longer on Abderama's arguments (in which was I to follow my Arabian author I should swell this recital to an unreasonable length), it will suffice to say that the father prevailed. In the original it appears as if some share in the success was owing to female pique, but as the Arabian authors are very subtle and refined in finding motives and in scrutinizing the human passions, I should hope this suggestion may be imputed to the historian, rather than to the heroine.

As I choose to pass over many pages of my original in this place, the reader will now suppose that the traitorous Kamhi is in possession of his beautiful, but reluctant, victim; and that Abderama has already made a sacrifice more painful, than that of Eurystheus, or Agamemnon, when they immolated their daughters. With the first dawn of the morning Kamhi repaired to the army, and began to set on foot the project he had concerted with Abderama; when he had given out his orders for dividing and disposing the troops in such a manner, as was best adapted to his design, he gave the signal agreed upon with the king for the sally: The whole garrison was put in motion on this occasion, and Abderama determined once more to show himself to his

army, and command in person. Every thing had been so prepared on the part of Kamhi, that the impression, which the Bocharians made upon the besiegers, was immediate, and the slaughter became universal: Nothing could have saved them from complete destruction, but the unexpected appearance of Mamood and his army in this seasonable moment for their relief; as Mamood's troops were entirely composed of cavalry, he flew into action with amazing rapidity; the fainting spirits of the soldiers revived at the sight of their victorious chief; his well-known voice rallied their broken ranks, and they turned upon their pursuers with redoubled fury: Even the guard that had been planted upon Abdullah, now ran to their arms and joined the action; the army of Abderama, no longer supported by the valour and conduct of their favourite general, began to give way, and retreat in disorder to the city; in this instant Abdullah rushed from his tent, and presented himself to the eyes of the dispirited Bocharians; the army sent up a shout of joy, the aged Abderama sunk into his arms, covered with blood and expiring with his wounds; life just served him to exclaim—*My son! my son!* and then forsook him; his attendants bore him off to his litter in the rear, whilst Abdullah turned the faces of his soldiers on the foe, and pressed into the action, where it was hottest.

The conflict became terrible, every inch of ground was obstinately disputed, and the combatants on either side fell by whole ranks, as if resolved upon maintaining the contest to the last man: Night at length put an end to the undecided fight, and Abdullah led off his surviving followers into the city, without any attempt on the part of Mamood to pursue him:. His wound in the side, which was not yet healed, burst open by the violence of his exertions in the action, and he had received others, under

which he found himself sinking, and which he had reason to believe were mortal: in this extremity he lost not a moment's time in betaking himself to his beloved Zarima; his strength just served him to present himself before her, and to fall exhausted with his wounds at her feet.

Terrible interview! Zarima was expiring; she had taken poison.

The supplications of an aged father, the deliverance of a suffering city, the salvation of an ancient empire, and, above all, the example, as she believed, of her betrothed Abdullah, had prevailed with this heroic princess to sacrifice herself to the detested arms of Kamhi; the contract had been fulfilled upon her father's part, but to survive it was more than she had engaged for, and an indignity which her nature could not submit to: As soon as the battle joined, she put her resolution into act, and swallowed the mortal draught. Life just sufficed to relate this dismal tale to the dying Abdullah, and to receive the account from his lips of the deception which Abderama had put upon him: The body of her dead father was now brought into the palace; she cast a look upon it, but was speechless: fainting, and in the article of death, she dropt into the arms of Abdullah, her head fell upon his breast, just as it was heaving with the last long-drawn sigh, that stopt his heart for ever.

NUMBER XV.

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune: Things, which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure, and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time mispent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one who falls under the immediate pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil we shall get hope on our side, which, though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way: By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquillity of temper, that will stand us in future stead; and by keeping a fair face to the world, we shall, by degrees, make an easy heart, and find innumerable resources of consolation which a fretful spirit never can discover.

'I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune,' said a very worthy gentleman to me one day, 'seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.' —How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—*What an escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman.*—And yet, perhaps, they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened, but complained, lamented, and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility in the person of a Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciscan convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humourist. He inherits a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject however to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy, but the principle disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in

him in the matter of his mistress: He had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risk of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne, and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream: His passion for his mistress was no less vehement; so that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greatest part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts, he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary in his own hand writing, of certain passages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

"My son, whoever thou art, profit by the word

of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity, and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty!

"When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France, and seeking out some of those countries from whose famished inhabitants nature withholds her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow: As I passed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempest.

"I traversed the delightful province of Biscay, without rest to the soles of my feet or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dressed in her gayest attire:—'Thou mother of fools,' I exclaimed, 'why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.' The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the water-falls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour:—'Give me,' said I, 'the clank of fetters, and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip'—And in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth as I trode over its prolific surface.

"I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines

trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sate upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride lay stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin. *Ah! this is something*, I cried out, *this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend. —'Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Hark-ye, Castilian,' I exclaimed, 'take this pisette; it is coin, it is silver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you; put by your pride and touch it!'—'Curst be your nation,' the Castilian replied, 'I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.'—'Starve then,' I answered, and passed on.

"I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desart, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey; I looked and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul: it was the Escurial.—'Here then the tyrant reigns,' said I, 'here let him reign; hard as these rocks his throne, waste as these desarts be his dominion!' A meagre creature passed me; famine stared in his eye, he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid that was browsing in the desart, he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet.—'Ah sacrilegious villain!'—cried a brawny fellow; and leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy.—'Mercy!' cried he that seized him, 'do you purloin the property of the church, and ask for

mercy"—So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence; I could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

"I held my journey through the desart, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid; the fathers of the Inquisition came forth from the cells of torture; the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch in a saffron-coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim: He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented.—'See what the religion of God is,' said I to myself, 'in the hands of man!'

"From the gates of Madrid I bent my course towards the port of Lisbon; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—'You have missed your aim,' I cried, 'and have lost the merit of destroying a man.'—'Give me your purse,' said the robber. —'Take it,' I replied, 'and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me!'

"I found the city of Lisbon in ruins! her foundations smoaked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror sate in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake.—'Have they not the inquisition in this country?' I asked; I was answered they had.—'And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake?' said I within myself, 'let them give God thanks and be quiet.'

"Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were pre-

served, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics.—' This is as it should be,' said I, ' these men act up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools; I will not go amongst them.'—After a short time behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builders tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses: I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion—' Before the earthquake I made my bed in the streets, now I shall have a house to live in.'—' This is too much,' said I; ' their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in their country.'—I descended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ship, whose canvass was loosed for sailing.—' She is an English ship, says a Galliego porter; ' they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter deck.'—' They pay well for what they have,' says a boat-man, ' and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.'—I threw myself into the wherry, and entered the ship: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea, and the morning brought no respite to our toil.—' Whither are you bound?' said I to the master.—' To hell,' said he, ' for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate!'—The fellow's voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever.—' If the winds were of this man's making,' thought I, ' he would not be content with them.'—A favourable breeze sprung up as if it had come at his calling.—' I thought it was coming,' says he; ' put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port.'—' But

where is your port?' again I asked him.—'Sir,' says he, 'I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.' My heart sunk at the name of my native city. 'I was freighted,' added he, 'from London with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.'—'Heyday!' thought I, 'how fair weather changes this fellow's note!'—'Lewis,' said he to a handsome youth, who stood at his elbow, 'we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—'Show me your bills,' said I, 'for I am Chaubert.'—He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife. —'Where is the wretch,' said I, who drew these forgeries?'—The youth burst into tears.—'He is my father,' he replied, and turned away.—'Sir,' says the master, 'I am not surprised to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence and have been ruined by his means, and reduced to what you see me; but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own son proves him an unnatural rascal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.

NUMBER XVI.

Chaubert's narrative proceeds as follows:—"When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrenzy would break out; I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprise saw no symptoms of madness there; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features.—'Are you in your senses,' I demanded, 'And can you forgive the villain?—'From my heart,' answered he, 'else how should I expect to be forgiven?'—His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my bosom; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation, and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said—'It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his treatment of this poor boy his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother'——'Who is his mother? What was her name?' I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips, than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried

out,—'That woman—Oh! that woman'—'Was a devil,' said the master, 'and if you knew but half the misery you have escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing: I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you see, he does not like to have his mistress taken from him; but some things are better lost than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word for it you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life.' He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and shutting myself into my cabin, surrendered myself to my meditations.

"My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much less put them into any order for relation: The ship however kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux; the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship: The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's compting house: The convict was kneeling on a scaffold; whilst a friar was receiving his last confession; his face was turned towards us; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out—'Look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.'—The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud—'Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me speak to you before I die!'—His yell was horror to my soul; I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it; the friar ordered silence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly, and what he had farther to confess.

"'Father,' replied the convict, 'this is the very

man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison'— He now turned to me, and proceeded as follows:— 'You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louisa's elopement, she handed to you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm, and dashed it on the floor; in a sudden transport of passion, which you were addicted to, you struck the creature with violence, and laid it dead at your feet. It was the saving moment of your life—the wine was poisoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's instrument for preserving you; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practise resignation Father, I have no more to confess! I die repentant: Let the executioner do his office."

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expose my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the best, but I will contend, that he, who makes the best of it, fulfils the part of a wise and good man: Another thing may be safely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good or evil of many events, which befal him in this life, and we have authority to say, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good!* I could wish that the story of Chaubert, as I have given it, might make that impression upon any one of my readers, as it did upon me, when I received it: and I could also wish, that I felt myself worthy to add to it the experience of many occurrences in

my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from those they wore upon their first appearance.

When men sink into despondency or break out into rage upon adversities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burthen upon them than they can bear, because it is not clear that they have exerted all the possible resources of the soul.

The passions may be humoured till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason. If we put our children under restraint and correction, why should we, who are but children of a larger growth, be refractory and complain, when the Father of all things lays the wholesome correction of adversity on our heads?

Amongst the fragments of Philemon the comic poet, there is part of a dialogue preserved between a master and his servant, whose names are not given, which falls in with the subject I am speaking of; these fragments have been collected from the works of the scholiasts and grammarians, and many of them have been quoted by the fathers of the Christian church, for the moral and pious maxims they contain; I think the reader will not be displeased, if I occasionally present him with some specimens from these remains of the Greek comedy, and, for the present, conclude my paper with the following translation:

Servant. 'Whilst you live, Sir, drive away sorrow; it is the worst company a man can keep.'

Master. 'Whilst I live, sirrah? why there is no living without it.'

Servant. 'Never tell me, sir; the wounds of the mind are not to be healed by the tears of the eyes.

If they were, who would be without the medicine? They would be the best family physic in nature; and if nothing but money would buy them, you could not pay too dearly for the purchase. But alack-a-day, what do they avail? Weep, or weep not, this stubborn world of ours will have its way; sighing and groaning, take my word for it, is but labour lost.'

Master. 'Granted! for its use I will not contend, nor can you, as I take it, dispute its necessity: it is as natural for the eyes to shed tears in affliction, as for a tree to drop its leaves in autumn.'

Servant. 'That I deny; the necessity of evil I admit, but not the necessity of bewailing it. Mark how your maxims and mine differ; you meet misfortune in the way, I let misfortune meet me: there are too many evils in life that no man's wisdom can avoid; but he is no wise man who multiplies too many by more: now my philosophy teaches me, that amongst all the evils you complain of, there is no evil so great as your complaint itself: why it drives a man out of his senses, out of his health, nay at last out of the world; so shall it not me: if misfortune will come, I cannot help it, but if lamentation follows it, that is my fault; and a fool of his own making, my good master, is a fool indeed.'

Master. 'Say you so, sirrah? Now I hold your insensibility to be of the nature of the brute: my feelings I regard as the prerogative of a man; thus although we differ widely in our practice, each acts up to his proper character.'

Servant. 'If I am of the nature of a brute, because I fear the gods and submit to their will, the gods forgive me! If it be the prerogative of a man, to say I will not bear misfortunes, I will not submit to the decrees of the gods, let the gods answer that for themselves! I am apt to think it is no great

mark of courage to despair, nor any sure proof of weakness to be content. If a man were to die of a disappointment, how the vengeance does it come to pass that any body is left alive? You may, if you think well of it, counteract the designs of the gods, and turn their intended blessings into actual misfortunes, but I do not think their work will be mended by your means; you may, if you please, resent it with a high hand, if your mother, or your son, or your friend should take the liberty to die, when you wish them to live; but to me it appears a natural event, which no man can keep off from his own person, or that of any other; you may, if you think it worth your while, be very miserable when this woman miscarries, or that woman is brought to bed; you may torment yourself because your mother has a cough, or your mistress drops a tear; in short, you may send yourself out of the world with sorrow, but I think it better to stay my time in it, and be happy.'

NUMBER XVII.

I MENTIONED in my seventh paper that I had a card from Vanessa inviting me to a *Feast of Reason.* I confess I was very curious to know what the nature of this feast might be; and having been since favoured with a second invitation, I shall take the liberty of relating what I saw and heard at that lady's assembly.

The celebrated Vanessa has been either a beauty, or a wit all her life long; and of course has a better

plea for vanity than falls to most women's share; her vanity also is in itself more excusable for the pleasing colours it sometimes throws upon her character: it gives the spring to charity, good-nature, affability; it makes her splendid, hospitable, facetious; carries her into all the circles of fine people, and crowds all the fine people into her's; it starts a thousand whimsical caprices that furnish employment to the arts, and it has the merit of opening her doors and her purse to the sons of science; in short, it administers protection to all descriptions and degrees of genius, from the manufacturer of a toothpick to the author of an epic poem: it is a vanity, that is a sure box at an author's first night, and a sure card at a performer's benefit; it pays well for a dedication, and stands for six copies upon a subscriber's list. Vanessa in the centre of her own circle sits like the statue of the Athenian Minerva, incensed with the breath of philosophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votarist of art, science, or fine speaking. It is in her academy, young noviciates try their wit and practise panegyric; no one like Vanessa can break in a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegasus to carry a side-saddle: she can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a master in chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardware man stamp rhymes as fast as buttons.

As I came rather before the modern hour of visiting, I waited some time in her room before any of the company appeared; several new publications on various subjects were lying on her table; they were stitched in blue paper, and most of them fresh from the press; in some she had stuck small scraps of paper, as if to mark where she had left off reading; in others she had doubled down certain pages, seemingly for the same purpose. At last, a meagre little man with a most satirical countenance

was ushered in, and took his seat in a corner of the room; he eyed me attentively for some time through his spectacles, and at last accosted me in the following words: 'You are looking at these books, Sir; I take for granted they are newly published.' 'I believe they are,' I replied. 'I thought so,' says he. 'Then you may depend upon it their authors will be here by and by; you may always know what company you are to expect in this house by the books upon the table: it is in this way Vanessa has got all her wit and learning, not by reading, but by making authors believe she reads their works, and by thus tickling their vanity she sends so many heralds into the world to cry up her fame to the skies; it is a very pretty finesse, and saves a world of time for better amusements.' He had no sooner said this than Vanessa entered the room, and whilst I was making a most profound reverence, I beheld something approaching to me, which looked like columns and arches and porticos in the perspective of a playhouse scene; as I raised my eyes and examined it a little closer, I recognized the ruins of Palmyra, embroidered in coloured silks upon Vanessa's petticoat. It was the first visit I had ever paid, and Vanessa not being ready with my name, I made a silent obeisance, and receiving a smile in return, retreated to my chair: my friend said a great many smart things upon the ruins of Palmyra, which Vanessa on her part contended to be a very proper emblem for an old woman in decay, who had seen better days; the wit replied, that instead of Palmyra it ought to have been Athens, and then she would have been equipped from head to foot in character. Vanessa smiled, but maintained the propriety of her choice, bidding him observe, 'that though she carried a city upon her back, that city all the world knew was planted

on a desert.' She now addressed herself to me, and in the most gracious manner asked me when I hoped to put my project into execution; I answered in about two months, thinking she alluded to the publication of these papers, a circumstance I knew she was informed of. 'Well, I protest,' says Vanessa, 'I envy you the undertaking, and wish I could find courage enough to accompany you.' I assured her there was nothing in the world would make me so happy as her assistance, and that I was confident it would ensure success to my undertaking. 'There you flatter me,' says she, 'for I should do nothing but look after shells and corals and the palaces of the Tritons and Naiads, if I was to go down with you.'—Here I began to stare most egregiously.—'But after all,' added she, 'will your diving bell carry double?' This luckless diving-bell was such an unexpected plunge to me, that if I had been actually in it, I could scarce have been more hampered; so I thought it was better to remain under water, and wait till the real artist came in to set the mistake to rights: this, however, my neighbour with the spectacles would not allow of, for suspecting the *mal-entendu*, he began to question me how long I could stay under water, and whether I could see distinctly: he then took a pamphlet from the table, and spreading out a large engraved plan of a diving-bell, desired me to inform him how I managed those pipes and conductors of air; all this while he was slyly enjoying my confusion, till I summoned resolution to apprize Vanessa of her mistake; this produced a thousand polite apologies on her part—'But these wretched eyes of mine,' says she, 'are for ever betraying me into blunders.' 'That is a pity indeed,' replied the wit, 'for they illuminate every body else: but if they betray their owner,' adds he, 'it is God's

revenge against murder.' Several literati now entered the room, to whom Vanessa made her compliments, particularly to a blind old gentleman, whom she conducted to his chair with great humanity, and immediately began talking to him of his discoveries and experiments on the microscope. 'Ah! Madam,' replied the minute philosopher, 'those researches are now over; something might have been done, if my eyes had held out, but I lost my sight just as I had discovered the generation of mites; but this I can take on myself to pronounce, that they are an oviparous race.' 'Be content,' replied Vanessa, there is a blessing upon him who throws even a *mite* into the treasury of science.' The philosopher then proceeded to inform her, that he had begun some curious dissections of the eye of a mole, but that his own would not serve him to complete them: 'If I could have proceeded in them,' says he, I am verily persuaded I could have brought him to his eye-sight by the operation of couching; and now,' says he, 'I am engaged in a new discovery, in which I mean to employ none but persons under the like misfortune with myself.'— So interesting a discovery raised my curiosity, as well as Vanessa's, to inquire into it, and methought even the wit in the spectacles had a fellow-feeling in the subject: 'It is a powder, madam,' added the philosopher, 'which I have prepared for destroying vermin on fruit-trees, and even ants in the West Indies; I confess to you,' says he, 'it is fatal to the eye-sight, for I am persuaded I owe the loss of mine to it, rather than to the eggs of mites, or the couching of moles; and accordingly I propose that this powder shall be blown through bellows of my own inventing by none but men who are stone blind; it will be very easy for your gardener, or overseer of your plantations, to lead them up

to their work, and then leave them to perform it; for the dust is so subtle that it is scarce possible to invent a cover for the eyes, that can secure them against it. I believe,' added he, 'I have some of it in my pocket, and if you have any flies or spiders in the room, I will soon convince you of its efficacy by an experiment before your eyes.' Vanessa eagerly assured him there was no such thing in her room, and drawing her chair to a distance, begged him not to trouble himself with any experiment at present.

There sat an ordinary woman in a black cloak by the fire side, with her feet upon the fender and her knees up, who seemed employed upon a cushion or pillow, which she kept concealed under her apron, without once looking at the work she was upon. 'You have read of the Witch of Endor,' says she to me (observing I had fixed my eyes upon her) 'I am a descendant of that old lady's, and can raise the dead, as well as she could.'—Immediately she put aside her apron, and produced a head moulded in wax so strikingly like my deceased friend, the father of Calliope, that the shock it gave me was too apparent to escape her.—'You knew this brave fellow I perceive,' says she; 'England never owned a better officer; he was my hero, and every line in his face is engraved in my heart.'—'What must it be in mine?' I answered, and turned away to a circle of people who had collected themselves round a plain, but venerable old man, and were very attentive to his discourse: He spoke with great energy, and in the most chosen language; nobody yet attempted to interrupt him, and his words rolled not with the shallow impetuosity of a torrent, but deeply and fluently, like the copious current of the Nile: He took up the topic of religion in his course, and though palsy

shook his head, he looked so terrible in Christian armour, and dealt his stroke with so much force and judgment, that Infidelity, in the persons of several petty skirmishers, sneaked away from before him: One little fellow however had wriggled his chair nearer and nearer to him, and kept baying at him whilst he was speaking, perpetually crying out—'Give me leave to observe—not to interrupt you, Sir,—That is extremely well, but in answer to what you say.'—All this had been going on without any attention or stop on the part of the speaker, whose eyes never once lighted on the company, till the little fellow, growing out of all patience, walked boldly up to him, and catching hold of a button somewhere above the waistband of his breeches, with a sudden twitch checked the moving spring of his discourse, and much to my regret brought it to a full stop. The philosopher looked about for the insect that annoyed him, and having at last eyed him, as it were askaunce, demanded what it was provoked him to impatience.—'Have I said any thing, good Sir, that you do not comprehend?'—'No, no,' replied he, 'I perfectly well comprehend every word you have been saying.'—'Do you so sir,' said the philosopher, 'then I heartily ask pardon of the company for misemploying their time so egregiously,'—and stalked away without waiting for an answer.

Vanessa had now recollected or inquired my name, and in a very gracious manner repeated her excuses for mistaking me for the diver.—'But if the old saying holds good,' adds she, 'that truth lies at the bottom of a well, I dare say you will not scruple to dive for it, so I hope I have not given you a dishonourable occupation.' I was endeavouring at a reply, when the wit in the spectacles came up to us and whispered Vanessa in the ear,

that the true Diving-bell was in yonder corner; she immediately turned that way, and as she passed whispered a young lady loud enough for me to hear her—'My dear, I am in your third volume.'—The girl bowed her head, and by the Arcadian grace that accompanied it, I took it for granted she was a Novelist.

I now joined a cluster of people, who had crowded round an actress who sat upon a sofa, leaning on her elbow in a pensive attitude, and seemed to be counting the sticks of her fan, whilst they were vying with each other in the most extravagant encomiums.—'You was adorable last night in Belvidera,' says a pert young parson with a high toupee; 'I sat in lady Blubber's box, and I can assure you she and her daughters too wept most bitterly—but then that charming mad scene, by my soul it was a chef d'œuvre; pray, Madam, give me leave to ask you, was you really in your senses?'—'I strove to do it as well as I could,' answered the actress. 'Do you intend to play comedy next season?' says a lady, stepping up to her with great eagerness.—'I shall do as the manager bids me,' she replied. 'I should be curious to know,' says an elderly lady, 'which part, Madam, you yourself esteem the best you play?'—'I always endeavour to make that which I am about the best.' An elegant young woman of fashion now took her turn of interrogatory, and with many apologies begged to be informed by her, if she studied those enchanting looks and attitudes before a glass?'—'I never study any thing but my author.'—'Then you practise them in rehearsals?' rejoined the questioner. —'I seldom rehearse at all,' replied the actress. 'She has fine eyes,' says a tragic poet to an eminent painter, 'what modest dignity they bear, what awful penetration! mark how they play in those

deep sockets, like diamonds in the mine! whilst that commanding brow moves over them like a cloud, and carries storm or sunshine, as the deity within directs: She is the child of nature, or, if you will allow me the expression, nature herself; for she is in all things original; in pity, or in terror, penitent or presumptuous, famished, mad, or dying, she is her author's thought personified; and if this nation, which fashion now nails by the ears to the shameful pillory of an Italian opera, shall ever be brought back to a true relish of its native drama, that woman will have the merit of their reformation.' This rhapsody was received with great tranquillity by the painter, who coolly replied—'All that is very well, but where will you see finer attitudes, than in an opera dance, or more picturesque draperies than in a masquerade? Every man for his own art.' Vanessa now came up, and desiring leave to introduce a young muse to Melpomene, presented a girl in a white frock with a fillet of flowers twined round her hair, which hung down her back in flowing curls; the young muse made a low obeissance in the style of an Oriental salam, and with the most unembarrassed voice and countenance, whilst the poor actress was covered with blushes, and suffering torture from the eyes of all the room, broke forth as follows:—

Oh thou whom Nature's goddess calls her own,
Pride of the stage, and favorite of the town——

—But I can proceed no farther, for if the plague had been in the house, I should not have ran away from it more eagerly than I did from Miss and her poetry.

NUMBER XVIII.

Leontine is one of those purse-proud humorists, who profess to speak what they think—For why? he is independant and fears no man. If you complain of an affront from Leontine, you are sure to be told—'That is his way, that is so like Leontine, you must take him as he is.'—In short, there are certain savages in society, who seem to have a patent for their brutality, and he is one.

I often think I can give a good guess at the temper of the master by the servant's looks; in Leontine's family it is strongly marked; I was let in the other day by a staring half-starved fellow, fresh from the country, who was out of his wits for fear, not knowing whether he was to say his master was at home or abroad: Whilst he stood gaping with the door half opened in his hand, a voice roared out from the parlour, 'Who's there?' Upon which he slapped the street-door in my face, and ran to his master: as I was quietly walking away, he followed me up the street, and told me to come back, for his master would see me. I found Leontine in a fit of the gout; his wife on her knees wrapping flannel round his foot: It mortified me to see how much the world is governed by the abject principle of fear, for the assiduity with which this bashaw was waited upon by his wife and servants was surprising. After having cursed the gout, damned his servants, and scolded his wife for her awkwardness in swathing his foot, he began to rave about the state of the nation, crying out to me every now and then—'A fine pass you have brought things to at

last; I always told you how it would be, but you would not believe me, and now you are ruined, bankrupt, and undone to the devil; I thought what it would come to with your damned American war.' —I told him I had nothing to do with politics, and knew very little of the matter.—'That's true,' says he, 'I understand you are writing a book, and going to turn author: You know I am your friend, and always speak my mind, therefore I must tell you, you will repent of what you are about. Cannot you let the world alone? Is it in your power to make it better? Can the devil make it worse? Why I could write a book if I pleased, but I scorn it; nay, I was fool enough to do it once, from a silly principle of good will to my country; and what was the consequence? Why, after proving as plain as two and two make four, that we were no longer a nation, that we were broken, baffled, defeated, and upon the eve of being a province to France—after having proved all this, d'ye see, for the good of my country, what was my reward, think you, but to be abused, vilified, posted in the rascally newspapers, who threw the twelfth of April in my teeth, and set the people's heads a madding contrary to all sense and reason, though I had been at the pains of convincing them how foolish all such hopes were, and that there was not a chance left, though miracles should be wrought in their favour, of any possible salvation for this devoted kingdom.'

As Leontine is one of those *pro* and *con* reasoners who handle their own argument in their own way by question and answer, and know what their opponent has to offer before he has uttered three words, I always leave him a clear stage to fight out the subject by himself as he can; so that he proceeded without interruption to put a number of questions, to which he regularly made responses,

and, though these were the very opposites to what I should probably have given, I let them pass without contradiction, till there was a stop to the torrent by the introduction of a stranger, who, after telling Leontine his name, proceeded to say he had a little necessary business to settle with him, which he should take the liberty to explain in very few words. This stranger was a little, meagre, consumptive man, far advanced in years, of an aspect remarkably meek and humble, so that it was not without surprise I heard him begin as follows:— 'I wait upon you, Sir, to demand full satisfaction and atonement for an injury you have done to my character by the basest lie that ever man uttered, and which if you do not disavow in as public a manner as you reported it, I shall expect you will immediately answer my challenge, as there is no other mode of redressing wrongs of so insidious a nature.' When this gentleman announced his name and description I found he was a general officer, who had been upon an unsuccessful command in the course of the war; and that Leontine, in one of his political rhapsodies, had treated his character according to his custom with great scurrility; this had unluckily passed in the hearing of a friend of the General's, who had endeavoured to stop Leontine in time, but not being able so to do, had made report to his friend of what had been said of him in his absence. As he fixed his eyes upon Leontine in expectation of his answer, I observed his cheeks, which before were of a ruddy scarlet, turn to a deep purple, which gradually turned into a livid tawney; fear so transformed his features, that the dying soldier in Le Brun's battle was not a more perfect model of horror: His lips, which so lately thundered out vengeance and anathemas against the whole host of critics, magazine-mongers, news-

writers, and reviewers, with all their devils, runners, and retainers, now quivered without the power of utterance, till at last a gentle murmuring voice was heard to say—'General, if I have given you offence, I am very sorry for it, but I suspect that what I said must have been unfairly stated, else,'—Here the little gentleman immediately interrupted him, by saying—'This excuse affects the veracity of my friend; I shall therefore take the liberty of calling him into your room, which I did not choose to do in the first instance, not knowing you had any body with you; but if this gentleman will have the goodness to stand in place of your referee on the occasion, I will bring my witness face to face, who will testify to the very words you spoke.' This was no sooner said than done: for the friend was in the passage, and in the most precise terms asserted the truth of his information.—'And now, Sir,' resumed the General, 'give me leave to say there is not a man in England more abhors a personal quarrel than I do, but I make it my study to give no offence, and both my reputation and my profession, indispensably oblige me not to put up with insult from any man: There is no alternative therefore left to either of us, but for you to sign this paper, which I shall use as I see fit in my own vindication, or turn out; I am very sorry for it; it is an unhappy custom, but if any occasion can justify it, I take the present to be one.'—Having so said, he tendered the paper to Leontine with as much politeness and address, as if he had been delivering a petition to the commander in chief.

The intimidated boaster took the paper with a trembling hand, and throwing his eye over it, begged to know if it might not be mitigated in some particulars:—'I should be very glad to oblige you,' says the General, 'in what you wish, but they are my words, and as I generally think before I speak or

write, I am not in the habit of unsaying any thing I assert; you must therefore sign to all or none.' —'If it must be so, it must,' says Leontine with a sigh, and took the pen—'Stop, Sir, if you please,' interposed the General, 'I would know of this gentleman, if he has any thing to offer on your behalf, why you should not sign that paper.' I answered, that I had nothing to offer in the case; upon which Leontine put his name to the paper. 'Sir, says the General, 'I am perfectly satisfied, and beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you; I am persuaded you are not a person who can injure my character, and this paper is of no farther use.'—So saying, he threw it into the fire, having made his bow to Leontine, and wishing me a good morning, took his friend under the arm, and coolly walked out of the house. As I was suspicious Leontine's courage might return after his departure, I thought it best to follow his example, and, taking up my hat, left the mortified bashaw to his meditations, well satisfied to find an example in confirmation of my opinion—*That a bully at home, is a coward abroad.*

As I walked along, meditating on what had passed, a doubt for the first time arose in my mind as to the practice of duelling, and I began to think there might be certain advantages accruing to society, which, if the immorality of the action could be dispensed with, might possibly balance the evils so evidently to be set against them. On the one side I saw in all its horrors the untimely catastrophe of a father, husband, son, or brother, hurried out of life, and made the sacrifice of a savage fashion, which the world calls honour: On the other part I reflected within myself what the state of manners, might probably be reduced to, and how much society would suffer, if such overbearing insolent characters as Leontine were not held in restraint by

those personal considerations, which owe their influence to the practice of duelling. To their wives servants, and dependent inferiors, from whom no resentment is to be apprehended, these tyrants are insupportable; to society in general they are offensive as far as they dare; it is not shame, nor a respect to good manners in any degree, nor the fear of the laws, which stop them, for none of these considerations affect them; neither is it the unarmed hand of man that can correct them, for these brutal natures are commonly endowed with brutal strength, and Leontine would no more have feared his puisny antagonist without a weapon than I should stand in awe of an infant. If these creatures, thought I, were let loose upon society, and we had nothing but our fists to keep them in order, the proverb would be literally made good, and the weakest must go to the wall; but that same lucky invention of gunpowder levels the strong with the feeble, and puts all who bear the character of a gentleman, upon the same line of defence: If blows were to be exchanged with impunity, and foul language was to be endured without account, we should be a nation of rabble. It seems therefore as if nothing more were to be wished, than for certain mitigations of this terrible resource, which must ultimately depend upon the voluntary magnanimity of those, who are compelled to resort to it: What I mean is, to express a wish that gentlemen would think it no derogation from their honour to acknowledge an error, or ask pardon for an offence; and as it can very rarely happen, but that one party must to his own conviction be in the fault, it seems to follow, that all these affairs of honour, that can be done away by an apology, might by manly and ingenuous characters be prevented from extremities: *As to injuries of that deep nature, which,* according to the infirmity of human ideas, we are apt

to call inexpiable, I presume not to give an opinion; and in the aggravating instance of a blow, I have only to lament that the sufferer has to expose his person to equal danger with the offender. Though some unhappy instances of frivolous duels have lately occurred, I cannot think that it is the vice of the times to be fond of quarrelling; the manners of our young men of distinction are certainly not of that cast, and if it lies with any of the present age, it is with those half-made-up gentry, who force their way into half-price plays in boots and spurs, and are clamorous in the passages of the front boxes in a crowded theatre; I have with much concern observed this to be an increasing nuisance, and have often wished those turbulent spirits to be better employed, and that they had dismounted from their horses either a little sooner or not so soon: but it is not by reasoning these gentlemen will be taught to correct their behaviour.

I would seriously recommend to my readers of all descriptions, to keep a careful watch upon their tempers when they enter into argumentation and dispute; let them be assured that by their management of themselves on such occasions they are to decide their characters; and whether they are to pass as men of education, temper, and politeness, or as illiterate, hot, and ill-bred blockheads, will depend upon their conduct in this particular. If the following short and obvious maxims were attended to, I think animosities would be avoided and conversation amended.

'Every man who enters into a dispute with another (whether he starts it or only takes it up) should hear with patience what his opponent in the argument has to offer in support of the opinion he advances.

Every man who gives a controverted opinion, ought to lay it down with as much conciseness, temper, and precision, as he can.

An argument once confuted, should never be repeated, nor tortured into any other shape by sophistry and quibble.

No jest, pun, or witticism, tending to turn an opponent or his reasoning into ridicule, or raise a laugh at his expense, ought by any means to be attempted; for this is an attack upon the temper, not an address to the reason of a disputant.

No two disputants should speak at the same time, nor any man overpower another by superiority of lungs, or the loudness of a laugh, or the sudden burst of an exclamation.

It is an indispensable preliminary to all disputes, that oaths are no arguments.

If any disputant slaps his hand upon the table, let him be informed that such an action does not clinch his argument, and is only pardonable in a blacksmith or a butcher.

If any disputant offers a wager, it is plain he has nothing else to offer, and there the dispute should end.

Any gentleman who speaks above the natural key of his voice casts an imputation on his own courage, for cowards are loudest, when they are out of danger.

Contradictions are no arguments, nor any expressions to be made use of, such as—*That I deny*—*There you are mistaken*—*That is impossible*—or any of the like blunt assertions, which only irritate, and do not elucidate.

The advantages of rank or fortune are no advantages in argumentation; neither is an inferior to offer, or a superior to extort the submission of the understanding on such occasions; for every

man's reason has the same pedigree; it begins and ends with himself.

'If a man disputes in a provincial dialect, or trips in his grammar, or (being Scotch or Irish) uses national expressions, provided they convey his meaning to the understanding of his opponent, it is a foolish jest to turn them into ridicule, for a man can only express his ideas in such language as he is master of.

'Let the disputant who confutes another, forbear from triumph; forasmuch as he, who increases his knowledge by conviction, gains more in the contest, than he who converts another to his opinion; and the triumph more becomes the conquered, than the conqueror.

'Let every disputant make truth the only object of his controversy, and whether it be of his own finding, or of any other man's bestowing, let him think it worth his acceptance, and entertain it accordingly.

NUMBER XIX.

The following story is so extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after she was with child by him. This gentleman had for some years

before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain: I was shown his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork-trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, that although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, no body ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos to make inquiry into the case: the supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial it came out from the confession of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils; Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son, and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant, and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died in a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her but a few days, and the

father threw himself into a convent of mendicants, making over by deed of gift the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts, for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity: and therefore to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm upon what was going forward, told the judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he should truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world, could not force one syllable: he said that he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha, any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection and a promise of marriage, which however, he acknowledged had not been solemnized: that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question; that the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name; and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to observe that he never understood Josepha to be his sister; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her: that with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence

of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did, and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man whilst he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison: Don Juan, bursting into tears for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison.—Was that poison contained in the medicine she took?—It was.—Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself?—Neither the apothecary, nor himself, was guilty.—Did the lady from a principle of shame (he was then asked) commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge?—He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness, that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession, he had said she did die by poison, and yet by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicion could possibly rest; there was, however, one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, however, he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady,—Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents?—'No,' replied the prisoner in a

firm tone of voice, 'I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners, if I imputed it to them.'—The judges, upon this, declared with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however for the last time demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha: to which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it; as to life, he was weary of it, and they might dispose of it as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures: they had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities and passed over an axle, which was turned by a windlass; the strain upon his muscles and joints by the action of this infernal engine was dreadful, and nature spoke her sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; the sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom, yet the man was firm amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped, and the fiend who was superintendant of the hellish work, declared they might increase his tortures, upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now begun a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary so as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine to parts that had not yet had their full share of the first agony; when suddenly a monk rushed

into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed—" Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell and agents of the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent, for behold' (and so saying he threw back his cowl) ' behold the father and the murderer of Josepha !—'

The whole assembly started with astonishment: the judges stood aghast, and even the dæmons of torture rolled their eye balls on the monk with horror and dismay.

' If you are willing,' says he to the judges, ' to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it; hear me! If not, set your engine to work without further inquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your lives you may now inflict with justice.'

' Proceed,' said the senior judge.

' That guiltless sufferer, who now lies insensible before my eyes,' said the monk, ' is the son of an excellent father, who was once my dearest friend: he was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years without visiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many sums of money on his son's account; at this time a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs and a passion for extravagance inspired, of converting the pro-

perty of my charge to my own account; I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account; let me do her justice to confess she withstood them firmly for a time; still fortune frowned upon me, and I was sinking in my credit every hour; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace, but this infamous expedient.

'At last, persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name; I maintained a correspondence with his father, by letters pretending to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length, the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and his heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met no resistance in my mind, and I determined upon removing this bar to my ambition, and proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror, and for some time her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack: after some time the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended

for Don Juan, but which, in fact, was destined for our only child: she took it; heaven discharged its vengeance on our heads, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with those we felt? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child: she bewailed us; she consoled, nay, she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us, which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter, with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution by disclosing what had passed. Alas! alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word: Behold he dies a martyr to honour! your infernal tortures have destroyed him—'

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh; a second would have followed, but heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart for ever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror, and as he stretched out his mangled limbs at life's last gasp—' Accursed monsters!' he exclaimed, ' may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some consolation in the thought, that you partake its torments.

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart, and whilst his blood spouted on the pavement, dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

NUMBER XX.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu.

I THINK it much to be lamented that our English news-papers have such an extensive circulation through Europe unless proper means could be taken to restrain their excessive licentiousness. As few foreigners will believe any government so void of resource in this particular, they can no otherwise account for our not correcting these abuses of the press, but because we want the will and not the power. Amongst the causes that have lately operated to increase their circulation and success, I hope, for the honour of human nature, their licentiousness is not one; and yet it appears as if their encouragement had kept pace with their malignancy. If I had not experienced the bad effects they have upon the minds of people in other countries, I should not have thought such publications capable of such mischief. Though the conductors of them seem careless about consequences, I will not believe it was in their minds to do a deliberate injury to their country; but as they are not disposed to put a bridle on themselves, it were to be wished some prudent hand would do the office for them;

though I see the difficulty of finding such a curb as shall not gall the mouth of Freedom.

I am not at present disposed to be any longer serious on this subject, and therefore waving all the weightier matters of my charge, I shall take notice only of one ridiculous circumstance in which they abound, vulgarly called *puffing*.

I have been turning over some papers to find out the chief professors of this art, which I believe is now carried to its highest state of improvement: truth compels me to say, that with regret I have discovered several amongst them, who ought to have understood themselves better, but whilst there is hope they will amend, I am contented they should escape; at least I shall pass them over in silence, regarding them for the present as persons surprised into bad company, and chargeable with indiscretion rather than depravity.

Our advertising quacks or empirics are an ancient and numerous class of *Puffers*. A collision of rival interests occasions these gentlemen to run foul of each other in their general undertakings, and betrays their natural modesty into a warmer style of colouring their own merits, than the liberal study of physic and the public spirited principle on which they pretend to act, would otherwise warrant: If the candid reader can find an excuse for them in their zeal and anxiety to recommend the blessings which they offer to mankind, I will not impede the plea. A foolish partiality some people still have for physicians regularly bred, and a squeamish unwillingness to repair to back-doors and blind alleys for relief, oblige them to use strong words to combat strong prejudices. But though they are at some pains to convince us that our bills of natural deaths might be all comprised under the single article of old age, there is yet here and there an

obstinate man, who will die *felo de se* before the age of threescore years and ten.

Whilst the sages are *puffing* off our distempers in one page, the auctioneers are *puffing* off our property in another. If this island of ours is to be credited for their description of it, it must pass for a terrestrial paradise; it makes an English ear tingle to hear of the boundless variety of lawns, groves, and parks; lakes, rivers, and rivulets; decorated farms and fruitful gardens: superb and matchless collections of pictures, jewels, plate, furniture, and equipages; town-houses and country-houses; hot-houses and ice-houses: observatories and conservatories; offices attached and detached: with all the numerous *etceteras* that glitter down the columns of our public prints. Numerous as these are, it is less a matter of surprise with me where purchasers are found, than why any one, whose necessities are not his reason, will be a vender of such enchanting possessions. Though a man's caprice may be tired of a beautiful object long enjoyed, yet when he sees an old acquaintance dressed out in new colours, and glowing in the flowery description of these luxuriant writers, I should expect that his affection would revive, and that he would recall the cruel sentence of alienation. Pliny never so described his villa, as these *puffers* will set forth the cast-off mansion of a weary owner. Put a vicious, lame, and stumbling horse into their hands, and he comes out safe and sound the next morning, and is fit to carry the first lady in the land: weed your collections of their copies and counterfeits, by the help of a persuasive tongue, quick eye, and energetic hammer, they are knocked down for originals and antiques, and the happy buyer bears them off delighted with his bargain. What is the harp of an

Orpheus compared to the hammer of an Auctioneer!

I must, in the next place, request the reader's attention to the Polishing *Puffers;* a title by which I would be understood to speak of those venerable teachers and instructors, who are endowed with the happy faculty of instilling arts and sciences into their disciples, like fixed air into a vapid menstruum: these are the beatified spirits whom Virgil places in his poetical Elysium: foolish men amongst the Greeks, such as Socrates, Plato, and others, trained their pupils step by step in knowledge, and made a bugbear of instruction; Pythagoras, in particular, kept his scholars five years in probationary silence, as if wisdom was not to be learned without labour; our modern polishers *puff* it into us in a morning; the polish is laid on at a stroke, just as boys turn a brass buckle into a silver one with a little quicksilver and brick-dust; the polished buckle indeed soon repents of its transmutation, but it is to be hoped the allusion does not hold through, and that the polished mind or body does not relapse as soon to its primitive rusticity.—Strange! that any body will be a clown, when the Graces invite us to their private hops with handbills and advertisements: why do not the whole court of Aldermen dance at my Lord Mayor's ball, instead of standing with their hands in their pockets, when grown gentlemen (let them grow to what size they may) are taught to *walk a minuet* gracefully in three lectures? Amazing art! only to be equalled by the obstinacy that resists it. How are the times degenerated! Orpheus fiddles and the brutes won't dance. Go to the courts of law, listen to the bellowing of the bar: mount the gallery of the senate, observe how *this here* and *that there* orator breaks poor Priscian's head for the good of his country;

enter our theatres—does that gentleman speak *to* a ghost, as a ghost ought to be spoken to? Walk into a church, if you have any feeling for the sacred sublimity of our service, you will never walk into another where it is so mangled: every one of these parricides might be taught not to murder his mother-tongue without mercy, if he would but believe an advertisement, and betake himself to the Polisher. Education at our public schools and universities is travelling in a waggon for expedition, when there is a bridle road will take you by a short cut to Parnassus, and the Polisher has got the key of it; he has elocution for all customers, lawyers, players, parsons, or senators; ready-made talents for all professions, the bar, the stage, the pulpit or the parliament.

There is another class of *Puffers*, who speak strongly to the passions, and use many curious devices to allure the senses, fitting out their lottery-offices, like fowlers who catch birds by night with looking-glasses and candles, to entice us to their snare. Some of them hang out the goddess of good-fortune in person with money-bags in her hands, a tempting emblem; others recommend themselves under the auspices of some lucky name, confounding our heads with cabalistical numbers, unintelligible calculations, and mysterious predictions, whose absurdity is their recommendation, and whose obscurity makes the temptation irresistible:

Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur amantque.
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt.

Essences, cosmetics, and a hundred articles of pretended invention for the frivolous adorning of our persons engross a considerable share of our public papers: the *puffs* from this quarter are replete with all the gums and odours of Arabia: the chy-

mists of Laputa were not more subtle extractors of sunbeams than these artists, who can fetch powder of pearls out of rotten bones and mercury, odour of roses from a turnip, and the breath of zephyrs out of a cabbage stalk; they can furnish your dressing-room with the toilette of Juno, bring you bloom from the cheeks of Hebe, and a nosegay from the bosom of Flora. These *Puffers* never fail to tell you, after a court birth-day, that their washes, powders, and odours, were the favourites of the drawing-room, and that the reigning beauties of the assembly bought their charms at their counters.

After these follow a rabble of raree-show-men, with mermaids, man-tigers, ourang-outangs, and every monster and abortion in creation; columns of giants and light-infantry, companies of dwarfs; conjurers, rope dancers, and posture-masters; tooth-drawers, oculists, and chiropodists; every one *puffs* himself off to the public in a style as proud as Antient Pistol's; every fellow who can twirl upon his toe, or ride a gallop on his head, pastes himself up in effigy on our public offices and churches, and takes all the courts in Europe to witness to the fame of his performances. If a rascal can show a louse through a microscope, he expects all the heads in England to itch till they behold it; if a son of the gallows can slide down a rope from the top of a steeple, he *puffs* off his flight in Pindarics, that would make a moderate man's head giddy to read; nay, we have seen a gambling-house and a brothel thrown open to the town, and public lectures in obscenity audaciously advertised in a Christian city, which would not have been tolerated in Sodom or Gomorrah.

I cannot dismiss this subject without hinting to the proprietors of our Royal Theatres, that this expedient of *puffing* is pardonable only in a troop of

strollers, or the master of a puppet-show. Whilst the Muses keep possession of our theatre, and genius treads the stage, every friend to the national drama will condemn the practice, and hold them inexcusable, who are responsible for it, if they do not discontinue it. It is hardly possible that any cause can be profited by *puffing*; if any can, it must be a contemptible one; the interests of literature are amongst the last that can expect advantage from it, or that should condescend to so mean a resource: instead of attracting curiosity, it creates disgust: instead of answering the temporary object of profit, it sinks the permanent fund of reputation. As to the impolicy of the measure, many reasons may be given, but these I shall forbear to mention, lest whilst I am stating dangers I should appear to suggest them. In conclusion, I have no doubt but the good sense of the proprietors will determine on a reform; for I am persuaded they cannot be profited by houses of their own filling, nor any author flattered by applauses of his own bestowing.

NUMBER XXI.

SOCIETY in despotic governments is narrowed according to the degree of rigour, which the ruling tyrant exercises over his subjects. In some countries it is in a manner annihilated. As despotism relaxes towards limited monarchy, society is dilated in the same proportion. If we consider freedom of condition in no other light than as it affects society, a monarchy limited by law, like this of ours, is per-

haps the freest constitution upon earth; because was it to diverge from the centre on which it now rests, either towards despotism on one hand, or democracy on the other, the restraints upon social freedom would operate in the same degree, tho' not in the same mode; for whether that restraint is produced by the awe of a court, or the promiscuous licentiousness of a rabble, the barrier is in either case broken down; and whether it lets the cobbler or the king's messenger into our company, the tyranny is insupportable, and society is enslaved.

When an Englishman is admitted into what are called the best circles in Paris, he generally finds something captivating in them on a first acquaintance; for without speaking of their internal recommendations, it is apt to flatter a man's vanity to find himself in an exclusive party, and to surmount those difficulties, which others cannot. As soon as he has had time to examine the component parts of this circle into which he so happily stept, he readily discovers that it is a circle, for he goes round and round without one excursion; the whole party follows the same stated revolution, their minds and bodies keep the same orbit, their opinions rise and set with the regularity of planets, and for what is passing without their sphere they know nothing of it. In this junto it rarely happens but some predominant spirit takes the lead, and if he is ambitious of making a master-stroke indeed, he may go the length to declare, *that he has the honour to profess himself an Atheist.* The creed of this leading spirit is the creed of the junto; there is no fear of controversy; investigation does not reach them, and that liberality of mind, which a collision of ideas only can produce, does not belong to them; you must fall in with their sentiments, or keep out of their society; and hence arises that over-ruling self-opinion so peculiar to the

French, that assumed superiority so conspicuous in their manners, which destroys the very essence of that politeness which they boast to excel in.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good-humour and respect with himself: but if there is a parade and display affected in the exertion of it, if a man seems to say—*Look how condescending and gracious I am!* —whilst he has only the common offices of civility to perform, such politeness seems founded in mistake, and calculated to recommend the wrong person; and this mistake I have observed frequently to occur in French manners.

The national character of the Spaniards is very different from that of the French, and the habits of life in Madrid as opposite as may be from those which obtain at Paris. The Spaniards have been a great and free people, and though that grandeur and that freedom are no more, their traces are yet to be seen amongst the Castilians in particular. The common people have not yet contracted that obsequiousness and submission, which the rigour of their government, if no revolution occurs to redress it, must in time reduce them to. The condition, which this gallant nation is now found in, between the despotism of the throne and the terrors of the inquisition, cannot be aggravated by description; body and mind are held in such complete slavery by these two gloomy powers, that men are not willing to expose their persons for the sake of their opinions, and society is of course exceedingly circumscribed; to trifle away time seems all they aspire to; conversation turns upon few topics, and they are such as will not carry a dispute; neither glowing with the zeal of party, nor the cordial interchange of mutual confidence; day after day rolls in

the same languid round through life; their seminaries of education, especially since the expulsion of the Jesuits, are grievously in decline; learning is extinct; their faculties are whelmed in superstition, and ignorance covers them with a cloud of darkness, through which the brightest parts cannot find their way.

If this country saw its own interests in their true light, it would conciliate the affections of the Spanish nation, who are naturally disposed towards England; the hostile policy of maintaining a haughty fortress on the extremity of their coast, which is no longer valuable than whilst they continue to attack it, has driven them into a compact with France, odious to all true Spaniards, and which this country has the obvious means of dissolving. It is by an alliance with England that Spain will recover her pristine greatness; France is plunging her into provincial dependency; there is still virtue in the Spanish nation; honesty, simplicity, and sobriety are still characteristics of the Castilian; he is brave, patient, unrepining; no soldier lives harder, sleeps less, or marches longer; treat him like a gentleman, and you may work him like a mule; his word is a passport in affairs of honour, and a bond in matters of property. That dignity of nature, which in the highest orders of the state is miserably debased, still keeps its vigour in the bulk of the people, and will assuredly break out into some sudden and general convulsion for their deliverance. If there are virtue and good sense in the administration of this country, we shall seize the opportunity yet open to us.

It now remains that I should speak of England, and when I turn my thoughts to my native island, and consider it with the impartiality of a citizen of the world, I discern in it all advantages in perfec-

tion, which man in social state can enjoy. A constitution of government sufficiently monarchical to preserve order and decorum in society, and popular enough to secure freedom; a climate so happily tempered, that the human genius is neither exhausted by heat, nor cramped and made torpid by cold; a land abounding in all manner of productions, that can encourage industry, invite exercise, and promote health; a lot of earth so singularly located, as marks it out by Providence to be the emporium of plenty and the asylum of peace; a religion, whose establishment leaves all men free, neither endangering their persons, nor enslaving their minds; a system of enlightened education so general, and a vein of genius so characteristical, that under the banners of a free press must secure to the nation a standing body of learned men, to spread its language to the ends of the world, and its fame to all posterity.

What is it then, which interrupts the enjoyments of social life, and disturbs the harmony of its inhabitants? Why do foreigners complain that time hangs heavy on their hands in England, that private houses are shut against them, and that, were it not for the resource of public places, they would find themselves in a solitude, or (more properly speaking) solitary in a croud? How comes it to pass that country gentlemen, who occasionally visit town, see themselves neglected and forgotten by those very people, who have been welcomed to their houses and regaled with their hospitality; and men of talents and character, formed to grace and delight our convivial hours, are left to pace the Park and streets of London by themselves, as if they were the exiles from society?

The fact is, trade occupies one end of the town, and politics engross the other: As for foreigners of distinction, who ought in good policy to be con-

sidered as the guests of the state, after they have gone through the dull ceremonial of a drawing-room, the court takes no farther concern about them. The crown has no officer charged with their reception, provides no table within or without the palace for their entertainment; parliamentary or official avocations are a standing plea for every state minister in his turn to neglect them. The winter climate and coast of England is so deterring to natives of more temperate latitudes, that they commonly pay their visits to the capital in the summer, when it is deserted: so that after billeting themselves in some empty hotel, amidst the fumes of paint and noise of repairs, they wear out a few tedious days, and then take flight, as if they had escaped from a prison. When parliament is sitting and the town is full, a man, who does not interest himself in the politics and party of the day, will find the capital an unsocial place; that degree of freedom, which in other respects is the life of society, now becomes its mortal foe: the zeal, and even fury, with which people abet their party, and the latitude they give themselves in opinion and discourse, extinguish every voice that would speak peace and pleasure to the board, and turn good fellowship into loud contention and a strife of tongues.

The right assumed by our newspapers of publishing what they are pleased to call Parliamentary Debates I must regard as one of the greatest evils of the time, replete with foreign and domestic mischief: Our orators speak pamphlets, and the senate is turned into a theatre. The late hours of parliament, which to a degree are become fashionable, are in effect destructive to society. I cannot dispense with observing collaterally on this occasion that professional men in England consort more exclusively amongst themselves, and communicate less

generally than in other countries, which gives their conversation, however informing, an air of pedantry, contracted by long habits, great ardour for their profession and deep learning in it.

As for slander, which amongst other evils owes much of its propagation to the same vehicle of the daily press, it is the poison of society; depresses virtuous ambition, damps the early shoots of genius, puts the innocent to pain, and drives the guilty to desperation; it infuses suspicion into the best natures, and loosens the cement of the strongest friendships; very many affect to despise it, few are so high-minded as not to feel it; though common slanderers seldom have it in their power to hurt established reputations, yet they can always contrive to spoil company, and put honest men to the trouble of turning them out of it.

It is a common saying that authors are more spiteful to each other, and more irritable under an attack, than other men; I do not believe the observation is well founded; every sensible man knows that his fame, especially of the literary kind, before it can pass current in the world, pays a duty on entrance, like some sort of merchandize, *ad valorem;* he knows that there are always some who live upon the plunder of condemned reputations, watching the tides of popular favour in hopes of making seizures to their own account—*Habent venenum pro victu, immo pro deliciis.* The little injury such men do to letters chiefly consists in the stupidity of their own productions: they may to a certain degree check a man's living fame, but if he writes to posterity, he is out of their reach, because he appeals to a court where they can never appear against him.

When we give our praise to any man's character or performances, let us give it absolutely, and without comparison, for it is justly remarked by foreign-

ers, that we seldom commend positively: This remark bears both against our good nature and our good sense; but let no man by this or any other declamation against slander be awed into that timid prudence, which affecting the name of candour, dares not to condemn, and of course is not entitled to applaud. Truth and justice have their claims upon us, and our testimony against vice, folly, and hypocrisy is due to society; manly resentment against mischievous characters, cleanly ridicule of vanity and impertinence, and fair criticism of what is under public review are the prerogatives of a free spirit: they peculiarly belong to Englishmen, and he betrays a right constitutionally inherent in him, who from mean and personal motives forbears to exercise it.

When I have said this, I think it right to add, that I cannot state a case, in which a man can be justified in treating another's name with freedom, and concealing his own.

NUMBER XXII.

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major avaritiæ patuit Sinus? ALEA quando
Hos animos? neque enim loculis comitantibus itur
Ad casum tabulæ, posita sed luditur arca.

JUVENAL SAT. I.

THE passage which I have selected for the motto of this paper will show, that I intend to devote it to the consideration of the vice of *Gaming*; and I forbore to state it in my preceding essay amongst the

causes, that affect society in this country, because I regarded it as an evil too enormous to be brought within the brief enumeration therein contained, resolving to treat it with that particular respect and attention which its high station and dignity in mischief have a claim to.

Though I have no hesitation at beginning the attack, I beg leave to premise that I am totally without hope of carrying it. I may say to my antagonists in the words, though not altogether in the sense, that the angel Gabriel does to his—

'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine.'

What avails my hurling a feeble essay at the heads of this hydra, when the immortal drama of *The Gamester* lies trodden under his feet?

Conscious that I do not possess the strength, I shall not assume the importance of a champion, and as I am not of dignity enough to be angry, I shall keep my temper and my distance too, skirmishing like those insignificant gentry, who play the part of teazers in the Spanish bull-fights, sticking arrows in his crest to provoke him to bellow, whilst bolder combatants engage him at the point of his horns.

It is well for Gamesters, that they are so numerous as to make a society of themselves, for it would be a strange abuse of terms to rank them amongst society at large, whose profession it is, to prey upon all who compose it. Strictly speaking it will bear a doubt, if a Gamester has any other title to be called a man, except under the distinction of Hobbes, and upon claim to the charter of *Homo Homini Lupus*.— As a *Human Wolf* I grant he has a right to his *wolfish prerogatives*: He, who so far surprises my reason or debauches my principle, as to make me a

party in my own destruction, is a worse enemy than he who robs me of my property by force and violence, because he sinks me in my own opinion; and if there was virtue in mankind, sufficient for their own defence, honest men would expel gamesters as outlaws from society, and good citizens drive them from the state, as the destroyers of human happiness, wretches, who make the parent childless and the wife a widow.

But what avail a parcel of statutes against gaming, when they, who make them, conspire together for the infraction of them? Why declare gaming-debts void in law, when that silly principle, so falsely called honour (at once the idol and the idiot of the world) takes all those debts upon itself and calls them debts of honour? It is not amongst things practicable to put gaming down by statute. If the face of society was set steadily against the vice; if parents were agreed to spurn at the alliance of a gamester, however ennobled; if our seminaries of education would enforce their discipline against early habits of play; if the crown, as the fountain of honour, and the virtuous part of the fair sex, as the dispensers of happiness, would reprobate all men addicted to this desperate passion, something might perhaps be done. If tradesmen would consult their own interest, and give no credit to gamesters; if the infamous gang of money-lenders could be absolutely extinguished, and the people at large, instead of rising against a loyal fellow subject, because he worships God according to the religion of his ancestors at a Catholic altar, would exercise their resentment against those illegal places of resort, where desperadoes meet for nightly pillage, this contagious evil might possibly be checked; but when it is only to be hoped that a combination of remedies might stem the disease, how can we expect a recovery, when no one of them all is administered?

Though domestic misery must follow an alliance with a gamester, matches of this sort are made every day; a parent, who consents so to sacrifice his child, must either place his hope in her reforming her husband, or else he must have made up his mind to set consequences at defiance; a very foolish hope, or a very fatal principle. There can be no domestic comfort in the arms of a gamester, no conjugal asylum in his heart: Weak and ignorant young women may be duped into such connexions; vain and self-conceited ones may adventure with their eyes open, and trust to their attractions for security against misfortune; but let them be assured there is not a page in the world's history, that will furnish them with an example to palliate their presumption; eager to snatch the present pleasures of a voluptuous prospect, they care little for the ruin, which futurity keeps out of sight.

With the clearest conviction in my mind of the general advantages of public education, I must acknowledge a suspicion that due attention is not paid in our great seminaries of education to restrain this fatal passion in its first approaches. I fear there are some evidences of a guilty negligence now in operation, spreading poison as they flow, and carrying with them in their course all the charms of eloquence, the flow of wit, and fascinating spell of science; sanctified by passion, gaming-houses, which out-peer the royal palace, rise around it in defiance; trophies and monuments of the triumphs of dissipation. The wife, whose husband enters those doors, and the parent, who owns a son within them, must either eradicate affection and nature from their hearts or take leave of happiness for ever. Woe be to the nation, whose police cannot, or dare not, correct such an evil! 'Tis foolish to lament the amputation of a limb, when the mortality is in our vitals.

I shall not take upon myself to lay down rules for kings, or affect to pronounce what a sovereign can, or cannot do, to discountenance gaming in this kingdom; but I will venture to say that something more is requisite than mere example. 'It was in the decline of Rome, when the provinces were falling off from her empire, whilst a virtuous but unfortunante prince possessed the throne, that the greatest part of Africa was in revolt: the General, who commanded the Roman legions, was a soldier of approved courage in the field, but of mean talents and dissolute manners. This man in the most imminent crisis for the interests of Rome, suffered and encouraged such a spirit of gaming to obtain amongst his officers in their military quarters, that the finest army in the world entirely lost their discipline, and remained inactive, whilst a few levies of raw insurgents wrested from the Roman arms the richest provinces of the empire. History records nothing further of this man's fate or fortune, but leaves us to conclude that the reproaches of his own conscience and the execrations of posterity were all the punishment he met with. The empire was rent by faction, and his party rescued him from the disgrace he merited.

The last resource in all desperate cases, which the law cannot, or will not, reach, lies with the people at large: It is not without reason I state it as the last, because their method of curing disorders is like the violent medicines of empirics, never to be applied to but in absolute extremity. If the people were, like Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, 'never to do wrong but with just cause,' I should not so much dread the operation of their remedies; I shall therefore venture no further, than to express an humble wish, that when it shall be their high and mighty pleasure to proceed again to the pulling down

and burning of houses, those houses may not be the repositories of science, but the receptacles of gamesters.

When a man of fortune turns gamester, the act is so devoid of reason, that we are at a loss to find a motive for it; but when one of desperate circumstances takes to the trade, it only proves that he determines against an honest course of life for a maintenance, and having his choice to make between robbery and gaming, prefers that mode of depredation, which exposes him to least danger, and has a coward's plea for his vocation. Such a one may say with Antient Pistol—

'I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me,
'And friendship shall combine and brotherhood:
'Is not this just?———'

In the justice of his league I do not join with Antient Pistol, but I am ready to allow there is some degree of common sense in this class of the brotherhood, of which common sense I cannot trace a shadow amongst the others. A preference therefore in point of understanding is clearly due to the vagabonds and desperadoes; as to the man, who, for the silly chance of winning what he does not want, risks every thing he ought to value, his defence is in his folly, and if we rob him of that, we probably take from him the only harmless quality he is possessed of. If however such an instance shall occur, and the dæmon of gaming shall enter the same breast, where honour, courage, wit, wisdom reside, such a mind is like a motley suit of cards, where *kings*, *queens*, and *knaves* are packed together, and make up the game with temporary good-fellowship, but it is a hundred to one but *the knave will beat them out of doors* in the end.

As there are separate gangs of gamesters, so there are different modes of gaming; some set their property upon games of simple chance, some depend upon skill, others upon fraud.

The gamesters of the first description run upon luck: a silly crew of Fortune's fools; this kind of play is only fit for them, whose circumstances cannot be made worse by losing, otherwise there is no proportion between the good and the evil of the chance; for the good of doubling a man's property bears no comparison with the evil of losing the whole; in the one case he only gains superfluities, in the other he loses necessaries; and he, who stakes what life wants against that which life wants not, makes a foolish bet, to say no worse of it. Games of chance are traps to catch school-boy novices and gaping country-squires, who begin with a guinea and end with a mortgage; whilst the old stagers in the game, keeping their passions in check, watch the ebb and flow of fortune, till the booby they are pillaging sees his acres melt at every cast.

In games of skill, depending upon practice, rule, and calculation, the accomplished professor has advantages, which may bid defiance to fortune; and the extreme of art approaches so closely to the beginning of fraud, that they are apt to run one into the other: in these engagements, self-conceit in one party and dissimulation in the other are sure to produce ruin, and the sufferer has something more than chance to arraign, when he reviews the wreck of his fortune and the distresses of his family.

The drama of a gamester commonly has self-murder for its catastrophe, and authors, who write to the passions, are apt to dwell upon this scene with partial attention, as the striking moral of the piece; I confess it is a moral, that does not strike me; for as this action, whenever it happens, devolves to the

share of the losing, not of the winning gamester, I cannot discover any particular edification, nor feel any extraordinary pathos, in a man's failing by his own hand, when he is no longer in a capacity of doing or suffering further injury in society. I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.

My proper concern in this short essay is, to show, that gaming is the chief obstructing cause, that affects the state of society in this nation, and I am sensible I need not have employed so many words to convince my reader that gamesters are very dull and very dangerous companions. When blockheads rattle the dice-box, when fellows of vulgar and base minds sit up whole nights contemplating the turn of a card, their stupid occupation is in character; but whenever a cultivated understanding stoops to the tyranny of so vile a passion, the friend to mankind sees the injury to society with that sort of aggravation, as would attend the taking of his purse on the highway, if, upon seizure of the felon, he was unexpectedly to discover the person of a judge.

NUMBER XXIII.

MELISSA was the daughter of a weak indulgent mother, who was left a young widow with two children; she had a handsome person, a tolerable fortune, and good natural parts; uncontrolled in her education, she was permitted to indulge herself in studies of a romantic turn, and before she com-

pleated her sixteenth year was to be found in all the circles of prating sentimentalists, who fill the silly heads of young women with female friendship and platonic love.

The ordinary pleasures and accomplishments of her own sex were below the notice of Melissa; from the tumult of a noisy country-dance she revolted with horror, as from the orgies of Bacchus; a soul of her seraphic cast could not descend to the vulgar employment of the needle, and the ornaments of dress claimed no share in the attention of a being so engaged in studies of a sublimer sort: She loved music, but they were plaintive Lydian airs with dying cadences, warbled by some female friend at the side of a rivulet, or under the shade of an arbour; and if the summer zephyrs murmured to the melody, it was so much the better for Melissa; then she would sit rapt in pensive pleasure, with the hand of her friend fast closed in her's, and call it the soul's harmony: To these nymph like retirements that filthy satyr man was never admitted; he was not thought or spoken of but with terror and aversion: When the strain was finished, she would break out into some poetic rhapsody upon *friendship, contemplation, night*, or some such subject, which her memory supplied her with very readily on such occasions.

In the mean time the impertinence of suitors occasionally interrupted the more refined enjoyments of Melissa's soul: One of these was a gentleman of good birth, considerable fortune, and an unexceptionable character; but the florid health of the robust creature was an insuperable objection, and having casually let fall a hint that he was fond of hunting, she dismissed him to his vulgar sports with a becoming disdain: her second suitor was a handsome young officer, the cadet of a noble house; this attack was carried on very briskly, and Melissa was

only saved from the horrors of matrimony by luckily discovering that her lover was so devoid of taste and understanding, as to profess a preference to that rake Tom Jones before the moral Sir Charles Grandison; such a sin against sentiment would have been enough to have undone him for ever with Melissa, if no other objection had arisen: but this being followed up with many like instances of bad taste in the belles-lettres, he was peremptorily discarded: A third offer came from a man of high rank and fortune, and was pressed upon her by her mother with much earnest solicitation: for in fact it was a very advantageous proposal: the lover was polite, good-natured, generous, and of an amiable character, but in the unguarded warmth of his heart he let fall the distant expression of a hope, that he might have an heir to his estate and titles! the sensuality of which idea was such a gross affront to the delicate Melissa, that he, like the others, was sent off with a refusal.

The report of these rebuffs set Melissa free from any future solicitations, and it appeared as if she was destined to enjoy a sabbath of virginity for the rest of her days: so many years elapsed, that she now began to tread the downhill path of life, grew slatternly and took snuff: still the gentle passion of friendship did not abate, her attachment for Parthenissa grew closer than ever, and if by evil accident these tender companions were separated for a day, eight sides of letter-paper could not contain the effusions of their affection.

I should have told the reader that Melissa had a sister some years younger than herself, brought up from her childhood by a maiden aunt, who was what the polite world calls in contempt a good sort of woman, so that poor Maria was educated accordingly, and justly held in sovereign contempt for her

vulgar endowments by Melissa; there were other trifling reasons which helped to put her out of favour with her more accomplished sister; for, as I have already hinted, she was several years younger, and in some opinions rather handsomer: they seldom met however, and never corresponded, for Maria had no style and little sentiment; she dressed her own caps, mended her own linen, and took charge of her aunt's household: it was, therefore, with some degree of surprise, that Melissa received the news of Maria's being on the point of marrying a nobleman, and that surprise was probably enhanced upon hearing, that this noble person was the very man, who some years ago had vainly aspired to solicit the impregnable Melissa herself: if she turned pale upon the receipt of this intelligence, eat no dinner that day, and took no sleep that night, candour will impute it to the excess of Melissa's sensibility, and the kind interest she took in the happy prospect of her sister's marriage; but a censorious world gives strange interpretations, and some people were ready enough to say ill-natured things on the occasion: the behaviour of that amiable lady soon confuted such insinuations, for she immediately set out for her aunt's, where Maria was receiving his lordship's visits every day, and where Melissa's presence must have greatly added to the felicity of both parties.

Her preparations for this visit were such as she had never made before, for though in general she was rather negligent of her dress, she put her art to the utmost stretch on this occasion, and left no effort untried that might do credit to her sister, by setting off her own appearance in his lordship's eyes upon the meeting: whilst she gave her person full display, she did not spare her wit, and to make up for the taciturnity of Maria kept my lord in full

discourse all the time he staid; she likewise, from her love of information, set Maria right in many particulars, which that young lady, through want of education, was ignorant of, and plainly showed the lover, that there was some understanding in the family on her part at least, whatever the deficiency might be where he had fixed his choice.

Whether it was owing to these sisterly endeavours of Melissa, or to whatever other cause does not appear, but it should seem as if my lord's attention to Maria grew stronger in proportion as Melissa strove to attract it towards herself: and upon her hinting with some degree of raillery at what had formerly passed between them, his lordship looked her steadily in the face for some moments, then turned his eyes upon her sister, and silently walked out of the room.

As it is not to be suspected that Melissa, with a soul superior to all vulgar passions, could be envious of so mean a rival as Maria, it is not easy to account for the sudden change of her behaviour to the noble suitor on his next visit to her sister: instead of those studied attentions she had paid him at their first meeting, she now industriously took no notice of him, and sate rapt in her own happy meditations; till upon his presenting to her sister a magnificent suit of jewels, the lustre of those sparkling gems so dazzled her sight, that the tears started in her eyes, the colour fled from her cheeks, and she hurried out of the room in evident perturbation of spirit.

Upon entering her bedchamber she discovered on her toilette a pacquet from her beloved Parthenissa; nothing was ever so seasonable; she snatched it up with eagerness, hastily broke it open, kissed it, and began to read. This valuable manuscript was rather of the longest: it set out with a great deal of ingenious ridicule at the expense of the fond couple

on the point of marriage; then digressed into an animated description of the more refined enjoyments of female friendship, and concluded as follows:

'After all I have been saying, how shall I gain credit with Melissa, and what will she think of her friend, when I tell her, that I have at last met with one of the male sex, who is not absolutely disagreeable; perhaps I might even add, that Count Ranceval is so amiable a man, that were I possessed of Melissa's charms—but whither am I running? He is rich, generous, and of noble rank.—And what are these but feathers, you will say?—True, yet such feathers have their weight in the world's scale. —Well, but Melissa is above the world.—No matter; still it is a galling thing to yield precedence to a chit like Maria: what though nature has endowed you with pre-eminence of talents, though your soul moves in a superior sphere to her's, still you know respect will follow rank; but Countess Ranceval would set all to rights, and keep your natural superiority unquestioned—So now the mischief's out; you have my heart upon my paper.

'You will wonder what should bring a noble stranger into so obscure a corner of the world as ours: Health, my dear, is the Count's pretence: He may give Melissa probably a better reason, but this is the ostensible one; and certainly he is of a slim and delicate habit; he seems to be all soul and sentiment; nothing earthy or corporeal about him: A complete master of the English language, and well versed in our English authors, particularly the dramatic ones, of whose works he is passionately fond. If our Dorsetshire downs and gentle exercise restore his health, he is soon to leave us, unless Melissa's company should detain him, for his father, the old Count, writes pressing letters for him to return to Strasbourg, of which city he is a native,

and of the first family in it. He lodges in our house with my uncle with one valet-de-chambre only, having left his servants in town, as our family could not receive his suite.

'He is impatient to be known to you, and I suppose you think I have said all the fine things in the world to make him so; not I, believe me; on the contrary, I have not spared for abuse whenever you was talked of, for I have let him fully into your character; I have fairly warned him what he is to look for, if he presumes to make love to you; for that you are the most inexorable, exceptious, determined spinster in England. Now, as I know you love a little contradiction at your heart, you have a fair opportunity to come hither without delay, and disprove all I have been saying of you; but if you had rather be the bridemaid to Lady L. than the bride of count Ranceval, stay where you are, and enjoy the elegant pastime of throwing the stocking and drawing plumb-cake through the wedding-ring.

'Farewell. Your's ever,

'PARTHENISSA.'

If the gentle spirits of Melissa were somewhat fluttered by what had passed before she took up this letter from her friend, they were considerably more so when she laid it down: After pondering for a time in deep meditation on its contents, she started up, took several turns in her chamber, sate down again, then adjusted her dress, then ran to the glass, looked at herself, put her cap in order, and at last rang the bell with great violence for her servant; her first resolution had been to order her chaise instantly to be made ready and return home; these were the natural dictates of friendship; but upon her woman's entering the room, a second

thought struck her, and alarmed her delicacy, lest Parthenissa should impute her immediate compliance to any other, than the pure motives of affection and good nature: this thought exceedingly embarrassed her; however, after several contradictory resolutions, she finally directed her servant to order the equipage, and put things in train for her departure without delay.

The bustle which this sudden order of Melissa occasioned in the family, soon brought Maria into her chamber, who with much anxiety inquired into the cause of her hasty departure; Melissa, having again fallen into a profound reverie, gave no answer to this inquiry; upon which Maria repeated it, adding, that she hoped her mother was well, and that the letter brought no bad news from home.—'My mother is well, and the letter brings no bad news from home,' answered Melissa.—'Then I hope, sister,' says Maria, 'nothing has happened here to give you any offence.'—Melissa looked her steadily in the face, and after some time relaxed her features into that sort of smile, which conscious superiority sometimes deigns to bestow upon importunate insignificance. Maria, in whose composition the inflammable particles did not predominate, answered this smile of insult no otherwise than by a blush of sensibility, and with a faltering voice said —'If it is I, who am in the fault, sister, I am heartily sorry for it, and entreat you to believe that nothing can be farther from my intentions, than to give you just cause of offence at any time.'—'Lord, child,' replied Melissa, with infinite composure, 'how vanity has turned thy poor head upside down: I dare say you think it mighty pretty to practise the airs of a great lady, and to be gracious to your inferiors; but have the goodness to stay till I am your inferior; perhaps that may never be the

case: perhaps—but I shall say no more upon the subject; it is not your childish triumph in displaying a parcel of baubles, that can move me;—no—you might recollect, methinks, that those diamonds had been mine, if I would have taken them with the incumbrance appertaining to them—but I look higher, be assured, so I wish your ladyship a good morning, for I see my. chaise is waiting.—Having thus said, the accomplished Melissa, without staying for an answer, flounced out of the room, took a hasty leave of her aunt below stairs, and throwing herself into her chaise, drove from the door without farther ceremony.

NUMBER XXIV.

The amiable Melissa having performed the duties of a sister in the manner above related, eagerly flew to enjoy the delights of a friend, and upon her return home, immediately betook herself to her beloved Parthenissa. It so happened that she found that young lady *tête-à-tête* with Count Ranceval; Melissa, upon discovering a stranger with her friend, started back, blushed and hastily exclaimed—'Bless me! Parthenissa, I thought you had been alone.' She was now retiring, when Parthenissa by gentle compulsion obliged her to return: The conversation soon grew interesting, in the course of which many fine things were said by the Count, of which nothing was original but the application, for they were mostly to be found in the prompter's library. Whilst Melissa was amusing her friend with an

account of what had passed at her aunt's, the Count sate for some time silent with his eyes fixed upon her, and drawing up a deep sigh that seemed to throw a delicate frame into great convulsion, exclaimed—'My God!'——Upon this explosion of the soul, Melissa, though in the midst of a narrative, in which she had not neglected doing justice to her own sweetness of temper and sisterly affection, stopt short, and casting a look of infinite sensibility on the sighing Count, eagerly asked if he was well.—The Count, instead of answering her question, turned himself to Parthenissa, and in the most moving tone of voice said—'You told me she was fair—

'True she is fair; oh! how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.'———

Here *Cato's soul* stood in his way, and stopt the farther progress of his speech.

Whilst this was passing, his valet entered the room and delivered a pacquet into his hands, bowing very devoutly, and saying,—'My Lord Count, a courier is arrived from Strasbourg, who brings you letters from his excellency your father.'—The Count snatched them from his hand with ecstacy, and ordered a liberal reward to the courier on the spot. Melissa now rose from her seat, and would have retired, but he implored her to say, if it were only to gratify her benevolence in an occasion of felicitating him, should he be so happy as to find his honoured parent in good health. He now opened the letter, throwing the *envelope* carelessly on the table; Parthenissa took it up, and examining the seal, bade Melissa take notice of the coat of arms, which indeed was most splendidly engraven with

trophies, mantle, and every proper badge of high nobility; whilst Count Ranceval was reading, he threw aside some inclosed papers, one of which fell upon the floor; Parthenissa stooped and took it up; the Count, whose attention had been drawn off by the letter he was perusing, was exceedingly shocked in point of politeness, when that young lady presented it to him, and with many apologies for his inattention, begged she would accept the paper she had had the trouble of taking up, declaring, in the most peremptory manner, that he could never forgive himself upon any other terms: Parthenissa opened the paper, and looking at it, exclaimed—'Heavens! Count Ranceval, what do you mean? It is a bill for a thousand pounds.'—'I am sorry for it, Madam,' said the generous Count, 'I wish it had been one of the others to have been more worthy your acceptance; but I hope you will make no difficulty of receiving such a trifle at my hands; there is but one good thing in the world which I abound in, and that is the only one you have not; therefore I must insist upon your accepting what I can so easily spare, and can never more worthily employ.'—The Count now rose from his seat, and in the most graceful manner imaginable forced the paper into Parthenissa's hands, holding them both fast closed within his own: A struggle now ensued between the generosity of one party and the modesty of the other, which was so obstinately maintained on each side, that it was impossible to foresee which would prevail, when the Count, recollecting himself on the sudden, struck upon a new expedient for overcoming this amiable young lady's delicacy, by delivering the paper to Melissa, and beseeching her to stand his advocate on the occasion,—'From you, divine Melissa,' says the generous foreigner, 'she will not refuse this trifle in

dispute between us: to whom should I refer my cause but to that angelic being to whom I have surrendered my heart, and at whose feet I dedicate my life, fortune, happiness, and all things valuable in this world, with a devotion that no suppliant ever felt before?'—As he was uttering these words, he threw himself on his knees, snatched the hand of Melissa, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and smothered it with ardent kisses; then applying his handkerchief to his eyes, dropped his head upon Melissa's knee, and in a trembling voice cried out—'Speak, loveliest of thy sex, pronounce my fate, determine me for life or death; for by the power that made me, I will not survive the sentence of despair.'——'Oh generous youth! oh noble Count!' replied the amiable Melissa, 'you confound me; you distress me: what must I reply?'—'Bless me with hope; encourage me to live; or let me fall at once,' said the enamoured youth,—Melissa paused; the tears started in her eyes; her heart was softened, and her tongue refused to utter the fatal sentence of death; she was silent.—In this awful moment of suspense. the lovely Parthenissa, whose gentle heart overflowed with gratitude to her benefactor, dropt on her knee also, and clasping Melissa round the waist with tears beseeched her for the love of Heaven to save a noble youth, who doated on her to distraction.—'Think of his virtues, think of his affection,' said the beauteous pleader: can that soft heart, so full of pity, suffer him to die? Does not such generosity deserve to live? Am I not bound to speak in his behalf? Where can Melissa find a man so worthy of her choice? Shall the insipid Maria start into nobility, and move into a superior sphere, whilst her accomplished sister lives in humble solitude beneath her? No, no, the world demands Melissa.—Shall Maria glitter in the circles of the great,

shall she blaze with diamonds, whilst my lovely friend—? But why do I talk this language to Melissa, whose soul looks down upon these vanities with just contempt? There are nobler motives, there are worthier reasons, that plead the cause of love on this occasion. Rise, Count Ranceval, this moment rise, receive a blessing to your arms, embrace your happiness, she yields! she's yours! I see that she consents.'—Obedient to the word, the enraptured lover rose, and throwing his arms round the unresisting fair one, clasped her to his heart, and whilst he held her thus in close embrace, exclaimed—'Oh paradise of sweets! Oh soul of bliss! Oh heavenly, charming maid! and art thou mine? Speak to me, lovely creature! art thou mine?'—'For ever!' answered the blushing Melissa, and dropt her head upon his neck.—'Hear it, earth, sea, and heaven; Hear it, sun, moon, and stars!' cried the enraptured lover,

"Hear it, ye days and nights, and all ye hours:
That fly away with down upon your feet,
As if your business were to count my passion—
I'll love thee all the day, and every day,
And every day shall be but as the first,
So eager am I still to love thee more."

This rhapsody was seconded by another embrace more ardent than the former: Parthenissa then took her turn, and saluting her friend, cried out—'Joy to you, my dearest Countess; all joy befall you both.'—'Now,' says Count Ranceval, 'my beloved Melissa has a right in every thing I possess, and her friend will no longer oppose the tender of that trifling sum; it is an earnest that seals our engagement; the form that is to follow, cannot make us one more firmly, than honour now unites us: and considering you now already as the daughter-in-law of this noble father, I must beg leave to

show you what his letter farther contains.'—He then produced bills of exchange which the old Count had remitted for very considerable sums.—'The purpose of this remittance,' says he 'is to purchase a set of jewels, in addition to the family stock, of a newer fashion, with a recommendation to bestow them upon some English woman, if I should be happy enough to engage the affection of such a one in this kingdom, and behold how the description of my father's wish tallies with the adorable person who has now honoured me with her hand!—He then read the following paragraph from his father's letter, translating it as he went on—'If you should choose a wife in England (which I know it is your wish to do), I charge you to be as attentive to the charms of her mind, as to those of her person: Let her temper be sweet, her manners elegant, her nature modest, and her wit brilliant but not satirical; above all things, choose no woman who has not a sensibility of soul, in which the delicacy of the sex consists. If you are fortunate enough to match with such a one, bring your spouse to Strasbourg, and I will jointure her in my rich barony of Lavasques; in the mean time, I remit you the inclosed bills for five thousand pounds sterling, to lay out in such jewels and bijouterie, as befits a person of your rank and fortune to bestow upon the lady of your heart, in a country where those things are in perfection, As for the lady's fortune, I make no stipulations on that score; but it is an indispensable condition, that she be a woman well-born, thoroughly accomplished, and above all of the Protestant communion, according to the religious principles of our noble house.' When the Count had read this paragraph, turning to Melissa, he said—'behold the full completion of my father's model in this lovely person!'

The union of this happy couple being thus decided upon, no time was to be lost in carrying it into effect, for the Count was hastening homewards, and Melissa had no objection to be before-hand with her sister: of her mother there was no doubt to be had, or if there was, her fortune was in her own power, and she of full age to choose for herself. Secrecy, however, was resolved upon for various reasons, and the joy of surprising Maria was not amongst the least. The uncle of Parthenissa, who was an attorney, was instructed to make a short deed, referring it to the old Count at Strasbourg to complete Melissa's settlement, when she arrived at that city; this worthy gentleman was accordingly let into the secret, and at the same time undertook to get the licence, and to prepare the parson of Melissa's parish for the ceremony. The adjusting so many particulars drew the business into such length, that the evening was now far spent, and as Melissa was in the habit of sharing occasionally the bed of her beloved friend, she dispatched a messenger to her mother, signifying that she should sleep at Parthenissa's that night.

When this matter was settled, Parthenissa quitted the room to give her orders for supper, and the happy lovers were left to themselves for no inconsiderable time. The enamoured Count lost not a moment of this precious interval, and with the help of Dryden, Otway, and Rowe, kept up his rhapsodies with great spirit: now it was that Love, which Melissa had so long kept at a distance, took full revenge, and like a griping creditor, exacted his arrears with ample interest from his vanquished debtor. When Parthenissa returned, she strove to make her presence as little interruption as possible to these tender endearments, by rallying Melissa on her prudery, and frequently reminding her, that

contracted lovers were in effect man and wife; in short nothing could be more considerate and accommodating than this amiable friend.

An elegant but small repast was now served, at which no domestic was admitted; the Count was in the happiest flow of spirits; Melissa's heart could not resist the festivity of the moment, and all was love and gaiety, till night was far spent and the hour reminded them of separating. Parthenissa again retired to prepare her chamber, and Melissa was again left with her lover. How it came to pass that Parthenissa omitted so necessary a point of ceremony, as that of informing Melissa when her chamber was ready, I cannot pretend to account, but so it was, and that young lady, with a negligence, which friendship is sometimes apt to contract, retired to her repose, and never thought more of poor Melissa, who was left in a situation very new to her, to say no worse of it, but who had sweetness of temper nevertheless to let her friend off with a very gentle reproof, when after a long time past in expectation of her coming, she was at length obliged to submit to the impropriety of suffering Count Ranceval to conduct her to her bed-chamber door.

The next day produced the licence, and Melissa was, or appeared to be, as impatient to conclude the ceremony as Count Ranceval himself. This is to be imputed to the timid sensibility of her nature, which rather wished to precipitate an awful act, than to remain in terror and suspense. Awful as it was to Melissa, it was auspicious to the happy Count, for it put him in possession of his amiable bride. The mother was let into the secret, and with joy consented to give Melissa away, and receive Countess Ranceval in return. The matter passed in secret as to the neighbourhood, and Parthenissa's uncle, to accommodate the parties, sate up all night to com-

plete the deed, which gave the Count possession of the lady's fortune, and referred her for a settlement to be made at Strasbourg in the barony of Lavasques.

A very happy company were now assembled at dinner, consisting of the bride and bridegroom, Parthenissa, her uncle, and the old lady, when a coach and six drove to the door, and as if fortune had determined to complete the domestic felicity of this family in the same moment, Maria, who was now Lady L——, followed by her aunt and his lordship, ran into the room, and falling on her knee, asked a blessing of her mother, whilst lord L——, presented himself as her son-in-law, having driven from the church-door to her house to pay his duty on this occasion, meaning to return directly for which purpose the equipage was ordered to wait.

Whilst Maria approached to embrace Melissa, and to present to her a very fine bridal favour, embroidered with pearls, Count Ranceval whispered his lovely bride, that he must hastily retire, being suddenly seized with a violent attack of the toothach; being a perfect man of fashion, he contrived to retire without disturbing the company, and putting up his handkerchief to his face to prevent the cold air affecting the part in pain, ran up to his Lady's bed-chamber, whilst Parthenissa and her uncle very considerately retired from a family party in which they were no longer interested.

Melissa received the bridal favour from Maria, with a condescending inclination of her body, without rising from her seat,—'You must permit me, sister,' says she, 'to transfer your present to the noble personage who has just left the room: for having now the honour and happiness to share the name and title of Count Ranceval, I have no longer any separate property; neither can I with any becoming decorum as Countess Ranceval, and a bride

myself, wear the pretty bauble you have given me, and which I can assure you I will return with interest as soon as I go to London, in my way to Strasbourg, where the Count's immense possessions principally lie.'

'Good heavens?' exclaimed Maria, 'how delighted am I to hear you have married a man of such rank and fortune! What a blessing to my mother, to me, to my lord!—So saying, she threw her arms round her neck and embraced her; 'she next embraced her mother, and turning to lord L——, said, 'My lord, you will congratulate the Countess.'—'I hope so,' replied Lord L——; 'every thing that contributes to the happiness of this house will be matter of congratulation for me; but let me ask where Count Ranceval is; I shall be proud to pay my compliments to him, and by the glimpse I had of his person, think I have had the honour of seeing him before.'—'Very likely answered Melissa, 'the Count has been some time in London.'—'I think so,' said Lord L——; 'but I am impatient to make my bow to him.'—'I hope he will soon come down,' replied Melissa, 'but he is suddenly seized with a dreadful tooth-ache, and gone up stairs in great pain.'—Alas, poor Count,' said Lord L——, ''tis a horrid agony, and what I am very subject to myself, but I have a nostrum in my pocket which is very safe, and never fails to give ease; permit me, dear sister, to walk up stairs with you, and relieve the Count from his distress.

So saying, he followed Melissa up stairs, and was accompanied by the whole party. Upon their entering the chamber, Count Ranceval made a slight bow to the company, and again put up his handkerchief to his face; as soon as Lord L—— approached him, he said—'I believe I can soon cure this gentleman.'—Whereupon, snatching the hand-

kerchief from his cheek, with one kick, pretty forcibly bestowed upon the seat of dishonour, he laid the puisny Count sprawling on the floor. The ladies with one consent gave a shriek, that brought the whole family to the door; Melissa ran with agony to the fallen hero, who hid his face between his hands, whilst Lord L—— cried out—'Take no pity on him, Madam, for the rascal was my footman.'—This produced a second scream from Melissa, who, turning to Lord L—— with a look of horror, exclaimed—'What do I hear? Count Ranceval a footman! What then am I?'—By this time the Count had recollected himself sufficiently to make reply—'My lawful wife: and as such I demand you: let me see who will venture to oppose it.—This menace would have been followed with a second chastisement from my lord, had not Maria interposed, and taking her sister tenderly by the hand, with a look of pity and benevolence, asked her if she was actually married.—'Irrecoverably,' said Melissa, 'and burst into tears.—'Yes, yes,' resumed the impostor, 'I believe all things are pretty safe in that quarter; I have not taken any measures by halves.'—'Rascal! villain!' exclaimed my lord, and was again with difficulty held back by his lady from laying hands on him.—'Have patience, I conjure you,' said Maria,—'If it be so, it is past redemption; leave me with my sister, take my poor mother out of the room, and if this gentleman will give me leave to converse a few minutes with my sister—' 'Gentleman;' said Lord L——, and immediately taking him by the collar, dragged him out of the chamber, followed by the mother and the aunt. A scene now ensued between the sisters, in which, as I feel my pen unable to render justice to the divine benevolence of Maria, I will charitably drop

the curtain over the fall of pride. There was no need for any negociation with the Count, for he and his accomplice Parthenissa, with the lawyer her uncle, set off for London with their credentials to take possession of Melissa's fortune in the funds, which the lawyer had but too effectually secured, having, in a pretended counterpart of the deed he read to Melissa and her mother, inserted the real name of the impostor. Melissa has as yet had no farther trouble from her husband, and lives in retirement in a small house belonging to Lord L——, under his protection: she experiences daily instances of the bounty of Maria, and here if envy (which yet rankles at her heart) would permit her, reflection might teach her 'how superior virtue shines in its natural simplicity, and how contemptible pride appears, though disguised under the mask of false delicacy and affected refinement.'

NUMBER XXV

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

HORAT.

There is a great sovereign now upon earth, who, though an infant, is the oldest of all souls alive by many centuries.

This extraordinary personage is a living evidence of the soul's immortality, or at least has advanced so far in proof, as to convince the world by his own example, that it is not necessarily involved in the extinction of the body. Though he is the greatest

genealogist living, and can with certainty make out the longest and clearest pedigree of any potentate now reigning, yet he is properly speaking without ancestors. As I cannot doubt but that so striking an event as the general deluge must be fresh in his memory, though a pretty many years have since elapsed, he must of necessity have been none other than Noah himself; for as he has always been his own son, and that son can never have been living at the same moment with his father, it is plain he must have been that very identical patriarch, when he survived the flood.

As he was but eighteen months old, according to his corporeal computation, when he was last visited, he was not very communicative in conversation, but I have hope upon the next meeting he will have the goodness to set us right about Pythagoras, who I am persuaded sunk some part of his travels upon us, and was actually in his court, where he acted the part of a plagiary, and in the school-boy's phrase *cribb'd* a foul copy of his holiness's transmigration, but with such strong marks of a counterfeit, that after a short trip to the Trojan war, and a few others not worth relating, it is to be presumed he has given up the frolic; for I do not hear that he is at present amongst us, at least not amongst us of this kingdom, where to say the truth I do not see any thing that resembles him. In the mean time the religious sovereign of Tibet (for the reader perceives I have been speaking of *Teéshoo Lama)* in the spirit of an original keeps his seat upon the Musnud of Terpâling, which throne he has continued to press ever since his descent from Mount Ararat.

After all we must acknowledge this was a bold creed for priestcraft to impose, but credulity has a wide swallow, and if the doctrine passed upon a nation so philosophical and inquisitive as the Greeks,

it may well obtain unquestioned by Calmuc Tartars; and superstition, now retiring from Rome, may yet find refuge in the mountains of Tibet. This may be said for the system of Teéshoo Lama, that imposition cannot be put to a fairer test, than when committed to the simplicity of a child: and the *Gylongs*, or priests, attendant upon this extraordinary infant, paid no small compliment to the faith of their followers, when they set him upon the Musnud.

I forbear entering into a farther account of this infant pontiff, because I hope the very ingenious traveller, who has already circulated some curious particulars of his audiences and interviews at the monastery of Terpâling, will indulge the public with a more full and circumstantial narrative of his very interesting expedition into a country so little visited by Europeans, and where the manners and habits of the people, no less than the sacred character of the sovereign, furnish a subject of so new and entertaining a nature.

When a genius like that, which actuates the illustrious character, who lately administered the government of Bengal. is carried into the remotest regions of the earth, it diffuses an illumination around it, which reaches even to those nations, where arts and sciences are in their highest cultivation; and we accordingly find that besides this embassy, so curious of its kind, the same pervading spirit has penetrated into the sacred and till now inaccessible mysteries of the Brahmins, and by the attainment of a language which religion has interdicted from all others but the sacerdotal cast, has already began to lay open a volume, superior in antiquity, and perhaps in merit not inferior, to Homer himself.

Happy inhabitants of Tibet! If happiness can arise from error, your innocent allusion must be the

source of it; for priestcraft, which has plunged our portion of the globe in wars and persecutions, has kept you in perpetual peace and tranquillity; so much more wise and salutary is your religious system of pontifical identity, than ours of pontifical infallibility. The same unchangeable, indivisible object of faith secures universal acquiescence under the commodious imposition: No Anti-Lama can distract your attention or divide your duty, for individuality is his essence; no councils can reverse his decrees or over-rule his supremacy, for he is coëval with religion, nay he is religion itself. Such as he was in his præterient body, such he must be in his present; the same monastic, peaceful, unoffending, pious being; a living idol, drawn forth upon occasional solemnities to give his blessing to adoring prostrate hords of Tartars, and to receive their offerings; and whether this blessing be given by the hands of unreasoning infancy, or superannuated age, it matters little at which degree the moment points, when the scale is undeterminable. 'You see me here,' said the Lama in his præterient body to one of our countrymen, whom he admitted to a conversation, 'a mere idol of state: You are of a more active nation: take your wonted exercise without reserve: Walk about my chamber: I am sedentary by necessity, and the habit of indolence is become to me a second nature.'—This is a true anecdote, and shows how mild a soul it is, which has now transmigrated into the body of this infant.

Could this extraordinary personage communicate his property to all his brother sovereigns through the world, should we, or should we not, congratulate mankind upon the event? Let the nations speak for themselves! I answer for one, that cannot name a period in its monarchy more in favour of the dispensation.

NUMBER XXVI.

Ω παῖ σιώπα. πόλλ' ἔχει σιγὴ καλά.

SOPHOCLES, ALEAST.

Hold thy tongue, good boy! There are many great advantages in keeping silence.

I HAVE now the satisfaction to inform my countrymen, that after long and diligent search I have at last discovered a very extraordinary person in this metropolis, at present in some obscurity, but if I shall luckily be the means of drawing him into more notice by publishing what has come to my knowledge of his talents and performances, I shall think myself happy not only in serving a meritorious individual, but also in furnishing a suggestion through the mode I shall recommend for his employ, that may be of the greatest benefit to society.

The gentleman, in whose favour I would fain interest my candid readers, is Mr. Jedediah Fish, of whose history I shall recount a few particulars. He was bred to the law, and many years ago went over to New England, where he practised in the courts at Boston: upon the breaking out of the troubles he came over to England, though from his prudent deportment he might safely have remained where he was, for Mr. Fish made it a rule never to lend any thing but an ear to either side of the question: I cannot speak with certainty as to his real motives for leaving America, as he has not been communicative on that head, but I could collect

from hints he has dropt of the extraordinary length and protraction of the pleadings in those provincial courts, that his health was a good deal impaired by his attendance upon causes, though I cannot discover that he was actually employed as an advocate in any. This may seem singular to such as are unacquainted with those proceedings, but Mr. Fish, though no pleader, was of indispensable use to his clients during the somnolency of the court; for by means of his vigilance the efficient counsel could indulge themselves in their natural rest, and recruit their spirits for a reciprocal exertion of prolixity, when the opposite party had come to a conclusion: this happy faculty of wakefulness in Mr. Jedediah Fish, was accompanied with the further very useful talent of abridgment, by which in a very few words he could convey into the ear of a pleader, when he had once thoroughly wakened him, the whole marrow of an argument, though it had been spread out ever so widely.

When he came over to his native country, he threw himself in the way of preferment, and regularly attended the sittings at Westminster, Guildhall, and elsewhere; but being a modest man, and one who made no acquaintance, he was no otherwise taken notice of, than as being the only person in court who did not yawn, when a certain learned serjeant got beyond his usual quota of cases in point. Nothing offering here, Mr. Fish presented himself during the sitting of Parliament both at the bar of the Peers, and in the gallery of the House of Commons: he gave great attention to the clerks, when they were reading Acts of Parliament in the upper house, and never quitted his post in the lower, when certain gentlemen were on their legs, and gave the signal to others to get on theirs and go to dinner: By being thus left alone this modest attendant lost

his labour, and remained unnoticed through a whole session.

Defeated in all these efforts, he began to frequent coffee-houses, where he observed most talking prevail, and few or no hearers to be found; fortune now began to smile upon his patient endeavours, and he particularly recommended himself to a circle at St. Paul's, where by his address in posting himself between two parties, one of which was very circumstantially explaining a will, and the other going step by step through a bill of inclosure, where the glebe lands of the rector were in great peril of infringement, he so contrived as to lend one ear to the divine, and the other to the civilian, by which he got a dinner at each of their houses; and as they found him a most agreeable companion, and one whose cheering smile enlivened their own conversation, he soon became free of their families under a standing invitation.

It was in one of these houses I first became acquainted with Mr. Fish, and as it seemed to me a great pity that a man possessed of such companionable talents (for I can safely aver I had never heard the tone of his voice) should be any longer buried in obscurity, or at best confined to a narrow circle of admirers, I began to reflect within myself what amazing improvements society might receive, if he could be induced to stand forth in the public character of *a Master of Silence*, or in other words *a Teacher of the Art of hearing.*

As I knew my friend was not a man to speak for himself, I took a convenient occasion one day of breaking my proposal to him, which I introduced by saying I had something to disclose to him, which I conceived would not only be of public benefit, but might also be turned to his particular emolument and advantage. He paused some time, and seemed to

expect when I would proceed to explain myself; but being at last convinced that I was really waiting for his consent, he opened his lips for the first time, and in a very soft agreeable tone of voice, delivered himself as follows—'*Say on!*'—The conversation being now fairly on foot, I said that experience must have convinced him how great a scarcity of hearers there were in this metropolis, at the same time what great request they were in, and how much conversation and society were at a loss for a proper proportion of them: that where one man now made his fortune by his tongue, hundreds might in less time establish their's by a prudent use of their ears: that a desire of *shining* in company was now become so general, that there was no body left to shine upon: that no way could be so sure of providing for younger sons and people of small fortunes, as to qualify them well in *the art of hearing*; but by a fatal neglect in our system of education, and the loquacity of nurses and servants, no attention was paid to this useful accomplishment: I observed to him that our parsons were in some degree in the fault, by shortening their sermons and quickening their prayers, whereas in times past, when homilies were in use, and the preacher turned the hour-glass twice or thrice before his discourse was wound up, the world was in better habits of hearing: that in Oliver's days the grace was oftentimes as long as the meal, now they sate down without any grace at all, and talked without ceasing: that the discontinuance of smoking tobacco contributed much to put hearing out of fashion, and that a club of people now was like a pack of hounds in full cry, where all puppies open at the same time, whether they have got the scent or not: In conclusion, I demanded of him if he agreed with me in these observations, or not: he again took some time to consider, and very

civilly replied—'*I do*'—'If you do agree with me,' rejoined I, 'in acknowledging the complaint, tell me if you will concur in promoting the cure.' He nodded assent, and who is so fit as Mr. Jedediah Fish,' added I, to teach that art to others, which he possesses in such perfection himself? It shall be my business to seek out for scholars, your's to instruct them, and I don't despair of your establishing an Academy of Silence in as general repute as the school of Pythagoras.'

This institution is now fairly on foot, and school is opened in Magpye-court, Cheapside, No. 4, name on the door, where the professor is to be spoken to by all persons wanting his advice and instructions. The remarkable success which has already attended Mr. Jedediah Fish, would warrant my laying before the public some extraordinary cures, but these I shall postpone to some future opportunity, and conclude with a passage from Horace, which shows that ingenious poet, though perhaps he had as much to say for himself as most of our modern prattlers, was nevertheless a perfect adept in the art, which it has been the labour of this paper to recommend.

Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro par:
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bade me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that:
As 'What's o'clock?' and 'How's the wind?'
'Who's chariot's that we left behind?'

Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
'From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross.'

SWIFT.

NUMBER XXVII.

A NOVEL, conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a series of events in familiar life, in which no episodical story is interwoven, is, in effect a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The same natural display of character, the same facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are essential to each composition. Novels of this description are not of many years standing in England, and seem to have succeeded after some interval to romance, which, to say no worse of it, is a most unnatural and monstrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle species; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim, and the French have the credit of, is a series of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and Don Quixote abound in episodical stories, which separately taken are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the fashion of novel-writing, upon different plans indeed, but each

with a degree of success, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardson disposed his fable into letters, and Fielding pursued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception however of certain miscellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book in the nature of a prologue, in which the author speaks in person: he has executed this so pleasantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in this instance; but I should doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wise to follow him.

I should have observed, that modern novelists have not confined themselves to comic fables, or such only as have happy endings, but sometimes, as in the instance of *The Clarissa*, wind up their story with a tragical catastrophe; to subjects of this sort, perhaps, the epistolary mode of writing may be best adapted, at least it seems to give a more natural scope to pathetic descriptions; but there can be no doubt that fables replete with humourous situations, characteristic dialogue, and busy plot, are better suited to the mode which Fielding has pursued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, universally allowed the most perfect work of its sort in ours, or probably any other language.

There is a something so attractive to readers of all descriptions in these books, and they have been sought with such general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced, and the scheme of circulating libraries lately established, which these very publications seem to have suggested, having spread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the amusing study of every rank and description of people in England.

Young minds are so apt to be tinctured by what they read, that it should be the duty of every person who has the charge of education, to make a proper

choice of books for those who are under their care: and this is particularly necessary in respect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domestic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themselves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly strike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addressed to the passions than many of these novel heroines. I would not be understood to accuse our modern writers of immoral designs; very few I believe can be found of that description; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think some amongst them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and false character by stories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature: and the more interesting such stories are, the greater will be their influence: in this light, a novel heroine, though described without a fault, yet if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel, which of all others is formed upon the most studied plain of morality, is *Clarissa*, and few young women I believe are put under restriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curiosity with a perusal of this author: guided by the best intentions, and conscious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he has taken all possible pains to weave into his story incidents of such a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a strong and lasting impression on the youthful heart. The unmerited sufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity; the unnatural obduracy of her parents; the infernal arts of the wretch who violates her, and the sad catastrophe of her death, are incidents in this affecting story better

conceived than executed: failing in this most essential point, as a picture of human nature, I must regard the novel of Clarissa as one of the books, which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can say from observation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters assumed by sentimental Misses, in the vain desire of being thought *Clarissa Harlows*, than from any other source of imitation whatsoever: I suspect that it has given food to the idle passion for those eternal scribblings, which pass between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inscription for the plate of her own coffin, and forswore all mankind at the age of sixteen. As to the characters of Lovelace, of the heroine herself, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. What Clarissa is made to do, and what she is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers who may oppose the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this story, nor will those daughters be disposed to think the worse of their own rights, or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which these unnatural characters are painted. It will avail little to say, that Clarissa's miseries are derivable from the false step of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became necessary to avoid compulsion. To speak with more precision my opinion in the case, I think Clarissa dangerous only to such young persons, whose characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural susceptibility may be prone to imitation, and likely to be turned aside into errors of affectation. In such hands, I think a book so addressed to the passions and wire-drawn into such prolixity is not

calculated to form either natural manners or natural style; nor would I have them learn of Clarissa to write long pedantic letters *on their bended knees*, and beg *to kiss the hem of their ever-honoured Mamma's garment*, any more than I would wish them to spurn at the addresses of a worthy lover, with the pert insult of a *Miss Howe*.

The natural temper and talents of our children should point out to our observation and judgment the particular mode in which they ought to be trained: the little tales told them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being softened by pathetic and affecting stories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl assumes the pathos of Clarissa without experiencing the same afflictions, or being put to the same trials, the result will be a most insufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever errors there may be in our present system of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary, perhaps, they will be found to consist in over-diligence and too great solicitude for accomplishment; the distribution of a young lady's hours is an analysis of all the arts and sciences; she shall be a philosopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and a musician at night; she shall sing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of masters distract the attention and overwhelm the genius: and thus an indiscriminate zeal in the parent stops the cultivation and improvement of those particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents who thus press the education of their children, fall into mistakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is

without excuse, who, immersed in dissipation, delegate to a hireling the most sacred and most natural of all duties: to these unprofitable and inconsiderate beings I shall not speak in plain prose, but will desire them to give the following little poem a perusal.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony not in mind,
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes fine diamonds, and fine lace,
The smartest vis-à-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place,
Made wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next: she'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain ——— but ah! the curse,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise ———
'Go, take 'em to the nurse!—'

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear Ma'amselle's prodigious care;
Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

'Sweet innocents!' the servants cry,
'So natural he, and she so wild:
'Laud, Nurse, do humour 'em—for why?
'Twere sin to snub a child.'

Time runs—'My God!'—Dorinda cries
'How monstrously the girl is grown!
'She has more meaning in her eyes
'Than half the girls in town.

Now teachers throng; Miss dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun,
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
Without a taste for one.

Lapdogs and parrots, paints, good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous,
Writes rebusses, and has her clack
Of small-talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
And dictates in virtù.

Ma'amselle to Miss's hand conveys
A billet-doux; she's *très-commode*,
The Dancing-master's in the chaise,
They scower the northern road.

Away to Scottish land they post,
Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolic over, to her cost
Miss is a wretch for life.

Master meanwhile advances fast
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a school-boy's heedless haste,
Rattles the desperate dice.

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the schools
Of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the dernier gout
Of Brussels-point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique statues vampt anew,
And busts without a nose.

Then hey! at dissipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word, he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pockets City-Madam's pence,
And doubles all his bets.

He drains his stewards, racks his farms,
Annuitizes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levee swarms
With swindlers and with Jews.

The guinea lost that was his last,
Desperate at length the maniac cries—
'This thro' my brain!'—'tis done, 'tis past;
He fires—he falls—he dies!

NUMBER XXVIII.

Γάμος κράτιστός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ σώφρονι
Τρόπον γυναικὸς χρηστὸν ἕδνον λαμβάνει

HIPPONAX.

To a wise husband, when possessing
A virtuous wife, wedlock's a blessing.

Though I do not like paradoxes, and can readily acknowledge the respect due to general opinions, yet I am bold to aver to the face of all those fine gentlemen, who, if they think as they act, will laugh me to scorn for the notion, that marriage is a measure of some consequence. I do not mean to say that it is necessary in the choice of a wife, that she should be of any particular stature or complexion, brown or fair, tall or short; neither do I think a man of family need absolutely to insist upon as many clear descents, as would satisfy a

German Count, before he quarters arms with a lady; nor do I article for fortune, or connexion, or any other worldly recommendation as indispensable; satisfied only, if it will be granted to me, that the parties ought not to unite without some mutual explanation, some previous understanding of each other's temper, and some reasonable ground of belief that the contract they are about to enter into for life, is likely to hold good to the end of the term for which it is made.

I am not so ignorant of the world as not to know how many specious reasons may be given on the other side of the question; and being sensible I have a hard point to drive, I am willing to conciliate my opponents by all reasonable concessions.

Lord Faro married to pay off a mortgage that encumbered his estate, and to discharge certain debts of honour that encumbered his mind still more: his match therefore was a match of principle; and though a run of bad luck defeated his good intentions towards his creditors, and though the vulgar manners of his lady smelt so strong of the city, that she became insupportable, yet all the world allowed that the measure was judicious, justifiable, and in his lordship's situation indispensable.

Lady Bab Spectre married *Colonel Spectre* because he haunted her in all assemblies, was for ever at her back in the Opera house, glided into the church when she was at her devotions, and declared in all companies that he was determined to have her. Lady Bab married to be revenged of him; nobody denied but she took the right method, and all the world allowed that she had her revenge: the colonel is literally a *spectre* at this moment.

Sir Harry Bluster and *Miss Hornet* were first cousins, and though brought up together in the same house like brother and sister, squabbled and fought

like a dog and cat: Sir Harry's face bore the marks of her nails, and Miss's head-dress was the frequent victim of his fury: this young pair made a match in the laudable expectation of a better agreement after wedlock: all the world applauded their motives, and the event fully answered their expectation —for they parted *by consent.*

Old *Lady Lucy Lumbago* was told by a fortune-teller that she should die a maid: when she was at least sixty years in advance towards fulfilling the prediction, she drew a piece of wedding cake through a bride's gold ring, and dreamt of her own footman; she married him the next week to thwart the destinies: the footman went off with her strong-box, and left her behind to complete the prophecy.

Lord Calomel had a plentiful estate and a very scanty constitution, but he had two reasons for marrying, which all the world gave him credit for; the first was, to get an heir, which he wanted, and the second was to get rid of a mistress he was tired of: he made his choice of *Miss Frolic,* and every body allowed the odds were in his favour for an heir: the lady brought him a full-grown boy at five months end; his lordship drove his wife out of his house, and reinstated his mistress.

Jack Fanciful had a blind-side towards a fine eyebrow. It was his humour, and he had a right to please himself: *Signora Falsetta* struck an arrow to his heart from a pair of full-drawn bows, that would have done honour to Cleopatra herself, whose stage representative the Signora then was: Jack made overtures of a certain sort, which her majesty repulsed with the dignity that became her; in short, the virtue of Cleopatra was impregnable, or at least, it was plain she was not *every body's Cleopatra.* What could Jack do? It was impossible to give up the eyebrows, and it was no less

impossible to have them upon any terms, but terms of honour. Jack married her: it was his humour, and all the world allowed he was in the right to indulge it: the happy knot was tied; Jack flew with lips of ardour to his lovely Cleopatra; the faithless eyebrow deserted from the naked forehead of its owner, and (O sad exchange!) took post upon Jack's chin.

These, and many more than these, may be called cases in point, and brought to prove that matrimony is a mere whim, a caprice of the moment, and by people who know the world treated with suitable indifference; but still I must hope that such of my readers, at least, who do not know the world, or know perhaps just so much of it as not to wish for a more intimate familiarity with its fashions, will think this same bargain for life a bargain of some consequence.

The court of Catherine of Medicis, but more particularly that of Anne of Austria, brought the characters of women into much greater consequence and display, than had before been allowed to them: the female genius called forth from its obscurity soon assumed its natural prerogatives: a woman's wit was found the finest engine to cut the knot of intricacy, or if possible to disentangle it: the ladies in that famous regency were no less fitted to direct a council than to adorn a court: the enlightened state of present times, and the refinement of modern manners, have happily discovered, that in the proper intercourse of the sexes are centered all the charms of society: it seems as if a new world had been found out within the limits of the old one: associated as we now are, we are left without excuse when we mistake their characters, or betray them into unsuitable connexion by disguising our own:

every unmarried man has time enough to look about him, and opportunities enough for the fullest information: it can be nothing therefore but the misguiding impulse of some sordid and unworthy passion, that can be the moving cause of so many unhappy matches. I will never believe, in the corruption of the present times, though there are as many bills of divorce as bills of enclosure, but that the husband, I will not say in every, but in almost every, case is in the first fault. It were an easy thing to point out a thousand particulars amongst the reigning habits of high life, which seem as if invented by the very demon of seduction for his own infernal purposes: there is not one of all these habits which a wise man can fail to despise, or an honest man neglect to reform; no plan so easy as the prevention of them; no system so absurd, so undignified, so destructive of all the pleasures of life, as the system of dissipation.

Look at a man of this sort! He has not even the credit of being a voluptuary: there is not one feature of pleasure in his face: all is languor, *nonchalance* or *ennui.* (I help out my description with French, for, thank Heaven; we have yet no words in our language to express it.) The travels of such a man in the purlieus only of St. James's-street and Pall-Mall would suffice to have carried him round the pyramids of Egypt; he might have visited the ruins of Herculaneum in half the number of paces that he spends in sauntering up to Rotten-row: he posts from town to country, as if the fate of Europe depended on his dispatch; he reconnoitres the heels of some favourite hunter, and returns with the same expedition to town; you would think that life or death depended on his speed, and you would not be much out in the guess, for he has just killed so

much time, and perhaps a post-horse or two into the bargain. Are we to suppose there is no emulation in the ladies?

Is it not possible to employ the revenue of a great estate in a more agreeable manner? For I am now speaking of riches in no other light, but as the means of procuring pleasures to their owner. May not every hour of life present some new or agreeable occupation to a man who is possessed of a large fortune and knows how to use it? I need not point out the endless source of delightful employment, which a well-projected system of improvement must furnish to the man of landed property: this nation abounds in artists of all descriptions; gardening, planting, architecture, music, painting, the whole circle of arts are open to his use and service; wherever his taste or humour points, there are professors in every department of the highest talents: he may seat himself in a paradise of his own creating, and collect a society to participate with him worthy the enjoyment of it: the capital might then be his visiting and not his abiding-place; his dearest friend and the companion of his happiest hours might be his wife; the duties of a parent might open fresh sources of delight, and I, who profess myself to be an *Observer*, and a friend of mankind, might contemplate his happiness, and cry out with the vanity of an author—*There is one convert to my system!*

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus!

CLAUDIAN.

NUMBER XXIX.

Amongst the various orders and ranks of men in civilized society, some are entitled to our respect for the dignity and utility of their profession; but as there are many more than merely natural wants to be provided for in a state of high refinement, other arts and occupations will occur, which though not so highly to be respected for their utility, will yet be valued and caressed for the pleasures they bestow. In this light there is perhaps no one order of men who contribute more largely to the pleasing and moral amusements of the age, than our actors. As I mean to devote this paper to their use and service, I shall begin it with a short passage extracted from Mr. Dow's History of Hindostan.

'During all these transactions the gates of Delhi were kept shut. Famine began to rage every day more and more; but the Shaw was deaf to the miseries of mankind. The public spirit of Tucki, a famous actor, deserves to be recorded upon this occasion. He exhibited a play before Nadir Shaw, with which that monarch was so well pleased, that he commanded Tucki to ask, and what he wished 'should be done for him. Tucki fell upon his face, and said, *O King, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish!* His request was granted, and half the city poured into the country; and the place was supplied in a few days with plenty of provisions.

Though it is not every actor's lot to save a city,

yet it is his province to drive an enemy out of it, almost as formidable as famine.

There is such a combination of natural gifts requisite to the formation of a complete actor, that it is more a case of wonder how so many good ones are to be found, than why so few instances of excellence can be produced. Every thing that results from nature alone, lies out of the province of instruction, and no rules that I know of will serve to give a fine form, a fine voice, or even those fine feelings, which are amongst the first properties of an actor. These, in fact, are the tools and materials of his trade, and these, neither his own industry nor any man's assistance can bestow. But the right use and application of them is another question, and there he must look for his directions, from education, industry, and judgment.

A classical education, if it be not insisted on as indispensable to a great actor, is yet so advantageous to him in every branch of his art, that it is a most happy circumstance in their lot, who can avail themselves of it.

Be this as it may, it behoves him in the very first place to be thoroughly versed in all the chief dramatic writers of his own country. Of all these Shakspear is so out of sight the principal, that for distinction sake I will confine myself to him only. This author therefore must be studied in the most critical and scrutinizing manner: not by parts, but in the whole; for it is the veriest folly in any young student for the stage to read by *character*, or attach himself to any one predominant part, in which he aims at a display, until he has possest himself in the completest manner of the whole drama, in which he is to stand. Every movement of the author's mind should be unravelled, all those small but delicate incidents, which serve to announce or discri-

minate a leading character, every thing said to him, or of him, as well as by him, are to be carefully gathered up: for Shakspeare in particular paints so very close to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear, when he is on his scene.

When an actor has done this, he will find his understanding so enlightened by the task, and his mind possest with such a passion for what is natural, that he will scorn the sorry practice of tricks, and that vain study of setting himself off by this or that preconcerted attitude, in which some handicraft-men, who were more like tumblers than tragedians, have in times past disgraced their profession: in short, if he studies his author he will have no need to study his looking-glass: let him feel and he will be sure to express: nature, that gave him limbs and organs of speech, will be sure to give him action, and he need not measure the board he is to fall upon, as if he was to make his exit down a trap.

There is one thing in particular I would wish him to avoid, which is, a repugnance against appearing in characters of an unamiable sort (the ladies will observe I address myself to both sexes throughout); it is a narrow notion to suppose that there can be any adhesion either of vice or virtue to the real character; or that revenge, cruelty, perfidiousness, or cowardice can be transposed into a man's nature, because he professionally represents these evil qualities. If I had not determined against particularizing any person in this paper, I should here quote the example of an actor, whose untimely death every friend of the drama must deplore, and whose good sense I might appeal to in confirmation of my advice.

Of this above all things every actor may assure himself, that there is no calling or profession in life,

that can less endure the distractions of intemperance and dissipation. A knowledge of the world no doubt is necessary to him, and he must therefore take his share in society, but there is no other introduction into the best company, but by meriting a place in it; and as for vulgar fellowships and connexions, where a man is to act the *pleasant fellow* and set the table in a roar, if he has not the spirit and discretion to decline them, he will soon find his professional talents sacrificed to his convivial ones; if he does not reserve all his exertions for his art, nature must sink under double duty, and the most that he can obtain in return will be pity.

An eminent actor should resolve to fortify himself against the many personal attacks, which in the present times he is to expect from friends as well as foes: by the former I mean those friends, whose ill-judged applauses are as dangerous to his repose as calumny itself. That proper sense of himself, which holds a middle place between diffidence and arrogance, is what he must oppose to these attacks of extravagant applause or illiberal defamation: for gentlemen of wit and pleasantry find so much amusement in sporting with the feelings of actors, that they will write; and there is a figure called *hyperbole* much in fashion amongst them, the excellent property of which figure is that it cuts both ways—*virtus ejus ex diverso par augendi atque minuendi.* Now although the *hyperbole* is a figure of freedom, and has certain privileges, that go beyond credibility, yet I have the authority of *Quintilian* to say that it has bounds; on the outside of truth, I confess, but still within reason—*Quamvis enim est omnis hyperbole ultra fidem; non tamen esse debet ultra modum.*—An actor therefore will do wisely to put no faith in such a double-tongued figure, nor form any acquaintance with those who are in the daily use of it.

If he would have better authority for the advice I give him, let him turn to his books, and he will not find a writer of eminence, either ancient or modern, that will not tell him slander is a tax on merit. I shall instance only one of each, because I will not burthen him with quotations. The first of these is *Tacitus*, a writer of unquestionable authority, and one who has left as good receipts for wholesome judgment in all worldly affairs as any man whatever: His maxim indeed is short, for he makes no waste of words on any occasion; speaking of certain libellous publications, he observes—*Spreta exolescunt; si irascare, agnita videntur*:—Which may be thus rendered—*Contempt disarms abuse; resent, and you adopt it.*—The other which I shall adduce, is the judicious and amiable Mr. Addison, who is rather more diffusive on the subject, but concludes his opinion with this recommendation of the prescription above mentioned—'That it is a piece of fortitude, which every man owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.' (SPECT. No. 355.)

When I have said this, I am free to own, that it is an act of aggravated cruelty to attack a man, whose profession lays him so continually at mercy, and who has fewer defences than other men to resort to. An actor has a claim upon the public for their protection, whose servant he is; and he ought to be dear to every man in particular, whose heart he has dilated with benevolence, or lightened with festivity; if we are grateful to the surgeon who assuages the pain of of a festering sore, or draws even a thorn from our flesh, should we not remember him with kindness, who heals our heart of its inquietude, and cheers those hours with gaiety and innocence, which we might else have devoted to gloominess or guilt?

If an actor has these claims upon the world at large, what ought he not to expect from the poet in particular? The poet's arms should be his natural asylum, a shield from the arrows of envy and detraction. An actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one; the poet digs up the ore; he sifts it from the dross, refines and purifies it for the mint: the actor sets the stamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.

NUMBER XXX.

Prejudice is so wide a word, that if we would have ourselves understood, we must always use some auxiliary term with it to define our meaning: thus when we speak of national prejudices, prejudices of education, or religious prejudices, by compounding our expression we convey ideas very different from each other.

National prejudice is by some called a virtue, but the virtue of it consists only in the proper application and moderate degree of it. It must be confessed a happy attachment, which can reconcile the Laplander to his freezing snows, and the African to his scorching sun. There are some portions of the globe so partially endowed by Providence with climate and productions, that were it not for this prejudice the *natale solum*, the greater part of the habitable world would be a scene of envy and repining. National predilection is in this sense a blessing, and perhaps a virtue; but if it operates otherwise than in the best sense of its definition, it per-

verts the judgment, and in some cases vitiates the heart. It is an old saying, that *charity begins at home*, but this is no reason it should not go abroad: a man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole; and if in his rambles through this great city (the world) he may chance upon a man of a different habit, language or complexion from his own, still he is a fellow-citizen, a short sojourner in common with himself, subject to the same wants, infirmities, and necessities, and one that has a brother's claim upon him for his charity, candour and relief. It were to be wished no traveller would leave his own country without these impressions, and it would be still better if all who live in it would adopt them; but as an *Observer* of mankind (let me speak it to the honour of my countrymen) I have very little to reproach them with on this account: it would be hard if a nation, more addicted to travel than any other in Europe, had not rubbed off this rust of the soul in their excursions and collisions; it would be an indelible reproach, if a people, so blest at home, were not benevolent abroad. Our ingenious neighbours the French are less agreeable guests than hosts: I am afraid their national prejudices reach a little beyond candour in most cases, and they are too apt to indulge a vanity, which does not become so enlightened a nation, by shutting their eyes against every light except their own; but I do a violence to my feelings, when I express myself unfavourably of a people, with whom we have long been implicated in the most honourable of all connexions, the mutual pursuits of literary fame, and a glorious emulation in arts and sciences.

Prejudices of education are less dangerous than

religious prejudices, less common than national ones, and more excusable than any; in general they are little else than ridiculous habits, which cannot obtain much in a country where public education prevails, and such as a commerce with the world can hardly fail to cure: they are characteristic of seraglio princes; the property of sequestered beings, who live in celibacy and retirement, contracted in childhood and confirmed by age; a man, who has passed his life on shipboard, will pace the length of his quarter-deck on the terrace before his house, were it a mile in length.

These are harmless peculiarities, but it is obvious to experience that prejudices of a very evil nature may be contracted by habits of education; and the very defective state of the police, which is suffered yet to go on without reform in and about our capital, furnishes too many examples of our fatal inattention to the morals of our infant poor: amongst the many wretched culprits who suffer death by the law, how many are there, who, when standing at the bar to receive sentence of execution, might urge this plea in extenuation of their guilt!

'This action which you are pleased to term criminal, I have been taught to consider as meritorious: the arts of fraud and thieving, by which I gained my living, are arts instilled into me by my parents, habits wherein I was educated from my infancy, a trade to which I was regularly bred: if these are things not to be allowed of, and a violation of the laws, it behoved the laws to prevent them, rather than to punish them; for I cannot see the equity of putting me to death for actions, which, if your police had taken any charge of me in my infancy, I never had committed. If you would secure yourselves from receiving wrong, you should teach us not to do wrong; and this might easily be ef-

fected, if you had any eye upon your parish poor. For my part, I was born and bred in the parish of Saint Giles; my parents kept a shop for the retail of gin and old rags; christening I had none; a church I never entered, and no parish officer ever visited our habitation: if he had done so, he would have found a seminary of thieves and pick-pockets, a magazine of stolen goods, a house of call where nightly depredators met together to compare accounts, and make merry over their plunder: amongst these and by these I was educated; I obeyed them as my masters, and I looked up to them as my examples: I believed them to be great men; I heard them recount their actions with glory; I saw them die like heroes, and I attended their executions with triumph. It is now my turn to suffer, and I hope I shall not prove myself unworthy of the calling in which I have been brought up: if there be any fault in my conduct, the fault is yours; for, being the child of poverty, I was the son of the public: if there be any honour it is my own; for I have acted up to my instructions in all things, and faithfully fulfilled the purposes of my education.'

I cannot excuse myself from touching upon one more prejudice, which may be called natural, or self-prejudice: under correction of the *Dampers* I hope I may be allowed to say, that a certain portion of this is a good quickener in all constitutions; being seasonably applied, it acts like the spur in the wing of the ostrich, and keeps industry awake: being of the nature of all volatiles and provocatives, the merit of it consists in the moderation and discretion which administer it: if a man rightly knows himself, he may be called wise; if he justly confides in himself he may be accounted happy; but if he keeps both this knowledge and this confidence to himself, he will neither be less wise nor less happy for so doing: if

there are any secrets, which a man ought to keep from his nearest friends, this is one of them. If there were no better reason why a man should not vaunt himself, but because it is robbing the poor mountebanks of their livelihood, methinks it would be reason enough: if he must think aloud upon such occasions, let him lock himself into his closet, and take it out in soliloquy: if he likes the sound of his own praises there, and can reconcile himself to the belief of them, it will then be time enough to try their effect upon other people.

Ventidius is the modestest of all men; he blushes when he sees himself applauded in the public papers; he has a better reason for blushing than the world is aware of; he knows himself to be the author of what he reads.

It seems a matter pretty generally agreed between all tellers and hearers of stories, that one party shall work by the rule of addition, and the other by that of subtraction: in most narratives, where the relater is a party in the scene, I have remarked that the *says-I* has a decided advantage in a dialogue over the *says-he;* few people take an underpart in their own fable. There is a salvo, however, which some gentlemen make use of (but I cannot recommend it) of hooking in a word to their own advantage, with the preface of *I think I may say without vanity*—and after all, if it was not for the vanity of it, there would be no need to say it at all.

I knew a gentleman who possessed more real accomplishments than fall to one man's lot in a thousand; he was an excellent painter, a fine musician, a good scholar, and more than all, a very worthy man—but he could not ride: it so happened, that upon a morning's airing I detected him in the attempt of mounting on the back of a little pony, no taller than his whip, and as quiet as a lamb: two

stout fellows held the animal by the head, whilst my friend was performing a variety of very ingenious manœuvres for lodging himself upon the saddle by the aid of a stirrup which nearly touched the ground: I am afraid I smiled, when I ought not so to have done, for it is certain it gave offence to my worthy friend, who soon after joined me on his pony, which he assured me was remarkably vicious, particularly at mounting; but that he had been giving him some proper discipline, which he doubted not would cure him of his evil tricks; 'for you may think what you please,' adds he, 'of my painting, or my music, or any other little talent you are pleased to credit me for; the only art which I really pique myself upon—is the art of riding.'

NUMBER XXXI.

Although the subject of *Witchcraft* has been treated seriously as well as ludicrously in so full a manner, as to anticipate in some measure what can be now offered to the reader's curiosity, yet I am tempted to add something on this topic, which I shall endeavour to put together in such shape and method, as may perhaps throw fresh light upon a subject that ignorance and superstition have in all past ages of the world conspired to keep in darkness and obscurity.

The reader will recollect so much said of sorcerers and dæmons both in the old and new parts of the sacred writings, that I need not now recapitulate the instances, but take them as they occur in course of my discussion.

Theologians, who have treated the subjects seri-

ously and logically, have defined magic to be 'An art or faculty, which by evil compact with dæmons, performs certain things wonderful in appearance, and above the ordinary comprehension of mankind.' —According to this definition we are to look for the origin of this art, to the author of all evil, the devil: Heathen writers have ascribed the invention of magic to Mercury. Some of the early Christians, who have wrote on the subject, speak of Zabulus as the first magician, but this is only another name for the devil, and is so used by St. Cyprian: Some give the invention to Barnabas, a magician of Cyprus, but who this Barnabas was, and in what time he lived, they have not shown: though they have taken pains to prove he was not St. Barnabas, the coadjutor of the apostle Paul: Some of the Spanish writers maintain that magic was struck out in Arabia, and that a certain ancient volume of great antiquity was brought from thence by the Moors into Spain, full of spells and incantations, and by them and the Jews bequeathed to their posterity, who performed many wonderful things by its aid, till it was finally discovered and burned by the Inquisition.

These are some amongst many of the accounts, which pious men in times of superstition have offered to the world; the defenders of the art on the contrary derive its doctrines from the angel, who accompanied Tobit, and revealed them to him on the way, and they contend that these doctrines are preserved in certain books written by Honorius, Albertus Magnus, Cyprian, Paul, Enoch and others. Tostatus thinks that Jezebel, who inchanted Ahab with charms and filtres, was the first who practised sorcery; that from her time the Samaritans were so addicted to sorcery, that a Samaritan and a sorcerer became one and the same term; which opinion he is confirmed in by that passage in scripture

where the Pharisees accuse Christ of being a Samaritan, and having a devil; a charge, says he, implied in the very first position of his being a Samaritan: He admits jointly with St. Austin, that Pythonissa, or the Witch of Endor, actually raised the spirit of Samuel, not by magic incantations, but by express permission of God, for the punishment of Saul's impiety, and to provoke him to immediate repentance by the denunciation of his impending fate; whilst other authorities in the church of early date maintain, that it was not the spirit of Samuel, but a dæmon that appeared in his likeness: He admits also, that the rods of the Egyptian sorcerers were like that of Moses turned into serpents by the art and contrivance of the devil: in like manner the said magicians turned the rivers into blood, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt; but though they kept pace with Moses in producing these plagues, their power, he observes, did not reach, as his did, to the subsequent extirpation of them.

As to Simon the Magician, whom Philip converted in Samaria, wonderful things are said of him by the fathers of the Christian church; this man, Justin Martyr informs us, was born in the city of Gitta in Samaria, travelled to Rome in the time of Claudius, and by the aid of the devil performed such astonishing feats, as caused him to be believed and worshipped as a god, the Romans erecting a statue to him on the banks of the Tiber between the bridges, with this incription, *Simoni Deo Sancto.* The sacred historians record no particulars of Simon's sorceries; but if the reader has curiosity to consult *lib.* 2 *recognition: & lib.* 6. *constit. Apost. in Clem. Rom.* he will find many strange stories of this sorcerer, viz. that he created a man out of the air; that he had the power of being invisible; that he could render marble as penetrable as clay; animate statues; resist

the force of fire: present himself with two faces like Janus; metamorphose himself into a sheep or a goat; fly through the air at pleasure; create vast sums of gold in a moment and upon a wish; take a scythe in his hand and mow a field of standing corn almost at a stroke, and bring the dead unjustly murdered, into life: He adds, that as a famous courtesan named Selene, was looking out of a certain castle, and a great crowd had collected to gaze at her, he caused her first to appear, and afterwards to fall down from every window at one and the same time.

Anastasius Nicenus's account agrees in many particulars with the above, and adds, that Simon was frequently preceded by spectres, which he said were the spirits of certain persons deceased. I shall make no farther remark upon these accounts, except in the way of caution to readers of a certain description, to keep in mind that the scriptural history says only—'That Simon used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one.' The evidences of holy writ are simple and in general terms, but the accounts of the fathers of the church go much beyond them, and the superstition of the dark ages was so extravagant and unbounded, that there is no end to the tales invented, or inserted in the Romans legends.

Though it appears from the scriptural account that Simon was converted by Philip, the arts he had imparted to his scholars did not cease in the world, but were continued by Menander, one of his said scholars, and a Samaritan also, who practised sorceries, and went to Antioch, where he deluded many people; Irenæus relates that Marcus, another of Simon's scholars, was a very powerful magician, and drew many followers; that Anaxilaus pretended to cure madness by the same art, turned white wine into red, and prophesied by the help of a fami-

liar; and that Carpocrates and his pupils practised magical incantations and love-charms, and had absolute power over men's minds, by the force of superstition. The charge of sorcery became in aftertimes so strong a weapon in the hands of the church of Rome, that they employed it against all in their turns, who separated themselves from the established communion. When Priscilian carried the heresy of the Gnostics into Spain, he was twice brought to trial and convicted of sorcery, which Severus Sulpitius in his epistle to Ctesiphon says he confessed to have learned of Marcus the Egyptian abovementioned; this Priscilian was a great adept in Zoroastrian magic, and though a magician, was promoted to the episcopacy. The same Severus, in his life of Saint Martin, relates that there was a young man in Spain, who by false miracles imposed upon the people to believe he was the prophet Elias, afterwards he feigned himself to be Christ, and drew Rufus, though a bishop, to give credit to his blasphemous imposition, and to pay him worship accordingly. Paul the deacon also relates that there were three other Pseudo-Christs in France, one of which was a Briton, whom Gregory of Tours calls Eun (probably Evan) of whom Robert the chronologer and William of Newberry record many miracles! all these Paul tells us were heretics.

In the pontificate of Innocent VI. there was one Gonsalvo a Spaniard in the diocese of Concha, who wrote a book, which he entitled *Virginalem*, with a dæmon visibly standing at his elbow, and dictating to him as he copied it from his mouth; in which book he announced himself to be Christ, the immortal Saviour of the world; this man was put to death as a heretic and blasphemer. Sergius, the author of the Armenian heresy, was charged with keeping a dæmon in the shape of a dog constantly

attending upon him; and Berengarius, chief of the Sacramentarian heresy, was in like manner accused of being a magician: Many more instances might be adduced, but Tertullian takes a shorter course, and fairly pronounces that all heretics were magicians, or had commerce with magicians.

The Infidels escaped no better from this charge than the Heretics: for the Moors who brought many arts and inventions into Spain, of which the natives were in utter ignorance, universally fell under the same accusation, and Martin Delrius the Jesuit, who taught theology in Salamanca at the close of the sixteenth century, says he was shown the place where a great cave had been stopped up in that city by order of Queen Isabella, which the Moors had used for the purposes of necromancy; that the Hussites in Bohemia, and the followers of the arch-heretic Luther in Germany, confounded men's senses by the power of magic and the assistance of the devil, to whom they had devoted themselves; that some of them voluntarily recanted and confessed their evil practices, and others being seized and examined at the tribunal of Treves made like public confession, at which time, he adds,—'That terrible and Tartarean prop of Lutheranism, Albert of Brandeburgh, himself a notorious magician, was in the act of laying waste that very country with fire and sword'—*Tetrum illud et tartareum Lutheranismi fulcrum, ipse quoque magicæ nomine famosus, Albertus Brandeburgicus, provinciam illam flammâ ferroque prædabundus vastabat*. He adds, that wherever the heresy of Calvin went, whether to England, France or Holland, the black and diabolic arts of necromancy kept pace with it. That the dæmons take their abode in heretics as naturally as they did in heathen idols, or in the herd of swine, when commanded; nay, Hieronymus declares that they got into worse quarters

by the exchange; Cassian (*Collat.* 7, *cap.* 31), an ancient writer of great gravity, affirms that he had himself interrogated a dæmon, who confessed to him that he had inspired Arius and Eunomius with the first ideas of their sacrilegious tenets: That it is demonstrable by reason, that all heretics must in the end be either atheists or sorcerers; because heresy can only proceed from the passion of pride and self-sufficiency, which lead to atheism; or from curiosity and love of novelty, which incline the mind to the study of magical arts: That sorcery follows heresy, as the plague follows famine; for heresy is nothing else but a famine, as described by the prophet Amos, chap. viii. verse 11: 'Not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord.'—Moreover heresy is a harlot, as Isaiah expresseth himself—'How, is the faithful city become a harlot?'—And as harlots, when past their beauty, take up the trade of procuresses, so dæmons, (as these good catholics inform us) turn old and obdurate heretics into sorcerers: Father Maldonatus sees the heretics again in the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse come out of the smoke in form of locusts upon the earth, and as Joel the prophet writes in the fourth verse of his first chapter—'That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten.'—So in these gradations of vermin may be seen the stages of heresy, for what the heretics have left, the sorcerers by the devil's aid have destroyed; and what the sorcerers have left, the atheists have destroyed.

Having stated the charge, which my heretical readers will perceive is pretty general against them, I shall proceed to some facts in proof. One of the most stubborn amongst these is the case of an here-

tical woman in the town of Paderborn, who brought forth a male infant in a parson's gown and beaver—*palliatum et pileatum modo ecclesiasticorum*—who from his natural antipathy to papists always reviled them wherever he met them; this Father Delrius assures us was a fact of general notoriety, and a just judgment from God on the heresy of the mother. Niderius, in the chapter upon witches *in Formicario*, says that an heretical young witch at Cologn, by the help of a dæmon, took a handkerchief, and, in presence of a great company of noble spectators, tore it into pieces, and immediately afterwards produced it whole and entire; this wicked jade then took up a glass, threw it against the wall, broke it into a thousand fragments, and instantly showed it to the company as whole as at first: Niderius concludes, with just indignation against such diabolical practices, that this girl was well handled by the Fathers of the Inquisition, where her tricks could stand her in no stead; which indeed is not to be wondered at, as the devil himself would not choose to venture before that tribunal. Bodinus, in his treatise upon dæmons, relates that a conjurer named Triscalinus, performed some tricks before Charles the ninth of France, and by the black art contrived to draw into his hand several rings from the fingers of a courtier, who stood at a distance from him, and that every body saw these rings fly through the air to the conjurer, whereupon the whole company rising up against him for the performance of such diabolical feats (*quæ nec arte, nec actu humano, nec naturâ fieri poterant*) fell upon him, and by force brought him to confess that he conspired with the devil, which at first this hardened sinner was very unwilling to do; Bodinus with great candour observes, that this was indeed a blot in the fame of Charles the ninth, who in all other respects was a praise-worthy monarch;

(aliàs laudato rege.) When my readers recollect the meritorious part that Charles the ninth acted in the massacre of Paris, he will own with me that the candour of Bodinus is extraordinary in producing a story so much to the discredit of a praise-worthy prince.

There was one Zedekiah, a Jew physician, who in presence of the Emperor Lodowick the pious, in the year 876, swallowed a prize-fighter on horseback, horse and all *(hoplomachum equitem devoravit)* —Nay he did more, he swallowed a cart loaded with hay, horses, and driver, *(currum quoque onustum fœno cum equis et aurigâ)*—he cut off people's heads, hands, and feet, which he fastened on again in the eyes of all the court, whilst the blood was running from them, and in a moment the man so maimed appeared whole and unhurt; he caused the Emperor to hear the sound of hounds in full chace, with shouts of huntsmen and many other noises in the air; and in the midst of winter showed him a garden in full bloom with flowers and fruits, and birds singing in the trees; a most detestable piece of magic and very unworthy of an emperor to pass over with impunity, for he suffered the Jew doctor to escape. As it is always right when a man deals in the marvellous to quote his authority, I beg leave to inform the incredulous reader (if any there be) that I take these facts upon the credit of the learned Joannes Trithemius, a very serious and respectable author.—One more case in point occurs to me, which I shall state, and then release my readers from the conjuror's circle, and this is the case of one Diodorus, vulgarly called Liodorus, a Sicilian conjuror, who by spells and enchantments turned men into brute animals, and metamorphosed almost every thing he laid his hands upon; this fellow, when the inhabitants of Catana would have persuaded him to

let them hang him quietly and contentedly, as a conjuror and heretic ought, took counsel of the devil, and cowardly flew away to Byzantium by the shortest passage through the air, to the great disappointment of the spectators; being pursued by the officers of justice, not indeed through the air, but as justice is accustomed to travel *pede claudo*, he took a second flight, and alighting in the city of Catana, was providentially caught by Leo the good bishop of that city, who throwing him into a fiery furnace, roasted this strange bird to the great edification of all beholders (*sed tandem a Leone Catanensi episcopo, divinâ virtute ex improviso captus, frequenti in mediâ urbe populo, in fornacem igneam injectus, ignis incendio consumtus est*)—This anecdote is to be found in Thomas Fazellus, (*lib.* 5, *c.* 2, and again *lib.* 3, *deca.* 1 *rerum Sicularum*) who closes his account with the following pious remark, naturally arising from his subject, and which I shall set down in his own words—*Sic divina justitia prævaluit, et qui se judicibus forte minus justo zelo motis eripuerat, e sancti viri manibus elabi non potuit.* 'Thus,' says he, 'divine justice prevailed, and he, who had snatched himself out of the hands of judges, who perhaps were actuated by a zeal not so just as it should be, could not escape from this holy person.'

NUMBER XXXII.

Quis labor hic superis cantus herbasq; sequendi,
Spernendiq; timor? Cujus commercia pacti
Obstrictos habuere Deos? Parere necesse est,
An juvat? Ignotâ tantum pietate merentur,
An tacitis valuere minis? Hoc juris in omnes
Est illis superos? An habent hæc carmina certum
Imperiosa Deum, qui mundum cogere, quicquid
Cogitur, ipse potest?

LUCAN. lib. vi. 491, *&c.*

HAVING in my preceding paper stated some of the proofs by which the orthodox theologicians make good their charge of sorcery against Heretics, Jews and Mahometans, and shown from their authorities, faithfully and correctly quoted, how naturally the devil and his agents take to all those who separate from the mother church of Rome; having also briefly deduced the history of magic from its origin and invention, and taken some notice of those passages in holy writ, where sorcerers and magicians are made mention of, I shall now proceed to a more interesting part of my subject, in which I shall lay open the arcana of the art magic, and show what that wicked and mysterious compact is, on which it depends, and explain the nature of those diabolical engagements, which a man must enter into before he can become an adept in sorcery.

This compact or agreement, as grave and learned authors inform us, is sometimes made expressly with the great devil himself in person, corporally present before witnesses, who takes an oath of homage and

allegiance from his vassal, and then endows him with the powers of magic: this was the case with a certain Arragonese nobleman, which Heisterback, in his treatise upon miracles, tells us he was a witness to, also of the Vidame Theophylus in the year 537, as related by Sigisbert: sometimes it is done by memorial or address in writing, in the manner of certain Norman heretics, who wrote a petition to the Sibyls, as chief of the necromancers: this petition sets forth that, 'Whereas the parties undersigning had entered into certain articles and conditions, and by solemn engagement bound themselves faithfully to perform the same, they now pray in the first place the ratification of those articles and conditions on the part of the sibyls; and that they would be pleased in conformity thereunto to order and direct their under-agents and familiars to do suit and service to the contracting parties agreeably to condition; and that when they were summoned and invoked to appear, they would be promptly forthcoming, not in their own shapes to the annoyance and offence of the contracting parties, but sprucely and handsomely, like personable gentlemen; also that the petitioners might be discharged from the ceremony of compelling them by the drawing of a circle, or of confining themselves or their familiars within the same.

'Secondly, that the Sibyls would be pleased to affix some seal or signature to the convention, by which its power and efficacy with their subservient familiars might be rendered more secure and permanent.

'Thirdly, that the petitioners may be exempted from all danger, which might otherwise accrue to them, from the civil authority of magistrates or the inquisitorial power of the church.

'Fourthly, that all the temporal undertakings

and pursuits of the petitioners in the courts and councils of princes may prosper and succeed; and that good luck may attend them in all kinds of gaming to their suitable profit and advantage.

'Lastly, that their enemies of all sorts may have no power over them to do them hurt.

'That these conditions being granted and performed, the petitioners on their part solemnly promise and vow perpetual fealty and allegiance to their sovereigns, the Sybills, as in the convention itself is more fully set forth; and that they will faithfully, so long as they shall live, make a sacrifice and oblation of one human soul, every year, to be offered upon the day and hour of the day, in which this convention shall be ratified and confirmed by the Sybilline powers; provided always, that the said high and mighty powers shall fully and *bona fide* perform what is therein stipulated and agreed to on their parts in the premises.'

This document is faithfully translated from Father Delrius's Latin treatise *Disquisitionum Magicarum, Lib.* 2, *Quest.* 4: he says that it was publicly burned at Paris, together with the books of magic it refers to, and he quotes the authority of *Crespetus de odio Satanæ Discursu* 15, for a more particular account; but as Crespetus's book is not in my reach I can trace the story no further.

In both these cases, whether the parties contract *viva voce*, or proceed by petition, the conditions are the same, and consist, as we are told, in an express renunciation of the Christian creed; the baptismal rites are reversed, and the devil, or his representative, scratches out the cross from the forehead with his nails, and re-baptizes his vassal by a name of his own devising; these are indispensable conditions; the devil also exacts some rag or remnant of his vassal's garment, as a badge of allegiance, and com-

pels him to make the oath within a circle drawn upon the ground (which being a figure without beginning or end is a symbol of divinity); in this circle the figure of a cross is to be traced out, on which the magician elect tramples and kicks with disdain; he then requests the devil to strike his name out of the book of life, and inscribe it in the book of death; he next promises to make monthly or quarterly sacrifices to the devil, which female magicians or witches perform by sucking out the breath of a new born male infant; he proceeds to put some secret mark upon himself with the point of a needle, as the sign of the Beast or Antichrist, in which mark there is great potency, and in some cases, according to Irenæus, it appears that the devil insists upon cauterizing his disciples in the upper membrane of the right ear; in others, according to Tertullian, in the forehead; this being done, the magician elect vows eternal enmity against Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, the Holy Relics and Images, and forswears confession for ever; upon which the devil ratifies his part of the compact, and the magic ceremony is complete.

On these conditions the devil seldom, if ever, takes a terrific form, for fear of deterring his votaries, and oftentimes appears in great beauty, and with a very winning address, as he did to Theodore Maillot, deputy-governor of Lorraine, visiting him in the shape of a very pretty girl, *(lepidâ et liberali formâ puella)* and promising him a certain great lady in marriage, with whom Maillot was distractedly in love; the conditions stipulated by the devil on this visit were of a piece with the lovely form he assumed, for they consisted in injunctions only to perform all the Christian and moral duties, to observe his meagre days, to say his masses, and be regular in his confessions: these unexpected stipula-

tions threw Maillot into so deep a melancholy, that his domestic chaplain observing it, extorted from him a confession of all that had passed, and piously dissuaded him from any further interviews of that sort: Remigius, who relates the story in his Dæmonolatria, gravely observes, the judgment of heaven soon overtook him in a very extraordinary manner, for his horse fell down upon smooth ground, and Maillot broke his neck by the fall.

As to the magic powers, which the devil imparts in return for these concessions of his votaries, theologicians have different opinions, some giving more and some less credit to the miracle; but the general opinion amongst them is, that they are performed by the devil and his dæmons by the celerity of art and motion, with which one thing is substituted for another, but that there is no new creation in the case. They do not doubt but that there are certain figures, names, and characters, which have a magical power, as the nine cauldrons, the names of the four principal hinges of the world, the three-times-seven characters of Mahometan device, and many others; that there are rings and seals, which are amulets and charms, inscribed with the names of Raphael, Solomon, Zachariah, Elizeas, Constantine, the Maccabees and others; that certain signs in the Zodiac engraved upon gems have good or evil properties; for instance, Aries, Leo and Sagittarius make a man beloved: Virgo, Taurus and Capricornus make him religious; Gemini, Libra and Aquarius produce friendship; whilst Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces create falsehood: the character of Saturn gives strength; Jupiter good fortune: Mars victory; Sol riches; Venus prevents drowning, and Luna has the same virtue with Venus: the figure of an ass, engraved on a chrysolite, imparts the gift of prophecy; that of a dragon gives riches, and that of a frog gives friend-

ship: it was the prevailing opinion in Flanders, that a man born on Easter-eve had the gift of curing fevers; so had the seventh son, where no daughter interposed; whereas the gift, which the kings of England had of touching for the evil, expired upon the heresy of Henry the eighth, though William Tooker wrote books to prove that Queen Elizabeth, then on the throne, inherited this virtue with the crown; this doctrine of Tooker is strenuously controverted by Delrius the Jesuit of Salamanca, and his argument is very logical and decisive: *Miracula propria sunt ecclesiæ Catholicæ; sed Elizabetha est extra ecclesiam Catholicam, et nulli dantur qui sit extra ecclesiam Catholicam; ergo Elizabethæ non dantur miracula.* Q. E. D. Again, *Non possunt miracula fieri ad confirmationem falsæ fidei; sed fides, quam profitetur Elizabetha, est falsa fides; ergo ad confirmationem fidei, quam profitetur Elizabetha, non possunt fieri miracula*—And who now shall *defend* our *defenders* of the faith?

It is acknowledged that sorcerers and magicians can blight the grain, destroy the fruits of the earth, and make a bad harvest, which Remigius assures us is done by sprinkling certain dust in the air, which the dæmon makes up and supplies them for the purpose.—

Carmine læse Ceres sterilem vanescit in herbam;
Deficiunt læsi carmine fontis aquæ;
Ilicibus glandes, cantataque vitibus uva
Decidit, et nullo poma movente fluunt.

OVID.

‘Witches can blight our corn by magic spell,
And with enchantments dry the springing well,
Make grapes and acorns fall at their command,
And strip our orchards bare without a hand.’

Remigius says, the dæmons do not only make up this powder or dust for the witches, but are parti-

cularly indulgent to them in the article of ground-mice, with which they devour all the roots of the grass and grain; that the gad-fly is always within call, and that they have plenty of wolves at command to send into any fold or flock they think proper to destroy: the learned author doubts if the devil actually makes these wolves *de novo*, but rather thinks that he hunts them up together, and drives the country; if this sport does not succeed to his wish, he thinks it probable the dæmons themselves execute the mischief in the shapes of wolves—(*verisimile videtur dæmones esse, qui specie lupinâ talem pauperiem faciunt*)—He tells us that he has brought many witches to confess these things, and though he acknowledges the power of their spells for producing meats and viands, that have the appearance of a sumptuous feast, which the devil furnishes, still he gives a bad account of his cookery, for that divine Providence seldom permits the meat to be good, but that it had generally some bad taste or smell, mostly wants salt, and the feast is often without bread.

Though heretics have obstinately denied the copulation of wizards with the female dæmons called Succubæ; and of witches with the males, or Incubi, yet the whole authority of the Catholic church with the bull of Pope Innocent VIII expressly affirms it for a fact—(*Communis tamen hæc est sententia Patrum, Theologorum et Philosophorum doctorum—et pro eâdem pugnat bulla Innocentii VIII. Pontificis contra maleficos.*)—It is also an orthodox opinion, that children may be begotten by this diabolical commerce, and there is little doubt but that Luther was the son of an Incubus. That witches are carried through the air by certain spells is confirmed by a host of witnesses, and the operation is generally performed by smearing the body with a certain ointment, prepared by the dæmons; this ointment several people have

innocently made use of, particularly husbands of ladies using witchcraft, and have found themselves wafted up chimnies and through windows at a furious rate, and transported sometimes a hundred miles from their own homes: many curious instances might be enumerated, but having related so many I forbear to trespass on my reader's patience any longer.

I should be loath to have it supposed that I have selected these anecdotes and quotations for the purpose merely of casting a ridicule on the superstition of the Catholic church: I can truly declare I did not take up the subject with any such design, and hold the principle of religious animosity in as much abhorrence as any man living. When I have said this in my own defence, I think it necessary to add, that all the accounts I have turned over, which are pretty voluminous, are replete with the same or greater absurdities, than these I have produced; all the reasoning is nothing but a mass of ignorance refined upon by subtility, inspired by superstition, and edged with acrimony against schismatics and heretics, upon whom this terrible engine of sorcery has been turned with a spirit of persecution, that does no credit to the parties who employed it.

The fact is, that the Christian church in the early ages soon discovered two important matters of faith in the sacred writings, which might be made useful weapons in her possession; I mean miracles and sorceries; the one she reserved to herself, the other she bestowed upon her enemies; and though there is every reason to conclude that both had ceased in the world, she found her own interest was concerned in prolonging their existence: the ages that succeeded to the introduction of Christianity, were soon cast into the profoundest ignorance, by the irruptions of the barbarous nations, and credulity natu-

rally follows ignorance: the terrors of magic in those dark times readily took hold of superstitious minds; every thing that the dawnings of science struck out in that night of reason, every thing that reviving art invented, even the little juggling tricks and deceptions, that slight of hand performed to set the crowd agape, and support a vagrant life in idleness, were charged to sorcery, and tortures were employed to force out confessions of secret dealings and compacts with the devil and his agents. Those confessions were undoubtedly made, and as full and circumstantial as the inquisitor chose to prescribe, and being published with the authority of office had their influence with mankind and were believed, nay, it is but fair to suppose that the fathers and doctors of the church themselves believed them, and were sincere in their endeavours to extirpate sorcery, thinking that they did God service.

When we read of people being thrown alive into the flames for playing a few juggling tricks, which now would not pass upon the vulgar at a country fair, and the devil himself brought in to father the performance, it is shocking to humanity and a violence to reason; but we shall cruelly err against both by ascribing all these acts to persecution, when ignorance and credulity are entitled to so great a share of them: the churchmen of those ages were not exempt from the errors and darkness of the time they lived in, and very many of them not only believed the sorceries of the heretics, but swallowed the miracles of the saints: the genius of the Catholic religion in this illuminated and liberal period is of a different complexion from what the nature of my subject has obliged me to display; of the enlarged and truly Christian principles, which now prevail amongst the professors of that system of faith, the world abounds with examples, and I am persuaded,

that if the tribunal of the Inquisition was put aside, (a tribunal so directly adverse to the religion of Christ) the hateful tenet of intolerancy would soon be done away, and a spirit of meekness and mercy, more consentaneous to the principles of the present Catholics, would universally prevail.

NUMBER XXXIII.

———— *Mutato nomine de te*
Fabula narratur.—— HORAT.

————' The story slily points at you.'

PRIDE is never more offensive, than when it condescends to be civil; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good-humour. Nothing was ever more agreeable than Vanessa t'other night, when I found her in a small circle over her fire-side, where a certain gentleman had taken the whole task of talking on himself, and left Vanessa nothing else to do, but to show him just as much attention as served to make him believe she was listening, and left her at liberty to rest her own imagination in the mean time.

I found this gentleman at the close of a pathetic narrative he had been giving of some adventure, which he had met with in his travels, and which he wound up with saying—' I am afraid, ladies, this story has made you melancholy.' If he had said *weary*, he had been nearer to the truth: methought Vanessa once in her life forgot her usual

politeness, when she answered him—'Oh! no; not at all'—but she was thinking of something else, and the story I should guess had been very circumstantial; so that I heartily forgave her. The talking gentleman however was not disposed to take her word, but stuck to his opinion, and had so much consideration for the company, as to promise them another story, which should be altogether as diverting as the former one had been mournful. There was an effort in the countenance of Vanessa, which convinced me of her good-humour; she strove to welcome this promise with a smile; but it was a smile that cost her some pains to produce, and if the talker had possessed but one grain of intuition, he must have discovered that all such promises cut up performance; and that no story will endure a preface. I felt at that moment all the awkward embarrassment of his situation, as if it had been my own; and it was a sensible relief to me, when Vanessa gave a little hitch to her chair, as if drawing nearer to the story-teller, and at the same time stooping forward, put herself into a listening attitude. She never appeared so amiable in my eyes, and I began to take heart—'What pains and trouble,' thought I, 'does this poor man take to make himself agreeable, when every struggle carries him further from his point! And how little does he know what an easy thing it is to those, who have the secret of succeeding without any effort at all!—I use almost the very words of a contemporary author, and I am obliged to him for them.

As for the story, which now followed, there is no occasion to repeat it; if it had made its entrance without a herald; if it had grown out of the conversation naturally, and not been grafted in against nature; and if it had been less prolix, or told with

more point, the story had not been amiss; it was a good one in its own country, but it was lamed in its journey, and Vanessa did not seem exactly to know when it was finished, until the relater made a second apostrophe, hoping he had now repaired all former damages, and reinstated the ladies in their usual good spirits. Vanessa now found it necessary to say something, and well knowing, without doubt, that people like to be treated as if they had sensibility, although they have none, she passed a few compliments upon the story very neatly turned; when an elderly gentleman (who, as I afterwards found out, was father to the talking gentleman) observed to him, that as he had made us grave, and made us merry, nothing now remained but to make us wise—'And who so fit for that purpose,' added he, 'as the lady of the house herself?' Vanessa very aptly replied, that she knew but one way to impose that belief on the company, and that was by keeping silence.—'And what is so edifying,' resumed he, 'as to keep silence? What is so good a lesson of wisdom, as to see one, who can talk so well, forbear to do it, until other tongues have run their course?'—I stole a glance at the talkative gentleman, and, to my utter surprise, he was so far from being sensible of the rebuff, that he was actually preparing for another onset.—'What you remark upon silence,' cried he, 'puts me in mind of an admirable story.'—'That may well be,' answered the old gentleman; 'but give me leave first to tell you a story, that may put you in mind of silence.'

'Jupiter and Apollo came down from Olympus upon a visit to King Midas: Mercury had been dispatched to apprize him of the guests he was to entertain, and to signify to him, that it was the pleasure of the gods to be received with no extra-

ordinary honours, but to be considered only as travellers who came to pay a visit to his court, and take a view of his capital. . On the day appointed, Jupiter, in the person of an elderly Athenian gentleman, and Apollo as his son, presented themselves in the great saloon of the palace: Midas, surrounded by his courtiers, and glittering in his richest robes, received the gods habited in this simple attire, and unattended. The injunctions of Mercury were neglected, for the feast was the most sumptuous that art and luxury could devise; and the gods were disgusted with the vanity of their host, and the profusion of his entertainment. When Midas had thus contrived to display the wealth and splendor of his court to his celestial guests, his next study was, to impress them with an opinion of his talents and accomplishments: he discoursed to Jupiter, without ceasing, upon his maxims and rules of government; he treated him with innumerable anecdotes and events, calculated to set off his own wisdom, consequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himself the hero. The courtiers kept silence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of Midas. He had not the sense to discern the impropriety of his being an incessant talker, when he ought only to have been a respectful hearer; and so consummate was his vanity, that having possessed Jupiter with impressions, as he foolishly imagined, of his wisdom and science, he flattered himself nothing was wanting but to recommend himself to Apollo by a specimen of his accomplishments in music and poetry. A band of minstrels were summoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps by way of flourish before the master-artist began, when Midas starting from his seat as if with sudden inspiration, seized his lyre and struck up a strain, which he

accompanied with his voice, whilst his self-conceit inspired him to believe he could rival Apollo himself in harmony, and even provoke him to envy.

'As soon as Midas laid down his lyre, the gods rose up to depart; when instead of those applauses which he looked for, and expected as a tribute due to his art even from the immortals themselves, Jupiter, turning towards him with a frown, which brought into his countenance the inherent majesty of the thunderer, thus accosted him—'Had you entertained us, O Midas, in the manner I prescribed, and met the condescension of the gods with the modesty that becomes a mortal, we had left a blessing with our host, instead of a reproof: but when you affected to dazzle me, who am myself the dispenser of all mortal attainments, with the vain display of your wealth and wisdom; and when you rashly assailed the ears of Apollo himself, who presides over music and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and the hoarse untuneable dissonance of your voice, you foolishly forget both yourself and us; and by talking and singing without intermission, when you should rather have listened to us with attention, you reverse the application of those faculties I have bestowed upon you, not considering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of speech, I marked out the use he was to make of those dispensations: to remind you therefore of my design, and your duty, I shall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears.' —Jupiter ceased speaking; and whilst the deities ascended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch sprouted up into the ears of an ass.'

The moral of the fable, and the personal application of it, were too obvious to be mistaken by any of the company. Vanessa's sensibility suffered visibly on the occasion; but she soon broke the

painful silence, and addressing herself to the old gentleman—'I am obliged to you for your fable,' says she, 'and shall edify by the moral; but still I cannot help the weakness of a woman, and must needs feel a compassion for poor Midas, whose trespass, being of a good-humoured sort, deserved more mercy than it met with.—I confess the art of being agreeable, frequently miscarries through the ambition which accompanies it. Wit, learning, wisdom—what can more effectually conduce to the profit and delight of society? Yet I am sensible that a man may be too invariably wise, learned, or witty, to be agreeable: and I take the reason of this to be, that pleasure cannot be bestowed by the simple and unmixed exertion of any one faculty or accomplishment: if every word a man speaks is to be wit or wisdom, if he is never to relax either in look or utterance from his superiority of character, society cannot endure it: the happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight; and how many are there, who, by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom, or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it? Whilst another, by labouring to entertain us too well, entertains us as poor Midas did his visitors.'

When Vanessa had done speaking, the hour reminded me that I ought to take my leave, which I did with regret, repeating to myself as I walked homewards—*This lady should never be seen in a circle.*

NUMBER XXXIV

Favete linguis!

HORAT.

An ingenious author, who some years ago published a volume under the title of 'Maxims, Characters, and Reflections,' has the following remark:—You would know how a man *talks* to judge of his understanding, and yet possibly (however great the paradox) the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he *hears* might show it you much better.' As I had not seen this book when I gave my account of Mr. Jedediah Fish's Academy for *Hearing*, it gave me great pleasure to fall in with the sentiment of a contemporary, who, whilst he mixes with the world as a man of fashion, reviews the living manners with the sagacity of a philosopher. I transcribed the whole article, from which the above passage is extracted, and sent it to Mr. Fish: it will be found in the author's volume, N° LXXI, and is aptly illustrated by two sketches of character; one of which, called Cleon, is a talker, and Theocles, the other, a hearer.

I have been favoured with the following answer from Mr. Fish.

Sir;

Your's is received: I approve of the extract, and like the author's manner well: he deals in ideas rather than in words; some men talk more than they hear; others write more than they read: as

benevolence should act without display, so good advice should be given in few words.

I send you the following cases, according to desire:

A young man, known to his familiars by the name of *Jack Chatter*, came under my hands: the symptoms of his disorder may be thus described—*Garrulitas vix intermissa cum cachinno tantùm non continuo.*—Garrulity attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making; but there was this peculiarity in Mr. Chatter's disease, that he would laugh where no jest was, or even at the jests of other people, rather than not laugh at all. I soon perceived this to be occasioned by exceedingly weak intellects, and an even row of very white teeth. As his malady would not yield to the ordinary prescriptions, I was forced to throw him into a regimen of *skating*, for which the season was then favourable: the operation succeeded to my warmest wishes, and the patient was effectually silenced by a happy dislocation of two of his fore-teeth from a fall on the ice.

Miss Kitty Scandal was put into my hands by her acquaintance in a very deplorable condition; it was the *cacoethes defamationis scabiosum*: the common antidotes had no effect upon her: I administered *detergents* out of Miss Carter's Epictetus and Mrs. Chapone's Letters, but the dose would not stay upon her stomach; I tried the *Pythagorean pill*, but with no better success. As the patient had a remarkable swelling about the waist, which I conceived might arise from an overflowing of the spleen, I called in my excellent friend, Dr. Ford: the doctor delivered her of her swelling, and *Miss Kitty Scandal* has not been known to open her lips since.

Tom Belfry was the nuisance of society: he applied to me when he was far gone indeed; he had been black-balled by half the clubs in town, and *sent to Coventry* by the other half. I examined his case, and found it under the following class—*Vox stentoria, sempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo, necnon auribus obtusis admodum ac inertibus.*—As his organs of speech seemed in want of immediate modulation, I tried the pitch pipe upon him repeatedly, but the vehemence of his complaint baffled all my efforts: I could never bring him down within a full octave of sound health. I was unwilling to proceed to extremities, till I had done all that my more regular practice could suggest for his relief; but when I found none but desperate remedies could save him, I caused a vein to be opened in his right arm, and drew out fourteen ounces of blood: this was in the month of March last, and the wind was then in the east with sleet and rain: I immediately ordered the patient to take boat at Black-friars, and be rowed to Chelsea-reach and back again in an open wherry: the expected consequence ensued; a total deprivation of voice took place, and *Mr. Belfry*, being no longer able to articulate, is become a very companionable man, and is now in as much request with his club, as heretofore he was in disgrace with it.

Counsellor Clack is a young man of quick parts, ready wit, and strong imagination, but sorely troubled with the disease called *Lingua volubilis cum sui ipsius amore nimio et prægravante.*—This patient was radically cured by a strong dose of his own praises, which I took from his mouth, and made him swallow grain for grain as he had uttered them: the *nausea*, occasioned by this dose, operated so strongly on his constitution, as totally to eradicate all seeds of self-consequence, and the counselloris become one of the modestest men, and best hearers in his profession.

Captain Swagger was continually talking of battles, and sieges, and campaigns, though he had never seen either: he arraigned the conduct of every enterprise; and proved to demonstration, by the force of oaths, how much better it would have been managed, had he been the commander: the symptoms were too apparent to be mistaken—*Os grandiloquum, rotundum, cum dextra bello frigidâ*—In this state of his disorder he was recommended to my care by the officers of his mess. I found the tumefaction so vehement, that I prescribed an opening by incision. The captain was accordingly sent out by his commanding officer upon a scouting-party, and suffered a surprise, which effectually repelled the tumefaction: *Mr. Swagger* threw up his commission, and has been a very silent member of the civil community ever since.

I have sent you these cases out of many, as being peculiar; in common cases, the general method I take to bring any gentleman to a patient hearing, is to entertain him with his own commendations: if this simple medicine will not serve, I am forced to dash it with a few drops of slander, which is the best appeaser I know; for many of my patients will listen to that, when nothing else can silence them. This recipe however is not palatable, nor ought it to be used but with caution and discretion; I keep it therefore in reserve like laudanum for special occasions. When a patient is far advanced towards his cure, I take him with me to the gallery of the House of Commons, when certain orators, whom I have in my eye, are upon their legs to harangue; and I have always found if a convalescent can hear that, he can hear any thing.

I am, Sir, your's to command,

JEDEDIAH FISH.

I am not so partial to my correspondent, as to defend him in all his proceedings, and I suspect, that, whilst he is labouring to restore his patients to their ears, he may chance to take away their lives. Men, who act upon system, are apt to strain it too far; and as prevention is always to be preferred to remedy, I could wish that parents would take early care to instruct their children in the art of *hearing*, if it were only to guard them against falling into Mr. Fish's hands, when the malady may become stubborn.

I shall suggest one hint in the way of advice to fathers and mothers, which if they are pleased to attend to it, may perhaps save some future trouble and vexation.

I would wish all parents to believe, that the human character begins to fix itself much earlier in life, than they are generally aware of. There is something very captivating in the dawning ideas of our children; we are apt to flatter and caress them for their early vivacity; we tell their smart sayings and repartees with a kind of triumph even in their presence, and the company we tell them to are always polite enough to applaud and admire them. By these means we instil our own vanity into their infant minds, and push their genius into prematurity. The forwardness, which this practice of our's is sure to create, passes off agreeably for a time; but, when infancy ceases, it begins to annoy us, and Miss or Master appear insupportably pert. The parent then finds himself obliged to turn the other side of his countenance upon the witticisms of his child; this is not only a painful task, but probably a fruitless one; for the child by this time has made its party, and can find its admirers elsewhere: every obliging visitor makes interest with the clever little creature; the nursery, the kitchen, the stables echo

with applause; it can chatter, or mimic, or act its tricks before the servants, and be sure of an audience: the mischief is done, and the parent may snub to no purpose.

Let parents therefore first correct themselves, before they undertake that office for their children: education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature: when Miss is a wit, I am apt to suspect that her mother is not over-wise.

NUMBER XXXV.

Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus——

LUCRETIUS.

At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' assert the natural liberty of man.

CREECH.

THERE are so many young men of fortune and spirit in this kingdom, who, without the trouble of resorting to the founder of their philosophy, or giving themselves any concern about the *Graius homo* in my motto, have nevertheless fallen upon a practice so consentaneous to the doctrines, which he laid down by system, that I much question if any of his profest scholars ever did him greater credit, since the time he first struck out the popular project of driving all religion out of the world, and introducing pleasure and voluptuousness in its stead.

Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim
Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cælo.

'We tread religion under foot and rise
With self-created glory to the skies.'

So far from meaning to oppose myself to such a host of gay and happy mortals, I wish to gain a merit with them by adding to their stock of pleasures, and suggesting some hints of enjoyments, which may be new to them; a discovery which they well know was considered by the kings of Persia; (who practised their philosophy in very ancient times) as a service of such importance to all the sect, (who had even then worn out most of their old pleasures) that a very considerable reward was offered to the inventor of any new one. How the stock at present stands with our modern voluptuaries I cannot pretend to say, but I suspect from certain symptoms, which have fallen under my observation, that it is nearly run out with some amongst them; to such in particular I flatter myself my discoveries will prove of value, and I have for their use composed the following meditation, which I have put together in the form of a soliloquy, solving it step by step as regularly as any proposition in Euclid, and I will boldly vouch it to be as mathematically true. If there is any one *postulatum* in the whole, which the truest voluptuary will not admit to be orthodox Epicurism, I will consent to give up my system for nonsense and myself for an impostor; I condition only with the pupil of pleasure, that whilst he reads he will reflect, that he will deal candidly with the truth, and that he will once in his life permit a certain faculty called reason, which I hope he is possessed of, to come into use upon this occasion; a faculty, which though he may not hitherto have employed, is yet capable of supplying him with more true and lasting pleasures, than any his philosophy can furnish.

I now recommend him to the following meditation, which I have entitled—

'THE VOLUPTUARY'S SOLILOQUY.

'I find myself in possession of an estate, which has devolved upon me without any pains of my own: I have youth and health to enjoy it, and I am determined so to do: pleasure is my object, and I must therefore so contrive as to make that object lasting and satisfactory: If I throw the means away, I can no longer compass the end; this is self-evident; I perceive therefore that I must not game; for though I like play, I do not like to lose that, which alone can purchase every pleasure I propose to enjoy; and I do not see that the chance of winning other people's money can compensate for the pain I must suffer if I lose my own; an addition to my fortune can only give superfluities; the loss of it may take away even necessaries; and in the mean time I have enough for every other gratification but the desperate one of deep play: it is resolved therefore that I will not be a gamester: there is not common sense in the thought, and therefore I renounce it.

'But if I give up gaming, I will take my swing of pleasure; that I am determined upon. I must therefore ask myself the question, what is pleasure? Is it high living and hard drinking? I have my own choice to make, therefore I must take some time to consider it. There is nothing very elegant in it I must confess; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast: besides I am not sure my constitution can stand against it; I shall get the gout, that would be the devil; I shall grow out of all shape; I shall have a red face full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathsome to the women: I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon the women, and therefore adieu to the bottle and all its conco-

mitants; I prefer the favours of the fair sex to the company of the soakers, and so there is an end to all drinking; I will be sober only because I love pleasure.

'But if I give up wine for women, I will repay myself for the sacrifice; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase—Money, did I say? What a sound has that!—Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleasure even in beauty without love. I find myself gravelled by this unlucky question; mercenary love! That is nonsense; it is flat hypocrisy; it is disgusting. I should loath the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness: I find I am wrong again: I cannot fall in love with a harlot; she must be a modest woman; and when that befalls me, what then? Why then, if I am terribly in love indeed, and cannot be happy without her, there is no other choice left me; I think I must even marry her! Nay I am sure I must; for if pleasure leads that way, pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot: I am determined therefore to marry, only because I love pleasure.

'Well! now that I have given up all other women for a wife, I am resolved to take pleasure enough in the possession of her; I must be cautious therefore that nobody else takes the same pleasure too; for otherwise how have I bettered myself? I might as well have remained upon the common. I should be a fool indeed to pay such a price for a purchase, and let in my neighbours for a share; therefore I am determined to keep her to myself, for pleasure is my only object, and this I take it is a sort of pleasure, that does not consist in participation.

'The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself.—Not by force; not by locking her up; there is no pleasure in that notion; com-

pulsion is out of the case; inclination therefore is the next thing; I must make it her own choice to be faithful: it seems then to be incumbent upon me to make a wise choice, to look well before I fix upon a wife, and to use her well, when I have fixed; I will be very kind to her, because I will not destroy my own pleasure: and I will be very careful of the temptations I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your fine town ladies; I have a charming place in the country; I will pass most of my time in the country; there she will be safe, and I shall be happy. I love pleasure, and therefore I will have little to do with that curst intriguing town of London; I am determined to make my house in the country as pleasant as it is possible.

'But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the sports of the country in perfection; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there! what will become of my wife all the while I am following the hounds? Will she follow nobody; will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I shall make, to be chacing a stag, and come home with the horns. At least I shall not risk the experiment; I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure; and I hate a horse-dog woman; I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive therefore I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

'Why then I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in; we must ride about the park in fine weather; we must visit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for

the poor people—that is a thought that never struck me before; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in setting the poor to work—I shall like a farm for the same reason; and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy; she shall have the most elegant dairy in England; and I will build a conservatory, and she shall have such plants and such flowers!—I have a notion I shall take pleasure in them myself—and then there is a thousand things to do within-doors; it is a fine old mansion, that is the truth of it: I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture; that will be very pleasant work for my wife: I perceive I could not afford to keep hounds and to do this into the bargain. But this will give me the most pleasure all to nothing, and then my wife will partake of it—and we will have music and books—I recollect that I have got an excellent library—there is another pleasure I had never thought of—and then no doubt we shall have children, and they are very pleasant company, when they can talk and understand what is said to them; and now I begin to reflect, I find there is a vast many pleasures in the life I have chalked out, and what a fool should I be to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table, or my affections upon harlots, or my time upon hounds and horses, or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits, than these, which I now perceive will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for what may befal me hereafter!'

NUMBER XXXVI.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo, quam metu.

TERENT.

——Better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty than fear.

COLMAN.

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twin sons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion; when they were of age to begin their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education; he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had increased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found those so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides that he could determine upon neither; unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had had little or no education himself: the clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition, the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connexions and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a strait between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly to issue, waited the event, but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's; wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled, he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour; Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was for ever under the horses' heels, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish; this was a sore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company, and being the first gentleman of his family, seemed determined to keep up to the title: misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given by a ball from Gemellus's bat; this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus, had made as little progress in his books, as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourably in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of

sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infectâ* and in some disorder, for amongst other damages which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned, and made no other defence, than that *they slipt out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* 'Are these your Westminster tricks, sirrah?' cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his skull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipt out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow and was laid sprawling on the floor: Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs, but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismission to school; Euphorion declared he was so totally spoilt, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education; it was now too late (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone, assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him: this was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his bro-

ther's good nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth, for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying 'he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it.'—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences: 'he hoped he was not such a blockhead, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help.' So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of sacred exercise in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years, adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages, that bespoke the dawning of genius —'I am obliged to you, Sir,' said Gemellus, 'it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of.'—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—'Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour.'—'I care neither for you nor your school,' answered the domestic youth, 'it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you

to my father.'—'Do so,' replied Gemellus, 'and take that with you into the bargain.'—This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew the blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: this he peremptorily refused to do, alleging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school pennyless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being for offences out of school, he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related: this drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

'BROTHER GEMELLUS;

If you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the

ensuing holidays: If not, you must take the consequences and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself,

Your affectionate brother,
GEMINUS.'

To this letter Gemellus returned an answer as follows:

'DEAR BROTHER;

I am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for: whatever consequences may befal me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain

Your affectionate brother,
GEMELLUS.'

NUMBER XXXVII.

Naturâ tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
TERENT.

By nature you're his father; I by counsel.
COLMAN.

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus: resentments are not easily dislodged from narrow minds; Euphorion had not penetration to distinguish between the characters of his children; he saw no meanness in the sly insidious manners of his homebred favourite, nor any sparks of generous pride in the steady inflexibility of Gemellus; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngest

spirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public school. He bitterly inveighed against his neighbour the lawyer for persuading him to such a fatal system of education, and whenever they met in company, their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings: for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his father was to excuse him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus, which annuity, during his nonage, was to be received and administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of the whole fortune, this moderate encumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expenses, and never failed to visit him at those periods, when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no farther pains to assuage his father's resentment, but full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connexion in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had compleated

their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expense, and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent he called upon him one morning, and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus—'I am sorry for it,' interposed Euphorion. 'Hold, Sir,' answered the lawyer, 'interrupt me not if you please; though Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such.' As he was speaking these words, an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprise was now little less than his servant's, and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he eagerly demanded of the lawyer who this visitor could possibly be, and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—'I am not fit to be seen,' said he, 'and cannot tell how to escape; for heaven's sake! go and see who this visitor is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible.'

Euphorion had scarce done speaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having introduced

himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words.—'I wait upon you, Sir, with a request, in which I flatter myself I shall be seconded by this worthy gentleman here present: you have the honour to be father to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew; it may not become me to speak so warmly of my own son as perhaps I might with truth, but I flatter myself it will be some recommendation of him to your good opinion, when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus: they have now gone through school and college together, and according to my notions of the world such early connexions when they are well chosen, are amongst the chief advantages of a public education; but as I now purpose to send my son upon his travels, and in such a manner as I flatter myself will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intrusion, when I inform you that the object of it is to solicit your consent that Gemellus may accompany him.'

Euphorion's countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes; surprise at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly exprest; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him: he attempted to speak, but confusion choaked him; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer, but the joy and triumph, which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus's patron, who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's situation, and then addressing himself again

to Euphorion—' I can readily understand,' said he, ' that such a proposal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promise to be to your son, would not correspond with your ideas in point of expense, nor come within the compass of that limited provision, which you have thought fit to appoint for him: this is a matter, of which I have no pretensions to speak; you have disposed of your fortune between your sons in the proportions you thought fit, and it must be owned a youth who has had a domestic education, stands the most in need of a father's help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himself: Gemellus has talents that must secure his fortune, and if my services can assist him, they shall never be wanting; in the mean time it is very little for me to say that my purse will furnish their joint occasions, whilst they are on their travels, and Gemellus's little fund, which is in honest and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim.'

The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a shift however to hammer out some broken sentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus, by pleading his infirm state of health and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present, and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he referred his lordship to him, and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations: he hoped his lordship's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown out of his future goo

offices and protection.—The noble visitor now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprise upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer. Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance; where genius, courage, and philanthropy were characterised, is not to be described: it was a mixt expression of shame, conviction, and repentance; nature had her share in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance as it were by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the supprest emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made a humble obeisance; Euphorion stretched forth his hand; he seized it between his, and reverently pressed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the silence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus, in a low voice, that his father had consented to his request, and he had no longer cause to apprehend a separation from his friend: the honest lawyer now could no longer repress his ecstacy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open arms; showered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their spirits were a little composed, Gemellus requested to see his brother; a summons was accordingly issued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contrast which this meeting exhibited, spoke in stronger terms than language can supply, the decided preference of a public and liberal system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and

domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openness and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven: for his share if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret, that he had been so long separated from a brother, who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he persuaded himself they should be twins in affection as well as in birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature! but both were specimens of the worst sort: hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained: Euphorion died soon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very first coming to London was cajoled into a disgraceful marriage with a cast-off mistress whom he became acquainted with; duped by a profligate and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation, and in the event became a pensioner of his brother. Gemellus, with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connexion, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

NUMBER XXXVIII

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum

LUCRETIUS.

Such cruelties religion could persuade.

I REMEMBER to have read an account in a foreign Gazette of a dreadful fire, which broke out so suddenly in a house where a great many people were assembled, that five hundred persons perished miserably in the flames: the compiler of this account subjoins at the foot of the above melancholy article, that it is with satisfaction he can assure his readers, all the above persons were Jews.

These poor people seem the butt, at which all sects and persuasions level their contempt: they are sojourners and aliens in every kingdom on earth, and yet few have the hospitality to give them a welcome. I do not know any good reason why these unhappy wanderers are so treated, for they do not intrude upon the labourer or manufacturer; they do not burthen the state with their poor, and here at least they neither till the earth, nor work at any craft, but content themselves in general to hawk about a few refuse manufactures, and buy up a few cast-off clothes, which no man methinks would envy them the monopoly of.

It is to the honour of our nation, that we tolerate them in the exercise of their religion, for which the Inquisition would tie them to a stake and commit them to the flames. In some parts of the world the burning of a Jew makes a festival for all good

Christians; it brings rain and plenty in seasons of drought and famine; it makes atonement for the sins of the people, and mitigates the wrath of an avenging Providence. Wherever they are obliged to conceal their religion, they generally overact their hypocrisy, and crowd their houses with saints and virgins, whilst crucifixes, charms and relics are hung in numbers round their necks. The son of Jewish parents is brought up in the most rigid exercises of mortification and penance, and when the destined moment is in near approach, when the parent must impart the dreadful secret of his faith, every contrivance is put in practice to disgust and weary him with the laborious functions of their ostensible religion: when this preparatory rigour is perceived to take effect, and the age of the son is ripe for the occasion, the father takes him into the inmost chamber of his house, fastens all the doors, surveys every avenue with the most mysterious attention, and drawing his sword with great solemnity, throws himself on his knees at his foot, and laying open his breast, invites him to thrust the point to his heart —'For know, my son,' he cries, 'I am a Jew, as all my fathers were: kill me therefore on the spot, or conform to the religion of your ancestors, for you are damned as a catholic, if, knowing what you know, you neglect to betray me!'—This, as I have reason to believe, is no feigned anecdote, but a true account of those secret measures, which many Jewish families to this hour pursue for continuing the practice of their religion and securing themselves from discovery, where the consequences would be so fatal.

Having thus, by way of prelude, briefly informed my readers what these miserable people are suffering in some countries, where they are secretly settled, I shall now proceed to lay before them a letter,

which I have lately received from one of that persuasion, complaining of certain indignities and vexations from the humours of our common people, which, although they are but trifles compared to what I have been describing, are nevertheless unbecoming the character of so illuminated and benevolent a nation as we have the honour to belong to.

SIR;

I AM a man, who stick close to my business, and am married to a sober industrious woman, whom I should be glad now and then to treat with a play, which is the only public amusement she has ever expressed a wish to be indulged in: but I am really under such difficulties, that I dare not carry her thither, and at the same time do not like to discover my reasons for it, as I should be sorry to give her a dislike to the country she is in.

You must, know, Sir, I am a Jew, and probably have that national cast of countenance, which a people so separate and unmixt may well be supposed to have: the consequence of this is, that I no sooner enter a playhouse, than I find all eyes turned upon me; if this were the worst, I would strive to put as good a face upon it as I could; but this is sure to be followed up with a thousand scurrilities, which I should blush to repeat, and which I cannot think of subjecting my wife to hear.

As I should really take great pleasure in a good play, if I might be permitted to sit it out in peace, I have tried every part of the house, but the front boxes, where I observe such a line of bullies in the back, that even if I were a Christian I would not venture amongst them; but I no sooner put my head into an obscure corner of the gallery, than some fellow roars out to his comrades—*Smoke the Jew!* [illegible] *the cunning little Isaac!—Throw him over*

says another, *hand over the smoutch!*—*Out with Shylock*, cries a third, *out with the pound of man's flesh*—*Buckles and buttons! Spectacles!* bawls out a fourth—and so on through the whole gallery, till I am forced to retire out of the theatre, amongst hootings and hissings, with a shower of rotten apples and chewed oranges vollied at my head, when all the offence I have given is an humble offer to be a peaceable spectator, jointly with them of the same common amusement.

I hope I shall not incur your displeasure, if I venture to say this is not very manly treatment in a great and generous people, which I always took the English to be; I have lodged my property, which is not inconsiderable, in this country, and having no abiding place on this earth, which I could call my own, I have made England my choice, thinking it the safest asylum that a wanderer and an alien could fly to; I hope I have not been mistaken in my opinion of it: it has frequently fallen in my way to show some kindnesses to your countrymen in foreign parts, and some are yet living, who, if they would speak the truth, must confess that their best friend in life is a Jew: but of these things I scorn to boast, however, Sir, I must own it gave me some pain the other night to find myself very roughly handled by a seafaring fellow, whom I remembered well enough in a most piteous condition at Algiers, were I had the good will to relieve him and set him at liberty with my own money; I hope he did not recollect me; I say I hope not for the honour of human nature, but I am much afraid he did: this I am sure would be called ingratitude even in a heathen.

I observe with much concern that you great writers of plays take delight in hanging us out to public ridicule and contempt on all occasions: if

ever they are in search of a rogue, an usurer, or a buffoon, they are sure to make a Jew serve the turn: I verily believe the odious character of Shylock has brought little less persecution upon us poor scattered sons of Abraham, than the Inquisition itself. As I am interested to know if this blood-thirsty villain really existed in nature, and have no means to satisfy my curiosity but your favour, I take the liberty humbly to request that you will tell me how the case truly stands, and whether we must of necessity own this Shylock; also I should be glad to know of which tribe this fellow was, for if such a monster did exist, I have strong suspicion he will turn out a Samaritan. As I cannot doubt but a gentleman of your great learning knows all these things correctly, I shall wait your answer with the most anxious impatience: and pray be particular as to the tribe of Judah, for if nothing less than half my fortune could oust him there, I would pay it down to be rid of such a rascal.

Your compliance with the above will be the greatest obligation you can confer upon,

Sir,

Your most devoted

humble servant,

ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS.

P. S. I hope I shall not give offence by adding a postscript, to say, that if you could persuade one of the gentlemen or ladies who write plays (with all of whom I conclude you have great interest), to give us poor Jews a kind lift in a * new comedy, I am bold to promise we should not prove ungrateful on a third night. A. A.

* The comedy has been written and acted: Mr. Abrahams has had his wish; in the matter of the promise he seems to have reckoned *without his host.*

If I had really that interest with my ingenious contemporaries, which Mr. Abrahams gives me credit for, I would not hesitate to exert it in his service, but as I am afraid this is not the case, I have taken the only method in my power of being useful to him, and have published his letter.

As for Shylock, who is so obnoxious to my correspondent, I wish I could prove him the son of a Samaritan as clearly as Simon Magus, but I flatter myself the next best thing for his purpose is to prove him the son of a poet, and that I will endeavour to do in my very next paper, with this further satisfaction to Mr. Abrahams, that I do not despair of taking him down a step in his pedigree, which for a poetical one is, as it now stands, of the very first family in the kingdom.

As for the vulgar fun of *smoaking a jew*, which so prevails amongst us, I am persuaded that my countrymen are much too generous and good-natured to sport with the feelings of a fellow-creature, if they were once fairly convinced that a Jew is their fellow-creature, and really has fellow-feelings with their own: satisfy them in this point, and then humanity will do the rest. I will therefore hope that nothing more is wanting in behalf of my correspondent (who seems a very worthy man), than to put the following short questions to his persecutors—'Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh? If you poison them, do they not die?'—The man who can give a serious answer to these questions, and yet persist in persecuting an

unoffending being, because he is a Jew, whatever country he may claim, or whatever religion he may profess, has the soul of an inquisitor, and is fit for nothing else but to feed the fires of an *Auto da Fé.*

When I turn my thoughts to the past and present situation of this peculiar people, I do not see how any Christian nation, according to the spirit of their religion, can refuse admission to the Jews, who, in completion of those very prophecies on which Christianity rests, are to be scattered and disseminated amongst all people and nations over the face of the earth. It seems therefore a thing as inconsistent with the spirit of those prophecies for any one nation to attempt to expel them, as it would be to incorporate them.

The sin and obduracy of their forefathers are amongst the undoubted records of our gospel, but I doubt if this can be a sufficient reason, why we should hold them in such general odium through so many ages, seeing how naturally the son follows the faith of the father, and how much too general a thing it is amongst mankind to profess any particular form of religion, that devolves upon them by inheritance, rather than by free election and conviction of reason founded upon examination.

Let me put the case of a man born a Jew, and settled in a kingdom where the Inquisition is in force; can he reconcile his natural feelings to a conversion in favour of that church, which denounces everlasting damnation against him, if he does not betray the secrets of his parents, and impeach them to the Inquisition for the concealed religion, which he knows they practise, though they do not profess?

If we as Christians owe some respect to the Jews as the people chosen by God to be the keepers of those prophetic records which announce the coming

f the Messias, we owe it also to the truth of history to confess, that the hope indulged by them that his coming would bring temporal as well as spiritual salvation, was general to all the nation. Their ancient sages had united the military with the prophetic character, some had headed their armies, all had gone forth with them, and even their women had contributed to the downfal of their enemies and oppressors. they had been delivered from their Egyptian and Babylonish thraldom by the arm of God, the yoke of Rome laid no less heavy on their necks, and they regarded their former deliverances as types and forerunners of the greater deliverance to come, when the Son of God should descend upon earth in the plenitude of his power to rid them from their enemies and oppressors.

In place of this glittering but delusive vision they beheld a meek and humble man, a teacher of peaceful doctrines, who went about preaching forgiveness of injuries and submission to authorities. They asked him (and the question was a proving one), whether he would have them render tribute unto Cæsar. he told them, in reply, they should render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, tribute to whom tribute was due. mortifying reply! extinguishing at once their hopes and their ambition. Still there was something about him that converted many and staggered all, never man spoke as he spoke, never man did what he did, he had evident power of working miracles, the hand of God was with him, and the operations of nature were under his control: his power was great, but was not great to their purposes, and therefore they denied that it was derived from God, they charged him with being a magician, and casting out devils by the aid of the prince of the devils. A likely inter-

course between the representatives of light and of darkness; a notable collusion between heaven and hell; if Beelzebub was to be charged with conspiring to cast out Beelzebub, it was at least incumbent on the abettors of the charge to prove that any being endowed with such power, could be so devoid of intelligence.

Conviction and rebuke only rendered them more furious and inveterate: despairing at length of employing his power against Rome, they resolved upon turning the power of Rome against him: they impeached him before Pilate the Roman procurator: Pilate unwillingly, at their urgent requisition, sentenced him to ignominious execution, disavowing in the strongest terms his share in the act, and by the figurative exculpation of washing his hands in public view, purifying (as far as such a ceremony could purify) his tribunal from the guilt of spilling innocent blood.

Can it be a wonder with us at this hour that the Jews should persist in avowing their unbelief in the Messias? If they admit the evidences of the Christian religion, do they not become their own accusers? And this, although it be no reason why a man should shut his eyes against, the truth, will yet be a motive, allowing for the imperfection of human nature, why he should not seek for it.

NUMBER XXXIX.

I SLIGHTLY hinted in my former paper that the Jew of Venice would not turn out to be the proper offspring of Shakspeare, and as the researches of his commentators have settled this point so clearly against the legitimacy of Shylock, I may leave it with the reader's judgment to decide, whether he formed his drama immediately from the *Pecorone* of *Fiorentino*, borrowing the incident of the caskets from Boccace: or at second hand, as some suppose, from an old ballad formed upon that story.

But I had a farther object in the hint I then dropped, suggested to me by the perusal of a very curious old novel written by *Thomas Nashe*, and published in 1594, intituled *the Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton.* The hero is described to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the eighth, and is made to play a number of roguish pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munster in Germany, where he falls in with John of Leyden the famous fanatic, and is present at his defeat by the Imperialists; here he meets lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and accompanies him to Venice, passing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carlostadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a series of strange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a Jew named Zadock, physician to Pope Clement VIII, and having forfeited his life to him by the law, the Jew gets the person of Jacke Wilton in

limbo, with an intent to anatomize him, and whilst he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpose, the Marchioness of Mantua, the Pope's mistress, spies him out from her balcony, and being smitten with his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands by persuading his holiness to banish all the Jews from Rome and confiscate their effects, upon a charge she sets up against them.

With this intelligence, Zadock is accosted by a brother Jew called Zachary, 'who comes running to him in sack-cloth and ashes, presently after his goods were confiscated, and tells him how he is served, and what decree is coming out against them all.'

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will observe by the date was published before Shakspeare wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics seem agreed that he was conversant in other works of Nashe, it is highly probable that this history of *Jacke Wilton* had also been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakspeare took his character of Shylock from this of Nashe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant such an inference; but I shall submit the following dialogue as an extraordinary specimen of strong impassioned writing, which though it will not stand by Shakspeare's scene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terseness, has nevertheless a force of expression that will bear a comparison with that or any other passage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief speaker—' Descriptions stand by! here is to be expressed the fury of Lucifer, when he was turned over heaven's bar for a wrangler: there is a toad-fish, which taken out of the water swells

more than one would think his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that touches him; so swelled Zadock, and was ready to burst out of his skin, and shoot his bowels like chain shot full in Zachary's face, for bringing him such baleful tidings; his eyes glared and burned like brimstone and aqua vitæ set on fire in an egg-shell, his very nose lightened glow-worms, his teeth cracked and grated together like the joints of a high building rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full butt against her broadside: he swore and curst, and said—

'These be they that worship that crucified God of Nazareth; here is the fruits of their new-found gospel; sulphur and gun-powder carry them all quick to Gehennah! I would spend my soul willingly to have this triple-headed Pope, with all his sin-absolved whores, and oil-greased priests, borne like a black saint on the devil's backes in procession to the pit of perdition. Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow up this Rome, this whore of Babylon, into the air with my breath! If I must be banished, if these heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poison their springs and conduit-heads, whence they receive their water all about the city. I will 'tice all the young children in my house that I can get, and cutting their throats, barrel them up in powdering beef tubs, and so send them to victual the Pope's gallies. Ere the officers come to extend, I will bestow an hundred pounds on a dole of bread, which I will cause to be kneaded with scorpion's oil, that may kill more than the plague. I will hire them that make their wafers or sacramentary Gods, to mix them after the same sort, so in the zeal of their superstitious religion shall they languish and

drop like carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous conjurer that can call the winds from their brazen caves, and make the clouds travel before their time, I will give him the other hundred pounds to disturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to sour all the wines in Rome, and turn them to vinegar: as long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinchingly upon them.'

'Zadock, Zadock,' said Zachary, cutting him off, 'thou threatenest the air, whilst we perish here on earth: it is the Countess Juliana, the Marquis of Mantua's wife, and no other that hath complotted our confusion; ask not how, but insist on my words, and assist in revenge.'

'As how, as how?' said Zadock, shrugging and shrubbing: 'More happy than the patriarchs were I, if crushed to death with the greatest torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quintessenced out of me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue, shall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? If thou wilt, I will go to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running sore upon me, I will come and deliver her a supplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction.'

Zadock in conclusion is taken up and executed, and the description of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumstance attending them is minutely delineated in colours full as strong as the above.

I persuade myself the reader will not be displeased, if I lay before him one extract more, in which he ridicules the affected dress and manners of the travelled gentlemen of his day: if we contem-

plate it as a painting of two hundred years standing, I think it must be allowed to be a very curious sketch.

'What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry, and to love no man but for my pleasure? I have known some that have continued there by the space of half a dozen years, and when they come home, they have hid a little weerish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in their long cloaks of grey paper, and spoken English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bourdeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from wine of Orleans; yea and peradventure this also, to esteem of the p—x as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

'From Spain what bringeth our traveller? A skull-crowned hat of the fashion of an old deep porringer; a diminutive alderman's ruff with short strings, like the droppings of a man's nose; a close-bellied doublet coming down with a peake behind as far as the crupper, and cut off before by the breast-bone like a partlet or neckercher; a wide pair of gascoynes, which ungathered would make a couple of women's riding-kirtles; huge hangers, that have half a cow-hide in them; a rapier that is lineally descended from half a dozen dukes at the least: let his cloak be as long or as short as you will; if long, it is faced with Turkey grogeran ravelled; if short, it hath a cape like a calf's tongue, and is not so deep in his whole length, nor so much cloth in it I will justify as only the standing cape of a Dutchman's cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either shoe as much taffaty for his tyings, as would serve for an ancient; which serveth

him (if you would have the mystery of it) of the own accord for a shoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes a dishcloth of his own country in comparison of Spain; but if you urge him particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no instance, but in Spain they have better bread than any we have: when (poor hungry slaves!) they may crumble it into water well enough, and make misons with it, for they have not a good morsel of meat, except it be salt pilchers, to eat with it, all the year long: and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in foul straw every night.

'Italy, the paradise of the earth, and the epicure's heaven, how doth it form our young master? It makes him to kiss his hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a starveling, and play at *Hey-pass-repass-come aloft*, when he salutes a man: from thence he brings the art of atheism, the art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the art of poisoning, the art of sodomitry: the only probable good thing they have to keep us from utterly condemning it, is, that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet knight: which is by interpretation a fine close letcher, a glorious hypocrite: it is now a privy note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to say he hath been in Italy.'

I hope I need not observe that these descriptions are not here quoted for the truth they contain, but for the curiosity of them. Thomas Nashe was the bitterest satirist and controversialist of the age he lived in.

NUMBER XL.

Απραγμονως ζην ἡδυ
APOLLODORUS ADELPHIS.

'A life from cares and business free
Is of all lives the life for me.'

NED DROWSY came into possession of a good estate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or more properly by the want of it, become too much a part of the constitution to be conquered but by some extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals to admit him of a public school, and the same objections held against a university: not that Ned was without his pretensions to scholarship, for it is well known that he has been sometimes found asleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a presumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet, who has detected him in the act itself. The literature of the nursery he held in general contempt, and had no more passion for the feats of *Jack the Giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witness to the detestation in which he held the popular allegory of *the Pilgrim's Progress*, and when he had been told of the many editions that book has run through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taste of the vulgar: at the same time, I speak it to his honour, I have frequently known him ex-

press a tender fellow-feeling for *the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying story of *the Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more respect than the Seven Wonders of the World. Rural sports were too boisterous for Ned's spirits: neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his door, so that all his country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: there was a canal in front of his house, where he would sometimes take up with the placid amusements of angling from an alcove by the side of it, with a servant in attendance for the purpose of baiting his hook, or calling upon him to pull, if by chance he was surprised with a bite, happily for his repose, this very rarely was the case, though a tradition runs in the family of his having once snapped an officious perch of extraordinary size.

There was a learned practitioner in the law, one Mr. Driver, who had a house in his parish, and him Ned appointed manager of his estate; this worthy gentleman was so considerate as seldom if ever to give him any trouble about his accounts, well knowing his aversion from items and particulars, and the little turn he had to the drudgery of arithmetic and calculations. By the kind offices of Mr. Driver, Ned was relieved from an infinite deal of disagreeable business, and Mr. Driver himself suddenly became a man of considerable property, and began to take a lead in the county. Ned, together with his estate, had succeeded to a Chancery suit, which was pending at the death of the late possessor: this suit was for a time carried on so prosperously by Mr. Driver, that nothing more seemed requisite to bring it to a favourable issue, than for Ned to make his appearance in Court for

some purposes I am not able to explain: this was an undertaking so insurmountable, that he could never be prevailed upon to set about it, and the suit was deserted accordingly. This suit, and the circumstance of a copper mine on his estate, which his agent never could engage him to work, were the only things that ever disturbed his tranquillity, and upon these topics he was rather sore, till Mr. Driver found it convenient to give up both points, and Ned heard no more of his Chancery suit or his copper mine.

These few traits of my friend's character will suffice to make my readers acquainted with him before I relate the particulars of a visit I paid him about three months ago. It was in compliance with the following letter, which I was favoured with from Mr. Driver:

'SIR;

'These come to inform you that Mr. Drowsy desires the favour of your company at Poppy-hall, which he has ordered me to notify to you, not doubting but you will take it in good part, as you well know how his humour stands towards writing. He bids me say that he has something of consequence to consult you upon, of which more when we meet: wishing you health and a safe journey, I remain in all reasonable service,

'Your's to command,

'DANIEL DRIVER.'

In consequence of this summons I set off for Poppy-Hall, and arrived there early in the evening of the second day. I found my friend Drowsy in company with my correspondent the attorney, the reverend Mr. Beetle, curate of the parish, and two gentlemen, strangers to me, who, as I understood

from Mr. Driver, were Mr. Sparkle senior, an eminent auctioneer in London, and Billy Sparkle his son, a city beau. My friend was in his easy chair turned towards the fire; the rest were sitting round the table at some distance, and engaged, as I soon discovered, in a very interesting conversation upon beauty, which my entrance for a while put a stop to. This intermission however lasted no longer than whilst Mr. Drowsy paid his compliments to me, which he performed in few words, asking me however if I came on horseback, which having answered in the affirmative, he sententiously observed, that he never rode. And now the elder Mr. Sparkle resumed the conversation in the following manner— What I was going to observe to you, when this gentleman came in, upon the article of beauty, is peremptorily and precisely this. beauty, gentlemen, is in the eye, I aver it to be in the eye of the beholder, and not in the object itself; my beauty for instance is not your beauty, your's is not mine; it depends upon fancy and taste, fancy and taste are nothing but caprice; a collection of fine women is like a collection of fine pictures; put them up to auction, and bidders will be found for every lot.—But all bidders, cries the attorney, are not *bonâ fide* buyers; I believe you find many an article in your sales sent back upon the owner's hands, and so it is with beauty; all that is bidden for is not bought in.— Here the curate interposed, and turning to his lay-brother of the pulpit, reminded him that beauty was like a flower of the field: here to-day, and gone to-morrow; whereas virtue was a hardy plant and defied the scythe of time; virtue was an evergreen, and would bloom in the winter of life; virtue would flourish, when beauty was no more.—I believe it seldom makes any considerable shoot till that is the case, cried Billy Sparkle, and followed up his re-

partee with a laugh, in which he was himself the only performer.—It is high time now, says the attorney, directing his discourse to me, to make you acquainted with the business we are upon, and how we came to fall upon this topic of beauty. Your friend Mr. Drowsy does not like the trouble of talking, and therefore with his leave I shall open the case to you, as I know he wishes to take your opinion upon it.—Here the attorney seeming to pause for his cue, Drowsy nodded his head and bade him go on. We are in consultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no less moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that easy chair.—And if he is easy in it, demanded I, what need he wish for more?—Alackaday! he has no heir, and till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life subject to impeachment of waste; he cannot be called master of his own estate; only think of that, Sir. That was for him to do, I replied, how does Mr. Drowsy himself think of it? I don't think much about it, answered Ned. And how stands your mind towards matrimony?—No answer.—There's trouble in it, added I. There is so, replied he with a sigh; but Driver says I want an heir. There's trouble in that too, quoth I; have you any particular lady in your eye? That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle senior; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowsy or his friends to choose from, and I only wait his signal for knocking down the lot that he likes best. This I could not perfectly understand, in the terms of art which Mr. Sparkle made use of, and therefore desired he would express himself in plain language. My father means to say, cries Billy, there are three girls want husbands, and but one man that wishes to be married.

Hold your tongue, puppy, said old Sparkle, and proceeded. You shall now, Sir, that to accom-

modate Mr. Drowsy in the article of a wife, and save him the trouble of looking out for himself, we some time ago put an advertisement in the papers; I believe I have a copy of it about me: aye, here it is!

'WANTED

A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a discreet character, as wife to a gentleman of fortune, who loves his ease and does not care to take upon himself the trouble of courtship; she must be of a placid domestic turn, and not one that likes to hear herself talk. Any qualified person, whom this may suit, by applying to Mr. Sparkle, auctioneer, may be informed of particulars. A short trial will be expected.

N. B. Maids of Honour need not apply, as none such will be treated with.

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertisement a very good one, and properly guarded, and I wished to know the result of it; he said that very many applicants had presented themselves, but for want of full credentials he had dismissed all but three, whom I will again describe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowsy will give some attention to the catalogue, which I am sorry to say has not yet been the case.

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book and read as follows—

'Catherine Cumming, spinster, aged twenty-five, lodges at Gravesend in the house of Mr. Duffer, a reputable slopseller of that place, can have an undeniable character from two gentlemen of credit, now absent, but soon expected in the next arrivals from China: her fortune, which she ingenuously owns is not capital, is for the present invested in certain commodities, which she has put into the hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for

which she expects profitable returns on their arrival. This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the fashionable dishevel, eyes uncommonly sparkling, is tall of stature, straight and in good case. She wore a locket of plaited hair slung in a gold chain round her neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant about the feet and ancles: is impatient for a speedy answer, as she has thoughts of going out in the next ships to India.'

Let her go! cried Ned, I'll have nothing to say to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager she is one of us, exclaimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke, and proceeded to the next.

'Agnes de Crapeau, daughter of a French protestant clergyman in the isle of Jersey, a comely young woman, but of a pensive air and downcast look; lived as a dependent upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom her situation was very unpleasant; flattered herself she was well practised in submission and obedience, should conform to any humours which the advertiser might have, and should he do her the honour to accept her as his wife, she would do *her possible* to please him with all humble duty, gratitude, and devotion.'

Ned Drowsy now turned himself in his chair, and with a sigh whispered me in the ear, poor thing! I pity her, but she won't do, go on to the last.

The lady I am next to describe, said Sparkle, is one of whom I can only speak by report, for as yet I have not set eyes on her person, nor is she acquainted with a syllable of these proceedings, being represented to me as a young woman whose delicacy would not submit to be the candidate of an advertisement. The account I have had of her is

from a friend, who, though a man of a particular way of thinking, is a very honest honourable person, and one whose word will pass for thousands: he called at my office one day, when this advertisement was lying on my desk, and casting his eye upon the paper, asked me, if that silly jest was of my inventing? I assured him it was no jest, but a serious advertisement; that the party was a man of property and honour, a gentleman by birth and principle, and one every way qualified to make the married state happy. Hath he lost his understanding, said my friend, that he takes this method of convening all the prostitutes about the town, or doth he consult his case so much, as not to trouble himself whether his wife be a modest woman or not? Humph! cried Ned, what signifies what he said? go on with your story. To make short of it then, resumed Sparkle, my friend grew serious upon the matter, and after a short considering time addressed himself to me as follows: If I were satisfied your principal is a man, as you describe him, qualified by temper and disposition to make an amiable and virtuous girl happy, I would say something to you on the subject: but as he chooses to be concealed, and as I cannot think of blindly sacrificing my fair charge to any man, whom she does not know and approve, there is an end of the matter. And why so? exclaimed Ned, with more energy than I had ever observed in him; I should be glad to see the gentleman and lady both: I should be glad to see them.

At this instant a servant entered the room, and announced the arrival of a stranger, who wished to speak with the elder Mr. Sparkle.

NUMBER XLI.

My friend Ned Drowsy, is a man who hath indeed neglected nature's gifts, but not abused them: he is as void of vice, as he is of industry; his temper is serene, and his manners harmless and inoffensive; he is avaricious of nothing but of his ease, and certainly possesses benevolence, though too indolent to put it into action: he is as sparing of his teeth as he is of his tongue, and whether it be that he is naturally temperate, or that eating and drinking are too troublesome, so it is that he is very abstemious in both particulars, and having received the blessings of a good constitution and a comely person from the hand of Providence, he has not squandered his talent, though he has not put it out to use.

Accordingly when I perceived him interested in the manner I have related upon Mr. Sparkle's discourse, and heard him give orders to his servant to show the gentleman into the room, which he did, in a quicker and more spirited tone than is usual with him, I began to think that nature was about to struggle for her privileges, and suspecting that this stranger might perhaps have some connexion with Sparkle's *incognita*, I grew impatient for his appearance.

After a while the servant returned, and introduced a little swarthy old man with short grey hair and whimsically dressed; having on a dark brown coat with a tarnished gold edging, black figured velvet waistcoat, and breeches of scarlet cloth with long gold knee bands, dangling down a pair of black

silk stockings, which clothed two legs not exactly cast in the mould of the Belvidere Apollo. He made two or three low reverences as he advanced, so that before Mr. Sparkle could announce him by name, I had set him down for an Israelite, all the world to nothing; but as soon as I heard the words, Gentlemen, this is my worthy friend Mr. Abraham Abrahams! I recognized the person of my correspondent, whose humble and ingenious letter I thought fit to publish in No. XXXVII of this volume, and whom I had once before had a glimpse of, as he walked past my bookseller's door in Cornhill, and was pointed out to me from the shop.

Mr. Abrahams, not being a person to whom nature had affixed her passport, saying, Let this man have free ingress and egress upon my authority, made his first approaches with all those civil assiduities, which some people are constrained to practise, who must turn prejudice out of company, before they can sit down in it. In the present case I flatter myself he fared somewhat better for the whisper I gave my friend Ned in his favour, and silence after a short time having taken place in such a manner as seemed to indicate an expectation in the company, that he was the person who was now to break it, he began, not without some hesitation, to deliver himself in these words:

Before I take the liberty of addressing the gentleman of the house, I wish to know from my friend Mr. Sparkle, whether he has opened any hint of what has passed between him and me relative to a certain advertisement; and if he has, I should next be glad to know, whether I have permission of the party concerned to go into the business.

Yes, Sir, cried Ned somewhat eagerly, Mr. Sparkle has told me all that passed, and you have not only my free leave, but my earnest desire to say

every thing you think fit before these friends. Then Sir, said Abrahams, I shall tell you a plain tale without varying a single tittle from the truth.

As I was coming home from my club pretty late, in the evening about five months ago, in turning the corner of a narrow alley, a young woman came hastily out of the door of a house, and, seizing hold of my hand, eagerly besought me for the love of God to follow her. I was startled, and knew not what to think of such a greeting; I could discern that she was young and beautiful, and I was no adventurer in affairs of gallantry; she seemed indeed to be exceedingly agitated and almost beside herself, but I knew the profligate of that sex can sometimes feign distress for very wicked purposes, and therefore desired to be excused from going into any house with her; if she would however advance a few paces, I would hear what she had to say, and so if it was nothing but my charity she solicited, I was ready to relieve her: we turned the corner of the alley together, and being now in one of the principal streets of the city, I thought I might safely stop and hear the petition she had to make. As we stood together under the eaves of a shop, the night being rainy, she told me that the reason she besought me to go into the house with her was in hopes the spectacle of distress, which would there present itself to my sight, might, if there was any pity in my heart, call it forth, and prevail with me to stop a deed of cruelty, which was then in execution, by saving a wretched object from being thrust into the streets in a dying condition for a small debt to her landlord, whom no entreaties could pacify. Blessed God! I exclaimed, can there be such human monsters? who is the woman? my mother, replied she, and burst into an agony of tears; if I would be what I may have appeared to you, but what I

can be even to save the life of my parent, I had not been driven to this extremity, for it is resentment. which actuates the brutal wretch no less than cruelty. Though I confess myself not insensible to fear, being as you see no athletic, I felt such indignation rise within me at these words, that I did not hesitate for another moment about accompanying this unhappy girl to her house, not doubting the truth of what she had been telling me, as well from the manner of her relating it, as from my observation of her countenance, which the light of the lamp under which we were standing, discovered to be of a most affecting, modest, and even dignified character—

Sir, I honour you for your benevolence, cried Ned; pray proceed with your story.

She led me up two pair of stairs into a back apartment, where a woman was in bed, pleading for mercy to a ugly-looking fellow, who was calling out to her to get up and be gone out of his house. I have found a fellow-creature, said my conductress, whose pity will redeem us from the clutches of one, who has none; be comforted, my dear mother, for this gentleman has some christian charity in his heart. I don't know what charity may be in his heart, cried the fellow, but he has so little of the Christian in his countenance, that I'll bet ten to one he is a Jew. Be that as it may, said I, a Jew may have feeling, and therefore say what these poor women are indebted to you, and I will pay down the money, if my pocket can reach it? if not, I believe my name, though it be a Jew's name, will be good for the sum, let it be what it will. May God reward you, cried the mother, our debt is not great, though it is more than we have present means to pay; we owe but six and twenty shillings to our hardened creditor, I believe I am right Constantia (turning to her daughter) but you know what it is

correctly. That is the amount of it, replied the lovely Constantia, for such she now appeared to me, as she was in the act of supporting her mother on the bolster with her arm under her neck. Take your money, man, quoth I, receive what is your own, and let these helpless creatures lodge in peace one night beneath your roof; to-morrow I will remove them, if this infirm woman shall be able to endure it. I hope my house is my own, answered the savage, and I don't desire to be troubled with them one night longer, no, nor even one hour.

Is this possible? exclaimed Ned; are there such distresses in the world? what then have I been doing all this while? having so said, he sprung nimbly out of his easy chair, took a hasty stride or two across the room, rubbing his forehead as he walked, threw himself into an empty chair, which stood next to that in which Mr. Abrahams was sitting, and begged him once more to proceed with his narrative.

With the help of my apothecary, who lived in the very house, at the door of which I had conversed with Constantia, I removed the invalid and her daughter that very evening in a hackney coach to my own house, which was not far distant; and by the same medical assistance and my wife's care, who is an excellent nurse, I had the satisfaction to see the poor woman regain her health and strength very speedily, for in fact her weakness had been more the effect of misery and want of diet, than any real disease: as for Constantia, her looks kept pace with her mother's recovery, and I must say without flattery, she is altogether the finest creature I ever looked upon.

The mother of Constantia is still a very comely woman, and not above forty years old; she has a father living, who is a man of great opulence, but he has conceived such irreconcileable displeasure [illegible]

marrying, that he has never since that event taken the least notice either of her or of his grandchild. Then he is an unnatural monster, cried Ned, and will be sent to the devil for his barbarity.

Mr. Abrahams proceeded as follows: She is the widow of a Captain Goodison, of whose unhappy story I have at different times collected only a few particulars, but from these I can understand that she went with him to America, and took her daughter with her; that he had a company of foot, and little else to maintain himself and family upon but his pay; that he served there in most of the campaigns with the reputation of a gallant officer, but that the spirit of gaming having been suffered to infect the English army in their winter quarters at New-York, this wretched man, the father and the husband of these helpless women, became a prey to that infernal passion, and being driven to sell his commission to pay his losses at play, put an end to his miserable existence by a bullet.

Here Abrahams paused, whilst Ned gave vent to a groan, in which I can answer for his being seconded by one more heart at least then in company, from which the recollection of that fatal period never fails to extort a pang.

The series of sufferings, which the unhappy widow and her child endured (continued Abrahams) from this tragical period, were such as I must leave you to imagine, for I neither wished to be informed of them, nor could she expatiate upon them. It may however be proper to inform Mr. Drowsy, that I am convinced there is no room for hope that any future impression can be made upon the unforgiving nature of Constantia's grandfather, and it would be unjust in me to represent her as any other than what she is, destitute of fortune even in expectancy. And what is she the worse for that?

cried Ned; amongst the articles I stipulate for in the advertisement, which Mr. Sparkle has been reading, I believe you will not find that money is put down for one. Upon this Mr. Abrahams made a proper compliment to my friend, and addressing himself to the company began to apologise for having taken up so much of our attention by his long discourse; this naturally produced a return of acknowledgments on our parts, with many and just commendations of his benevolence. The honest man's features brightened with joy upon receiving this welcome testimony, which he so well deserved, and I remarked with pleasure that our reverend friend, the curate, now began to regard Abrahams with an eye of complacency, and having set himself in order, like one who was about to harangue his audience with a prepared oration, he turned a gracious countenance upon the humble adversary of his faith, and delivered himself as follows—

Charity, Mr. Abrahams, is by our Church esteemed the first of Christian virtues, and as we are commanded to pray even for our enemies, in obedience to that blessed mandate I devoutly pray, that in your instance it may avail to cover and blot out the multitude of sins. Your reaching forth the hand of mercy to these poor Christians in their pitiable distress, proves you to be a man superior to those shameful prejudices, which make a false plea of religion for shutting up the heart against all, but those of its own faith and persuasion. I have listened to your narrative with attention, and it is but justice to you to confess, that your forbearing to retort upon the scurrilous fellow in the lodging-house, who insulted you on the score of your national physiognomy, is a circumstance very highly to your credit, and what would have done honour to any one of the professors of that religion, which

teaches us, when we are reviled, to revile not again. I also remarked the modest manner of your speaking, when you unavoidably reported of your own good deeds: you sounded no trumpet before you, and thereby convinced me you are not of that pharisaical leaven, which seeketh the praise of men; and let me tell you, Sir, it is the very test of true charity, that it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Humility, Mr. Abrahams, in a peculiar degree is expected of you, as of one of the children of wrath, scattered over the face of the earth without an abiding place, which you may call your own: charity also is in you a duty of more than ordinary obligation, for you and yours subsist no otherwise than on the charity of the nations who give you shelter: the alms of others may be termed a free gift of love, but your alms are in fact a legal tribute for protection. To conclude—I exhort you to take in good part what I have now been saying; you are the first of your nation I ever communed with, and if hereafter in the execution of my duty I am led to speak with rigour of your stiff-necked generation, I shall make a mental exception in your favour, and recommend you in my prayers for all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics, by a separate ejaculation in your behalf.

Whether Abrahams' in his heart thanked the honest curate for his zeal is hard to say, but there was nothing to be observed in his countenance, which bespoke any other emotions than those of benevolence and good-nature. My friend Drowsy was not quite so placid at certain periods of the discourse, and when he found that the humble Israelite made no other return, but by a civil inclination of the head to the speaker at the conclusion of the harangue, he said to Abrahams, in a qualifying tone of voice, Mr. Beetle, Sir, means well; to which the

other instantly replied, that he did not doubt it, and then with a design, as it should seem, to turn the discourse, informed Ned, that he had taken the liberty of going in person to the father of Mrs. Goodison in hopes he would have allowed him to speak of the situation, in which he had found his daughter and her child: but alas! added he, I had no sooner began to open the business upon which I came, than he instantly stopt my mouth by demanding, if I came into his house to affront him! that he was astonished at my assurance for daring to name his daughter in his hearing, and in the same breath in a very haughty tone cried out, Harkye, Sir! are not you a Jew? to which I had no sooner replied in the affirmative, than ringing his bell very violently, he called out to his footman, to put that Jew out of his doors.

Here Abrahams paused: Ned started up from his chair, drank a glass of wine, shook the Jew by the hand, flounced down upon his seat again, whistled part of a tune, and turning to me said in a half-whisper, What a world is this we live in!

NUMBER XLII.

After the conversation related in the preceding chapter, Drowsy and his guests passed a social evening, and honest Abrahams was prevailed upon to take a bed at Poppy Hall. The next morning early, as I was walking in the garden, I was much surprised to find Ned there before me—I dare say you wonder, said he, what could provoke my laziness to quit my pillow thus early, but I am resolved

to shake off a slothful habit, which till our discourse last night I never considered as criminal. I have been thinking over all that Mr. Abrahams told us about the distressed widow and her daughter, and I must own to you I have a longing desire to obtain a sight of this Constantia, whom he describes to be so charming in mind and person. Now I don't know with what face I can invite her hither; besides I consider, though I might prevail upon Mr. Abrahams to bring her, yet I should be confoundedly hampered how to get handsomely off, if upon acquaintance it did not suit me to propose for her.

You judge rightly, said I, your dilemma would be embarrassing.

Well then, quoth he, there is no alternative but for me to go to her, and though I am aware of the trouble it will give me to take a journey to London, where I have never been, and shall probably make a very awkward figure, yet if you will encourage me so far as to say you will take a corner in my coach thither, and Mr. Abrahams does not object to the scheme, I will even pluck up a good courage and set out to-morrow.

Be it so! answered I, if Mr. Abrahams approves of it, I have no objection to the party.

On the morrow we set off; Abrahams and myself with Ned, and his old servant in his coach for London, and in the evening of the second day our post-boys delivered us safe at Blossom's Inn in Lawrence-lane. Abrahams procured us lodgings at the house of his apothecary in the Poultry, where he first sheltered Mrs. Goodison and Constantia; and having settled this affair, the good man hastened home to present himself to his family, and prepare for our supping at his house that night.

My friend Ned had been in a broad stare of

amazement ever since his entry into London; he seemed anxious to know what all the people were about, and why they posted up and down in such a hurry; he frequently asked me when they would go home and be quiet; for his own part he doubted if he should get a wink of sleep till he was fairly out of this noisy town.

As he was feasting his curiosity from the window of our lodgings, the Lord Mayor passed by in his state coach towards the Mansion House—God bless his Majesty! cried Ned, he is a portly man. He was rather disappointed when I set him right in his mistake; but nevertheless the spectacle pleased him, and he commented very gravely upon the commodious size of the coach, and the slow pace of the procession, which he said showed the good sense and discretion of the city magistrate, and observing him to be a very corpulent man, added with an air of some consequence, that he would venture to pronounce my Lord Mayor of London was a wise man, and consulted his own ease.

We now were to set ourselves in order for our visit to honest Abrahams, and Ned began to show some anxiety about certain articles of his dress and appearance, which did not exactly tally with the spruce air of the city sparks, whom he had reconnoitred in the streets; the whole was confessedly of the rustic order, but I encouraged him to put his trust in broad-cloth and country bloom, and seriously exhorted him not to trust his head to the sheers of a London hair-dresser. I now ordered a coach to be called, which was no sooner announced, than Ned observed it was speedily got ready; but they do every thing in a hurry in this place, added he, and I wish to my heart the fat gentleman in the fine coach may order all the people to bed before

our return, that I may stand some chance of getting a little rest and quiet amongst them.

We now stept into our hack, but not without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the stones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door of our friendly Israelite with a smiling welcome, and conducted by him up stairs to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the mistress of the house, an elderly decent matron, who presented us to Mrs. Goodison, the mother of Constantia, in whose countenance, though pale and overcast with melancholy, beauty and modest dignity still kept their native post.

Honest Ned made his first approaches with a bow, which Vestris perhaps could have mended though it was of nature's workmanship; and this he stoutly followed up with a kiss to each lady, after the custom of the country, that loudly spoke its own good report.

Whilst these ancient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and presented to our eyes—a wonder! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itself; it was a form of modesty to have awed the passions of licentious youth; it was, in one word, Constantia herself, and till our reigning beauties shall to equal charms add equal humility, and present themselves like her to the beholder's eye without one conscious glance of exultation at their triumphs, she must remain no otherwise described than as that name bespeaks the unrivalled model of her sex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himself so dexterously with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office, neither voice nor motion re-

mained with them, and astonishment would not even suffer them to close—

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.

And what after all were the mighty instruments by which these effects were produced? Hearken, O Tavistock-street, and believe it if you can! The simplest dress, which modesty could clothe itself with, was all the armour which this conqueror had put on: a plain white cotton vest with a close head-dress (such as your very widows would have blushed to have exhibited), filletted with a black silk ribband, were all the aids that Nature borrowed to attire her matchless piece of work.

Thus she stood before us, and there she might have stood for us till now, if the compassionate Israelite had not again stepped in to her rescue: he led her to a chair, and, taking his seat, set the conversation afloat by telling her of his visit to the worthy gentleman then present (as his body indeed might witness, but for his senses they were elsewhere) spoke handsomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with saying he had now the honour to introduce the owner of that hospitable mansion to her acquaintance, and he flattered himself he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The answer which Constantia made to this elaborate harangue, would in vain be sought for in the *academy of compliments*, for it consisted simply in the eloquence of two expressive eyes, which she directed upon the speechless trunk of poor Ned, somewhere as I should guess about the region of his heart, for I am persuaded her emissaries never stopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to stammer out a few sentences, by which, if Constantia did not understand more than was expressed, she could not be much the wiser for the information he gave her; he was glad and sorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and presumed to say—just nothing at all; when in a moment the word supper! announced through the nose of a snuffling Hebrew servant, came as if it had been conjured up by the wand of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his distress: the manna in the wilderness was hardly more welcome to the famished Jews, than were now the bloodless viands that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I should have said rather than to the appetite of Drowsy.

Love I know can do more in the way of metamorphosis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to say the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling test of his art; for it was in fact no less a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury: Good fellowship however can do something in the same way, and the hospitable festivity of the honest Israelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and set it to work: youth soon catches the social sympathy, but even age and sorrow now threw aside their gloom, and paid their subscription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whose countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely dispelled that air of lassitude, which had so long disarmed an interesting set of features of their natural vivacity and spirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and even mental expression, as I had ever contemplated—

Quid non possit amor?

Madam, says he, directing his discourse to Mrs.

Goodison, it is not for the honour of human nature, that I should wholly credit what our worthy host has told me: I won't believe there are half so many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reason to a man that will always argue him out of his obstinacy; it is not such a fellow as myself, no, nor, even so good a pleader as my friend here (pointing to Abrahams) who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come across a certain father, that shall be nameless, and let me be properly prepared to encounter him, and I'll wager all I am worth, I will bring him round in a twinkling: Only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you see, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodison, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the most powerful, said Ned, that nature ever set her hand to; the irresistible eyes of this young lady; might I only say—This angel is a supplicant to you, the heart that would not melt must be of marble. Constantia blushed, every body seemed delighted with the unexpected turn of Ned's reply, whilst Mrs. Goodison answered, that she feared even that experiment would disappoint him; upon which he eagerly rejoined, then I have a resource against the worst that can befal us: There is a comfortable little mansion stands without-side of my park; it is furnished and in complete repair: there is a pleasant garden to it: Mr. Abrahams has seen it, and if you will be my tenant, you shall not find me so hard a landlord, as some you have had to deal with. As Ned spoke these words, Mrs. Goodison turned her eyes full upon him with so intelligent and scrutinizing an expression, as to cause a short stop in his speech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me! the last inhabitant of this beloved little place was my excellent

mother: she passed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myself; I wish I had been more worthy of such society and more capable of improving by it; but I was sadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the best (God forbid I should reproach him!) and put me under the care of Parson Beetle, the curate of our parish, an honest well-meaning man, but alas! I was a dull lazy blockhead, and he did not keep me to my book. However, such as I am, I know my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honesty and sincerity is not amongst the number. Nobody can suspect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned, I am afraid Mrs. Goodison is not thoroughly convinced of it; surely, Madam, you will not suppose I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in your's Sir, answered she, and expect to hear one: it is your unmerited generosity that stops my tongue. After all, resumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generosity as any body present, for as you have never once mentioned the name of my Constantia in this proposal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the same time. Tis because I have not the presumption to hope, answered Ned, that I have any thing to offer which such excellence would condescend to take; I could wish to tender her the best mansion I possess, but there is an encumbrance goes with it which I despair of reconciling to so elegant a taste as her's— O love, said I within myself, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric! I glanced my eye round the table; Ned did the very reverse of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the close of such a speech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addressed; the fine countenance of Constantia assumed a hue,

which I suspect our dealers in Circassian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to shift so suddenly; for whilst my eye was passing over it, her cheek underwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who purchase blushes, are not subject to; the whole was conducted by those most genuine masters and best colourists of the human countenance, modesty and sensibility, under the direction of nature; and though I am told the ingenious President of our Royal Academy has attempted something in art, which resembles it, yet I am hard to believe, that his carnations, however volatile, can quite keep pace with the changes of Constantia's cheek. Wise and discreet young ladies, who are taught to know the world by education and experience, have a better method of concealing their thoughts, and a better reason for concealing them; in short they manage this matter with more address, and do not, like poor Constantia,

——Wear their hearts upon their sleeve
For daws to peck at.

When a fashionable lover assails his mistress with all that energy of action as well as utterance, which accompanies polite declarations of passion, it would be highly indiscreet in her to show him how supremely pleased and flattered she is by his impudence; no, she puts a proper portion of scorn into her features, and with a stern countenance tells him, she cannot stand his impertinence; if he will not take this fair warning and desist, she may indeed be overpowered through the weakness of her sex, but nobody can say it was her bashfulness that betrayed her, or that there was any prudent hypocrisy spared in her defence.

Again, when a fashionable lady throws her fine arms round her husband's neck, and in the mournful tone of conjugal complaint sighs out—' and will my dearest leave his fond unhappy wife to bewail his absence, whilst he is following a vile filthy fox over hedge and ditch at the peril of his neck?'—would it not be a most unbred piece of sincerity were she to express in her face what she feels in her heart—a cordial wish that he may really break his neck, and that she is very much beholden to those odious hounds, as she calls them, for taking him out of her sight? Certainly such an act of folly could not be put up with in an age and country so enlightened as the present; and surely, when so many ladies of distinction are turning actresses in public to amuse their friends, it would be hard if they did not set apart some rehearsals in private to accommodate themselves.

NUMBER XLIII.

I LEFT Constantia somewhat abruptly in my last paper; and to say the truth rather in an awkward predicament; but as I do not like to interrupt young ladies in their blushes, I took occasion to call off the reader's attention from her, and bestowed it upon other ladies, who are not subject to the same embarrassments.

Our party soon broke up after this event: Ned and I repaired to our apartments in the Poultry, Constantia to those slumbers which purity inspires, temperance endears, and devotion blesses.

The next morning brought Ned to my levee; he had lain awake all night, but no noises were complained of; they were not in the fault of having deprived him of his repose.

He took up the morning paper, and the playhouse advertisements caught his eye: He began to question me about *The Clandestine Marriage*, which was up for the night at Drury-Lane: Was it a comedy? I told him yes, and an admirable one: Then it ended happily, he presumed. Certainly it did: a very amiable young woman was clandestinely married to a deserving young man, and both parties at the close of the fable were reconciled to their friends and made happy in each other: And is all this represented on the stage? cried Ned: All this with many more incidents is acted on the stage, and so acted, let me assure you, as leaves the merit of the performers only to be exceeded by that of the poet: —This is fine indeed! replied he; then as sure as

can be I will be there this very night, if you think they will admit a country clown like me.—There was no fear of that.—Very well then; is not this the play of all plays for Constantia? Oh that I had old Surly there too; what would I give to have her grandfather at her elbow! He was so possessed with the idea, and built his castles in the air so nimbly, that I could not find in my heart to dash the vision by throwing any bars in its way, though enough occurred to me, had I been disposed to employ them.

Away posted Ned—(*quantum mutatus ab illo!*) on the wings of love to Saint Mary Axe; what rhetoric he there made use of I cannot pretend to say, but certainly he came back with a decree in his favour for Mrs. Abrahams and Constantia to accompany him to the comedy, if I would undertake to convoy the party; for honest Abrahams (though a dear lover of the muse, and as much attached to stage plays, as his countryman Shylock was averse from them) had an unlucky engagement elsewhere, and as for Mrs. Goodison, Ned had sagaciously discovered that she had some objection to the title of the comedy in her own particular, though she stated none against her daughter's being there.

After an early dinner with Abrahams, we repaired to the theatre, four in number, and whilst the second music was playing posted ourselves with all due precaution, on the third row of one of the front boxes, where places had been kept for us; Mrs. Abrahams on my left hand against the partition of the box, and Constantia on the other hand between her admirer and me.

There is something captivating in that burst of splendor, scenery, human beauty and festivity, which a royal theatre displays to every spectator on his entrance; what then must have been the stroke

on his optics, who never entered one before? Ned looked about him with surprise, and had there not been a central point of attraction, to which his eyes were necessarily impelled by laws not less irresistible than those of gravitation, there might have been no speedy stop to the eccentricity of their motions. It was not indeed one of those delightfully crowded houses which theatrical advertisers announce so rapturously to draw succeeding audiences to the comforts of succeeding crowds, there to enjoy the peals of the loudest plaudits, and most roaring bursts of laughter, bestowed upon the tricks of a harlequin or the gibberish of a buffoon; but it was a full assembly of rational beings, convened for the enjoyment of a rational entertainment, where the ears were not in danger of being insulted by ribaldry, nor the understanding libelled by the spectacle of folly.

Ned was charmed with the comedy and soon became deeply interested for Lovewell and Fanny, on whose distressful situation he made many natural remarks to his fair neighbour, and she on her part bestowed more attention on the scene, than was strictly reconcileable to modern high-breeding.—The representative of Lord Ogleby put him into some alarm at first, and he whispered in my ear, that he hoped the merry old gentleman was not really so ill as he seemed to be:—for I am sure, adds he, he would be the best actor in the world, was he to recover his health, since he can make so good a stand even at death's door. I put his heart to rest by assuring him that his sickness was all a fiction, and that the same old decrepid invalid, when he had washed the wrinkles out of his face, was as gay and as sprightly as the best; aye, added I, and in his real character one of the best into the bargain: I am glad of it, I am glad of it to my heart, answered Ned, I hope he will never have one half of the

complaints which he counterfeits; but 'tis surprising what some men can do.

In the interval of the second act an aged gentleman of a grave and senatorial appearance, in a full-dressed suit of purple ratteen and a flowing white wig, entered the box alone, and as he was looking out for a seat, it was with pleasure I observed the young idlers at the back pay respect to his age and person by making way for him, and pointing to a spare place on our bench, to which he advanced, and after some apologies natural to a well-bred man took his seat on our range.

His eyes immediately paid the tribute, which even age could not withhold from the beauty of Constantia; he regarded her with more than a common degree of sensibility and attention; he watched for opportunities of speaking to her every now and then at the shifting of a scene or the exit of a performer; he asked her opinion of the actors of the comedy, and at the conclusion of the act said to her, I dare believe, young lady, you are no friend to the title of this comedy: I should be no friend to it, replied Constantia, if the author had drawn so unnatural a character as an unrelenting father. One such monster in an age, cried Ned, taking up the discourse, is one too many. When I overheard these words, and noticed the effect which they had upon him, combining it also with his emotion at certain times, when he examined the features of Constantia with a fixed attention, a thought arose in my mind of a romantic nature, which I kept to myself, that we might possibly be then in company with the father of Mrs. Goodison, and that Ned's prophetic wishes were actually verified. When Fanny is discovered to be a married woman at the close of the comedy, and the father in his fury cries out to her husband—'Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly, and

you shall follow him, Madam'—Ned could not refrain himself from exclaiming, Oh, the hardened monster!—but whilst the words were on his lips, Lord Ogleby immediately replied to the father in the very words which benevolence would have dictated —' And if they do, I will receive them into mine,' whereupon the whole theatre gave a loud applause, and Constantia, whilst the tear of sensibility and gratitude started in her eye, taking advantage of the general noise to address herself to Ned without being overheard, remarked to him—that this was an effusion of generosity she could not scruple to applaud, since she had an example in her eye, which convinced her it was in nature.—Pardon me, replied Ned, I find nothing in the sentiment to call for my applause; every man would act as Lord Ogleby does; but there is only one father living, who would play the part of that brute Sterling, and I wish old Goodison was here at my elbow to see the copy of his own hateful features. It was evident that the stranger who sat next to Ned, overheard this reply, for he gave a sudden start, which shook his frame, and darting an angry glance, suddenly exclaimed—Sir!—and then as suddenly recollecting himself, checked his speech, and bit his lips in sullen silence. This had passed without being observed by Ned, who turning round at the word, which he conceived was addressed to him, said in a mild tone—did you speak to me, Sir? To which the old gentleman making no answer, the matter passed unnoticed, except by me.

As soon as the comedy was over, our box began to empty itself into the lobby, when the stranger seeing the bench unoccupied behind me, left his place, and planted himself at my back. I was now more than ever possessed with the idea of his being old Goodison, and wished to ascertain if possible the

certainty of my guess; I therefore made a pretence to the ladies of giving them more room and stept back to the bench on which he was sitting. After a few words in the way of apology he asked me, if he might without offence request the name of the young lady I had just quitted; with this I readily complied, and when I gave her name methought he seemed prepared to expect it: he asked me if her mother was a widow; I told him she was—where was she at present, and in what condition? She was at present in the house of a most benevolent creature, who had rescued her from the deepest distress—might he ask the name of the person, who had done that good action? I told him both his name and place of abode, described in as few words as I could the situation he had found her and Constantia in, spoke briefly, but warmly, of his character, and omitted not to give him as many particulars of my friend Ned as I thought necessary; in conclusion I made myself also known to him, and explained what my small part had been in the transaction. He made his acknowledgments for these communications in very handsome terms, and then after a short pause, in which he seemed under difficulty how to proceed, he spoke to this effect:

I am aware that I shall introduce myself to you under some disadvantages, when I tell you I am the father of that young woman's mother; but if you are not a parent yourself, you cannot judge of a parent's feelings towards an undutiful child; and if you are one, I hope you have not had, nor ever will have, the experience of what I have felt: let that pass therefore without further comment! I have now determined to see my daughter, and I hope I may avail myself of your good offices in preparing her for the interview; I wish it to take place to-morrow, and, if you foresee no objection, let our

meeting her at the house of her benefactor Mr. Abrahams for to that worthy person, as you describe him to be, I have many necessary apologies to make, and more thanks than I shall know how to repay; for the present I must beg you will say nothing about me in this place.

To all these points I gave him satisfactory assurances, and settled the hour of twelve next day for the meeting; he then drew a shagreen case out of his pocket, which he put into my hand, saying, that if I would compare that face with Constantia's I could not wonder at the agitation which so strong a family-resemblance had given him; it was a portrait of his deceased wife at Constantia's age; the first glance he had of her features had struck him to the heart; he could not keep his eyes from her; she was indeed a perfect beauty; he had never beheld any thing to compare with her, but that counterpart of her image then in my hand; he begged to leave it in my care till our meeting next morning; perhaps, added he, the sight of it will give a pang of sensibility to my poor discarded child, but I think it will give her joy also, if you tender it as a pledge of my reconciliation and returning love.

Here his voice shook, his eyes swam in tears, and clasping my hand eagerly between his, he conjured me to remember what I had promised, and hastened out of the house.

NUMBER XLIV.

When I had parted from the old gentleman, I found Mrs. Abrahams desirous to return home, being somewhat indisposed by the heat of the theatre, so that I lost no time in getting her and Constantia into the coach: in our way homewards I reported the conversation I had held with Mr. Goodison; the different effects it had upon my hearers were such as might be expected from their several characters; the gentle spirit of Constantia found relief in tears; her grateful heart discharged itself in praises and thanksgivings to Providence: Mrs. Abrahams forgot her head-ach, felicitated herself in having prevailed upon Mrs. Goodison to consent to her daughter's going to the play, declared she had a presentiment that something fortunate would come to pass, thought the title of the comedy was a lucky omen, congratulated Constantia over and over, and begged to be indulged in the pleasure of telling these most joyful tidings to her good man at home: Ned put in his claim for a share in the prophecy no less than Mrs. Abrahams; he had a kind of a something in his thoughts, when Goodison sat at his elbow, that did not quite amount to a discovery, and yet it was very like it; he had a sort of an impulse to give him a gird or two upon the character of Sterling, and he was very sure that what he threw out upon the occasion made him squeak, and that the discovery would never have come about, if it had not been for him; he even advanced some learned remarks upon the good effects of stage-plays in giv-

ing touches to the conscience, though I do not pretend to say he had Jeremy Collier in his thoughts at the time; in short, what between the Hebrew and the Christian there was little or nothing left for my share in the work, so that I contented myself with cautioning Constantia how she broke it to her mother, and recommended to Mrs. Abrahams to confine her discourse to her husband, and leave Constantia to undertake for Mrs. Goodison.

When we arrived at our journey's end we found the honest Jew alone, and surprised him before he expected us: Mrs. Goodison was gone to bed a little indisposed: Constantia hastened up to her without entering the parlour; Mrs. Abrahams let loose the clapper of joy, and rang in the good news with so full a peal and so many changes, that there was no more to be done on my part but to correct a few trips in the performance of the nature of pleonasms, which were calculated to improve the tale in every particular but the truth of it. When she had fairly acquitted herself of the history, she began to recollect her head-ache, and then left us very thoroughly disposed to have a fellow-feeling in the same complaint.

After a few natural reflections upon the event, soberly debated and patiently delivered, I believe we were all of one mind in wishing for a new subject, and a silence took place sufficiently preparatory for its introduction; when Abrahams, putting on a grave and serious look, in a more solemn tone of voice, than I had ever heard him assume, delivered himself as follows:

There is something, gentlemen, presses on my mind, which seems a duty on my conscience to impart to you: I cannot reconcile myself to play the counterfeit in your company, and therefore if you will have patience to listen to a few particulars of a

life, so unimportant as mine, I will not intrude long upon your attention, and at worst it may serve to fill up a few spare minutes before we are called to our meal.

I need not repeat what was said on our parts; we drew our chairs round the fire; Abrahams gave a sigh, hemmed twice or thrice, as if the words in rising to his throat had choaked him, and thus began:

I was born in Spain, the only son of a younger brother of an ancient and noble house, which like many others of the same origin and persuasion had long been in the indispensable practice of conforming to the established religion, whilst secretly and under the most guarded concealment every member of it without exception hath adhered to those opinions, which have been the faith of our tribe from the earliest ages.

This I trust will account to you for my declining to expose my real name, and justify the discretion of my assuming the fictitious one, by which I am now known to you.

Till I had reached my twentieth year I knew myself for nothing but a Christian, if that may be called Christianity, which monkish superstition and idolatry have so adulterated and distorted from the moral purity of its scriptural guides, as to keep no traces even of rationality in its form and practice.

This period of life is the usual season for the parents of an adult to reveal to him the awful secret of their concealed religion: the circumstances, under which this tremendous discovery is confided to the youth are so contrived as to imprint upon his heart the strongest seal of secresy, and at the same time present to his choice the alternative of parricide or conformity: with me there was no hesitation; none could be; for the yoke of Rome had galled my con-

science till it festered, and I seized emancipation with the avidity of a ransomed slave, who escapes out of the hands of infidels.

Upon our great and solemn day of the Passover I was initiated into Judaism; my father conducted me to the interior chamber of a suit of apartments, locking every door through which we passed with great precaution, and not uttering a syllable by the way; in this secure retreat he purposed to celebrate that ancient rite, which our nation holds so sacred: he was at that time in an alarming decline; the agitating task he had been engaged in overpowered his spirits; whilst he was yet speaking to me, and my eyes were fixed upon his face, the hand of death smote him; I saw his eye-lids quiver; I heard him draw his last expiring sigh, and falling dead upon my neck as I was kneeling at his feet, he brought me backwards to the floor, where I laid panting under his lifeless corpse, scarce more alive than he was.

The noise of his fall and the horrid shrieks I began to utter, for I had no presence of mind in that fatal moment, were unfortunately overheard, far as we were removed from the family: the room we were in had a communication with our private chapel; the monk, who was our family confessor, had a master-key, which commanded the avenues to that place; he was then before the altar, when my cries reached his ears; he ascended hastily by the private stair-case, and finding the door locked, his terror at my yells adding strength to a colossal form, with one vehement kick he burst open the door, and, besides the tragic spectacle on the ground, too plainly discovered the damning proofs of our apostacy.

Vile wretch, cried he, as he seized hold of my father's body, unholy villain, circumcised infidel! I thank my God for having smote thee with a sudden judgment: lie there like a dog as thou art, and ex-

pect the burial of a dog! This said, with one furious jerk of his arm he hurled the venerable corpse of the most benevolent of God's creatures with the utmost violence to the corner of the room: whilst I tell it my blood curdles; I heard his head dash against the marble floor; I did not dare to turn my eyes to the spot; the sword, which my father had presented to my hand and pointed at his own breast, when he imparted to me his faith, lay naked on the floor; I grasped it in my hand; nature tugged at my heart; I felt an impulse irresistible; I buried it in the bowels of the monk: I thrust it home with so good a will, that the guard entangled in the cord that was tied about his carcase; I left my weapon in the body, and the ponderous bigot fell thundering on the pavement.

A ready thought, which seemed like inspiration, seized me; I disposed my father's corpse in decent order; drew the ring from his finger, on which the symbol of our tribe was engraved in Hebrew characters; I took away those fatal tokens; which had betrayed us; there were implements for writing on a table; I wrote the following words on a scroll of paper—'This monk fell by my hand; he merited the death I gave him: let not my father's memory be attainted! He is innocent, and died suddenly by the will of Heaven, and not by the hand of man.' —This I signed with my name, and affixed to the breast of the monk; then imprinting a last kiss upon the hand of my dead father, I went softly down the secret stairs, and passing through the chapel escaped out of the house unnoticed by any of the family.

Our house stood at one extremity of the ancient city of Segovia! I made my way as fast as my feet would transport me to the forests of San Ildephonso, and there sheltered myself till night came on; by short and stealthy journeys, through various perils

and almost incredible hardships, I arrived at Barcelona; I made myself known to an English merchant, settled there, who had long been a correspondent of my father's, and was employed by our family in the exportation of their wool, which is the chief produce of estates in the great plain of Segovia, so famous for its sheep. By this gentleman I was supplied with money and necessaries; he also gave me letters of credit upon his correspondent in London, and took a passage for me in a very commodious and capital ship bound to that port, but intermediately to Smyrna, whither she was chartered with a valuable cargo. Ever since the unhappy event in Segovia it had been my first and constant wish to take refuge in England; nothing therefore could be more acceptable than these letters of credit and introduction, and being eager to place myself under the protection of a nation, whose generosity all Europe bears testimony to, I lost not a moment in embarking on board the British Lion (for so the ship was named) and in this asylum I for the first time found that repose of mind and body, which for more than two months I had been a stranger to.

Here I fortunately made acquaintance with a very worthy and ingenious gentleman, who was going to settle at Smyrna as physician to the factory, and to the care and humanity of this excellent person, under Providence, I am indebted for my recovery from a very dangerous fever, which seized me on the third day after my coming on board: this gentleman resided many years at Smyrna, and practised there with great success; he afterwards went through a very curious course of travel, and is now happily returned to his native country.

When we arrived at Smyrna I was on my recovery, and yet under the care of my friendly physician; I lodged in the same house with him, and

found great benefit from the air and exercise on shore: he advised me to remain there for a season, and at the same time an offer was made to me by the ship's captain of acting for the merchants in place of their agent, who had died on the passage. The letters of credit given me at Barcelona, and the security entered into on my account with the house in London, warranted this proposal on his part, and there were many motives which prevailed with me for accepting it.

In this station I had the good fortune to give such satisfaction to my principals, that during a residence of more than twenty years I negociated their business with uninterrupted success, and in the course of that time secured a competency for myself, and married a very worthy wife, with whom I have lived happily ever since.

Still my wishes pointed to this land of freedom and toleration, and here at last I hope I am set down for life: such was my prepossession for this country, that I may say, without boasting, during twenty years residence in Smyrna, no Englishman ever left my door without the relief he solicited, or appeared to stand in need of.

I must not omit to tell you that to my infinite comfort it turned out, that my precautions after the death of the monk were effectual for preventing any mischief to the head of my family, who still preserves his rank, title and estate unsuspected; and although I was outlawed by name, time hath now wrought such a change in my person, and the affair hath so died away in men's memories, that I trust I am in security from any future machinations in that quarter: Still I hold it just to my family and prudent towards myself to continue my precautions: Upon the little fortune I raised in Smyrna, with some aids I have occasionally received from

the head of our house, who is my nephew, and several profitable commissions for the sale of Spanish wool, I live contentedly, though humbly as you see, and I have besides wherewithal (blessed be God!) to be of some use and assistance to my fellow creatures.

Thus I have related to you my brief history, not concealing that bloody act which would subject me to death by the sentence of a human tribunal, but for which I hope my intercession and atonement have been accepted by the Supreme Judge of all hearts, with whom there is mercy and forgiveness. Reflect I pray you upon my situation at that dreadful moment; enter into the feelings of a son; picture to yourselves the scene of horror before my eyes; conceive a brutal zealot spurning the dead corpse of my father, and that father his most generous benefactor, honoured for his virtues and adored for his charities, the best of parents and the friend of mankind; reflect, I say, upon these my agonies and provocations, make allowance for a distracted heart in such a crisis, and judge me with that charity, which takes the law of God, and not the law of man for its direction.

Here Abrahams concluded, and here also I shall adjourn to the succeeding number what remains to be related of the persons, whose adventures have already engrossed so large a portion of this miscellaneous work.

NUMBER XLV.

The reader will recollect that the worthy Hebrew, who assumes the name of Abrahams, had just concluded the narrative of his adventures, and that the next morning was appointed for a conciliatory interview between Mrs. Goodison and her father. Ned, whose natural indolence had now began to give place to the most active of all passions, had been so much agitated by the events of the day, that we had no sooner parted from honest Abrahams, than he began to comment upon the lucky incident of our rencontre with the old gentleman at the comedy; he seemed strongly inclined to deal with destiny for some certain impulses, which he remembered to have felt, when he was so earnest to go to the play; and declared with much gravity, that he went thither fully prepossessed some good fortune would turn up: 'Well, to be sure,' said he, 'I ought to rejoice in the happy turn affairs have now taken, and I do rejoice; but it would have given me infinite delight to have fulfilled the plan I had in design for Mrs. Goodison's accommodation; she will now want no assistance from me; my little cottage will never have the honour of receiving her: all those schemes are at an end: Constantia too will be a great fortune, she will have higher views in life, and think no more of me, or, if she did, it is not to be supposed her grandfather, who so bitterly resented his daughter's match, will suffer her to fall into the same offence.' I must confess I thought so entirely with my friend Ned

in the concluding parts of these remarks, that I could only advise him to wait the event of time, and recommend himself in the mean while as well as he could to Mr. Somerville, the grandfather of Constantia. Art and education, it is true, had not contributed much to Ned's accomplishments, but nature had done great things in his favour; to a person admirably, though not finically formed, she had given a most interesting set of features, with such a striking character of benevolence and open honesty, that he might be said to carry his heart in his countenance; though there was a kind of lassitude in his deportment, the effect of habits long indulged, yet his sensibility was ever ready to start forth upon the first call, and on those occasions no one would have regretted that he had not been trained in the school of the Graces; there was something then displayed which they cannot teach, and only nature in her happiest moments can bestow.

The next morning produced a letter from honest Abrahams, full of joy for the happy reconciliation now established, and inviting us to celebrate the day with Mr. Somerville and the ladies at his house. This was an anxious crisis for my friend Ned; and I perceived his mind in such a state of agitation, that I thought fit to stay with him for the rest of the forenoon: he began to form a variety of conjectures as to the reception he was likely to meet from the old gentleman, with no less a variety of plans for his own behaviour, and even of speeches with which he was to usher in his first addresses; sometimes he sunk into melancholy and despair, at other times he would snatch a gleam of hope, and talk himself into transports: he was now, for the first time in his life, studiously contriving how to set off his person to the best advantage; his hair was fa-

shionably dressed, and a handsome suit was tried on, during which he surveyed himself in the glass with some attention, and, as I thought, not entirely without a secret satisfaction, which, indeed, I have seen other gentlemen bestow upon their persons in a much greater degree, with much less reason for their excuse.

When he was completely equipt, and the time approached for our going, 'Alas!' he cried, 'what does all this signify? I am but a clown in better clothes. Why was my father so neglectful of my education, or rather why was I so negligent to avail myself of the little he allowed me? What would I not give to redeem the time I have thrown away. But 'tis in vain: I have neither wit to recommend myself, nor address to disguise my want of it; I have nothing to plead in my favour, but common honour and honesty: and what cares that old hard-hearted fellow for qualities, which could not reconcile him to his own son-in-law? he will certainly look upon me with contempt. As for Constantia, gratitude, perhaps, might in time have disposed her heart towards me, and my zealous services might have induced her mother to overlook my deficiencies, but there is an end of that only chance I had for happiness, and I am a fool to thrust myself into a society, where I am sure to heap fresh fuel on my passion, and fresh misfortunes on my head.'

With these impressions, which I could only sooth but not dispel, Ned proceeded to the place of meeting with an aching heart and dejected countenance. We found the whole party assembled to receive us, and though my friend's embarrassment disabled him from uttering any one of the ready-made speeches he had digested for the purpose, yet I saw nothing in Mr. Somerville's countenance or address, that

could augur otherwise than well for honest Ned; Mrs. Goodison was as gracious as possible, and Constantia's smile was benignity itself. Honest Abrahams, who has all the hospitality as well as virtues of his forefathers the patriarchs, received us with open arms, and a face in which wide-mouthed joy grinned most delectably. It was with pleasure I observed Mr. Somerville's grateful attentions towards him and his good dame; they had nothing of ostentation or artifice in them, but seemed the genuine effusions of his heart; they convinced me he was not a man innately morose, and that the resentment, so long fostered in his bosom, was effectually extirpated. Mrs. Abrahams, in her province, had exerted herself to very good purpose, and spread her board, if not elegantly, yet abundantly; Abrahams, on his part kept his wine and his tongue going with incessant gaiety and good-humour, and whilst he took every opportunity of drawing forth Ned's honest heart and natural manners to the best advantage, I was happy in discovering that they did not escape the intuition of Somerville, and that he made faster progress towards his good opinion, than if he had exhibited better breeding, and less sincerity of character.

In the course of the evening the old gentleman told us he had determined upon taking his daughter and Constantia into the country with him, where he flattered himself Mrs. Goodison would recover her health and spirits sooner than in town, and at the same time gave us all in turn a pressing invitation to his house.—Abrahams and his wife excused themselves on the score of business; but Ned, who had no such plea to make, or any disposition to invent one, thankfully accepted the proposal.

The day succeeding and some few others, were passed by Mrs. Goodison and Constantia at Mr.

Somerville's in the necessary preparations and arrangements previous to their leaving London; during this time Ned's diffidence and their occupations did not admit of any interview, and their departure was only announced to him by a note from the old gentleman, reminding him of his engagement; his spirits were by this time so much lowered from their late elevation, that he even doubted if he should accept the invitation; love however took care to settle this point in his own favour, and Ned arrived at the place of his destination rather as a victim under the power of a hopeless passion, than as a modern fine gentleman with the assuming airs of a conqueror. The charms of the beautiful Constantia, which had drawn her indolent admirer so much out of his character and so far from his home, now heightened by the happy reverse of the situation, and set off with all the aids of dress, dazzled him with their lustre; and though her change of fortune and appearance was not calculated to diminish his passion, it seemed to forbid his hopes: in sorrow, poverty and dependance, she had inspired him with the generous ambition of rescuing her from a situation so ill proportioned to her merits, and, though he had not actually made, he had very seriously meditated a proposal of marriage: He saw her now in a far different point of view, and comparing her with himself, her beauty, fortune and accomplishments with his own conscious deficiencies, he sunk into despair. This was not unobserved by Constantia; neither did she want the penetration to discern the cause of it. When he had dragged on his wretched existence for some days, he found the pain of it no longer supportable, and, ashamed of wearing a face of woe in the house of happiness, he took the hardy resolution of bidding farewell to Constantia and his hopes for ever.

Whilst he was meditating upon this painful subject one evening during a solitary walk, he was surprised to hear himself accosted by the very person, from whose chains he had determined to break loose; Constantia was unattended, the place was retired, the hour was solemn, and her looks were soft and full of compassion. What cannot love effect? it inspired him with resolution to speak; it did more, it supplied him with eloquence to express his feelings.

Constantia in few words gave him to understand that she rightly guessed the situation of his mind; this at once drew from him a confession of his love and his despair—of the former he spoke little and with no display; he neither sought to recommend his passion, or excite her pity; of his own defects he spoke more at large, and dwelt much upon his want of education; he reproached himself for the habitual indolence of his disposition, and then, for the first time raising his eyes from the ground, he turned them on Constantia, and after a pause exclaimed, 'Thank heaven! you are restored to a condition, which no longer subjects you to the possible sacrifice I had once the audacity to hint at. Conscious as I am of my own unworthiness at all times to aspire to such a proposal, let me do myself the justice to declare that my heart was open to you in the purest sense; that to have tendered an asylum to your beloved mother, without ensnaring your heart by the obligation, would still have been the pride of my life, and I as truly abhorred to exact, as you could disdain to grant an interested surrender of your hand; and now, lovely Constantia, when I am about to leave you in the bosom of prosperity, if I do not seem to part from you with all that unmixt felicity, which your good fortune ought to inspire, do not reproach me for my unhappy weakness; but recollect for once in your life that your charms are irre-

sistible and my soul only too susceptible of their power and too far plunged into despair, to admit of any happiness hereafter.'

At the conclusion of this speech Ned again fixed his eyes on the ground; after a short silence, 'I perceive,' replied Constantia, 'that my observations of late were rightly formed, and you have been torturing your mind with reflections very flattering to me, but not very just towards yourself: believe me, Sir, your opinion is as much too exalted in one case, as it is too humble in the other. As for me, having as yet seen little of the world but its miseries, and being indebted to the benevolence of human nature for supporting me under them, I shall ever look to that principle as a greater recommendation in the character of a companion for life, than the most brilliant talents or most elegant accomplishments: in the quiet walks of life I shall expect to find my enjoyments.' Here Ned started from his reverie, a gleam of joy rushed upon his heart, by an involuntary motion he had grasped one of her hands; she perceived the tumult her words had created, and extricated her hand from his—'Permit me,' said she, 'to qualify my respect for a benevolent disposition by remarking to you, that without activity there can be no virtue: I will explain myself more particularly; I will speak to you with the sincerity of a friend—You are blessed with excellent natural endowments, a good heart and a good understanding; you have nothing to do but to shake off an indolent habit, and, having youth at your command, to employ the one and cultivate the other: the means of doing this it would be presumption in me to prescribe, but as my grandfather is a man well acquainted with the world and fully qualified to give advice, I should earnestly recommend to you not to take a hasty departure before you have consulted him, and I may

venture to promise you will never repent of any confidence you may repose in his friendship and discretion.'

Here Constantia put an end to the conference and turned towards the house; Ned stood fixed in deep reflection, his mind sometimes brightening with hope, some time relapsing into despair: his final determination, however, was, to obey Constantia's advice, and seek an interview with Mr. Somerville.

NUMBER XLVI.

The next morning, as soon as Ned and Mr Somerville met, the old gentleman took him into his library, and when he was seated, 'Sir,' said he, 'I shall save you some embarrassment, if I begin our conference, by telling you that I am well apprized of your sentiments towards my Constantia; I shall make the same haste to put you out of suspense, by assuring you that I am not unfriendly to your wishes.'

This was an opening of such unexpected joy to Ned, that his spirits had nearly sunk under the surprise; he stared wildly without power of utterance, scarce venturing to credit what he had heard: the blood rushed into his cheeks, and Somerville, seeing his disorder, proceeded: 'When I have said this on my own part, understand, young gentleman, that I only engage not to obstruct your success; I do not, nay I cannot, undertake to ensure it. that must depend upon Constantia; permit me to add, it must depend upon yourself.' Here Ned, unable to suppress his transports, eagerly demanded what there

could be in his power to do, that might advance him in the good opinion and esteem of Constantia! such was his gratitude to the old gentleman for his kindness, that he could scarce refrain from throwing himself at his feet, and he implored him instantly to point out the happy means, which he would implicity embrace, were they ever so difficult, ever so dangerous.

'There will be neither hardship nor hazard,' replied Mr. Somerville, 'in what I shall advise. Great things may be accomplished in a short time where the disposition is good and the understanding apt: though your father neglected your education, it is no reason you should neglect yourself; you must shake off your indolence; and as the first step necessary towards your future comfort is to put yourself at ease in point of fortune, you must make yourself master of your own estate; that I suspect can only be done by extricating your affairs from the hands they are in; but as this is a business, that will require the assistance of an honest and able agent, I shall recommend to you my own lawyer, on whose integrity you may securely rely; he will soon reduce your affairs to such a system of regularity, that you will find it an easy business, and when you discover how many sources of future happiness it opens to you, you will pursue it as an employment of no less pleasure than advantage.'

To this good advice Ned promised the fullest and most unreserved obedience; Mr. Somerville resumed his subject and proceeded; 'When you have thus laid the foundation in œconomy, what remains to be done will be a task of pleasure: this will consist in furnishing your mind and enlarging your experience, in short, Sir, rubbing off the rust of indolence and the prejudices of a narrow education: now for this important undertaking I have a friend

in my eye, whose understanding, temper, morals and manners qualify him to render you most essential services; with this amiable and instructive companion I should in the first place recommend you to take a tour through the most interesting parts of your own country, and hereafter, as occasion shall serve, you may, or you may not, extend your travels into other countries; this is the best counsel I have to give you, and I tender it with all possible good wishes for your success.'

A plan proposed with so much cordiality, and holding forth such a reward for the accomplishment of its conditions, could not fail to be embraced with ardour by the late despairing lover of Constantia. The worthy lawyer was prepared for the undertaking, and Ned was all impatience to convince Mr. Somerville, that indolence was no longer his ruling defect. He gave instant orders for his journey, and then flew to Constantia, at whose feet he poured forth the humble, yet ardent, acknowledgments of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love: it seemed as if love's arrow, like *Ithuriel's* spear, possessed the magic powers of transformation with a touch: there was a spirit in his eyes, an energy in his motions, an illumination over his whole person, that gave his form and features a new cast: Constantia saw the sudden transformation with surprise, and as it evinced the flexibility of his nature and the influence of her own charms, she saw it also with delight: 'So soon!' was her only reply, when he announced his immediate departure, but those words were uttered with such a cadence, and accompanied by such a look, as to the eye and ear of love conveyed more meaning than volumes would contain, unaided by such expression—'Yes, adorable Constantia,' he exclaimed, 'I am now setting forth to give the earliest proof in my power of a ready and alert obedi-

ence to the dictates of my best adviser; these few moments, which your condescension indulges me with are the only moments I shall not rigidly devote to the immediate duties of my task: inspired with the hope of returning less unworthy of your attention, I cheerfully submit to banish myself from your sight for a time, content to cherish in my heart the lovely image there imprest, and flattering myself I have the sanction of your good wishes for the success of my undertaking.' Constantia assured him he had her good wishes for every happiness in life, and then yielding her hand to him, he tenderly pressed it to his lips and departed.

It would be an uninteresting detail to enumerate the arrangements, which Ned by the instructions of his friendly and judicious agent adopted on his return to Poppy-hall. His affairs had indeed been much neglected, but they were not embarrassed, so that they were easily put into such order and regulation, as gave him full leisure for pursuing other objects of a more animating nature: with this view he returned to his friend Mr. Somerville, and was again blest with the presence of Constantia, to whom every day seemed to add new graces: he was welcomed by all parties in the most affectionate manner; Mr. Somerville, upon conversing with his lawyer, received a very flattering report of Ned's activity and attention, nor was he displeased to hear from the same authority, that his estate and property far exceeded any amount, which the unpretending owner himself had ever hinted at.

It was now the latter end of April, and Ned had allowed himself only a few days to prepare for his tour, and to form an acquaintance with the amiable person, who at Mr. Somerville's request had engaged to accompany him; their plan was to employ six months in this excursion through England

and part of Scotland, during which they were to visit the chief towns, and principal manufactories, and Mr. Somerville had further contrived to lay out their course, so as to fall in with the houses of some of his friends by the way, where he had secured them a welcome in such societies, as promised no less profit than amusement to a young person in the pursuit of experience. Measures had been taken to provide equipage, servants, and all things requisite for a travelling establishment, amongst which a few well selected books were not forgotten, and thus at length equipped, Ned with his companion, on the first morning of the month of May, having taken leave of Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodison, and received a tender adieu from his beloved Constantia, stept reluctantly into his chaise, and left the finest eyes in the creation to pay the tribute of a tear to the sorrows of the scene.

From this period I had heard nothing of his proceedings till a few days ago, when I was favoured by him with the following letter, dated from the house of Mr. Somerville:

'DEAR SIR;

'I am just returned from a six months tour, in the course of which I have visited a variety of places, and persons in company with a gentleman, from whose pleasing society I have reaped the highest enjoyment, and if I do not deceive myself, no small degree of profit and instruction.

'Before I sate out upon this excursion, I had the satisfaction of seeing my private affairs put in such a train, and arranged upon so clear a system, that I find myself in possession of a fund of occupation for the rest of my days in superintending the concerns of my estate, and interesting myself in the welfare and prosperity of every person who depends upon me.

'When I returned to this charming place, the reception I met with from Mr. Somerville was as flattering as can be conceived; the worthy mother of my beloved Constantia was no less kind to me; but in what words can I attempt to convey to you the impression I felt on my heart, when I was welcomed with smiles of approbation by the ever-adorable object of my affection? What transport did it give me, when I found her anxious to inquire into every circumstance that had occurred in the course of my travels! none were too minute for her notice: she seemed to take an interest in every thing that had happened to me, and our conversations were renewed time after time without weariness on her part, or any prospect of exhausting our subject.

'At this time I had no other expectation but of a second excursion with the conductor of the first, and as that gentleman was in frequent conference with Mr. Somerville, I took for granted they were concerting the plan of a foreign tour; and though my heart was every hour more and more fondly attached to Constantia, so that a separation from her was painful to reflect on, yet I was resolved at all events not to swerve from my engagements with her grandfather, and therefore held myself in trembling expectation of another summons to go forth: delightfully as the hours passed away in her society, I dreaded lest any symptoms of self-indulgence should lower me in her opinion, or create suspicions in Mr. Somerville and Mrs. Goodison that I was in any danger of relapsing into my former indolence: I therefore seized the first opportunity of explaining myself to those respectable friends, when Constantia was not present, and addressing myself to Mr. Somerville, assured him that I was not disposed to forget any part of his good advice, nor so much my own enemy as to evade any one of those conditions

to the performance of which he had annexed the hope of so transcendant a reward: conscious that he could impose nothing upon me so hard to do, or so painful to suffer, which such a prize would not infinitely overbalance, I had no other backwardness or apprehension as to his commands, but what sprung from the conviction, that after all my efforts I must ever remain unworthy of Constantia.

'I shall never forget Mr. Somerville's reply, nor the action which accompanied it. My good friend, said he (leaning over the arm of the chair, and kindly taking me by the hand), it is more than enough for a man to have made one such fatal error in his life as I have done, one such unhappy sacrifice to the false opinions of the world; but though I have heartily repented of this error, I am not so far reformed, as to be without ambition in the choice of a husband for our Constantia; no, Sir, I am still as ambitious as ever, but I hope with better judgment and upon better principles; I will not bate an atom of virtue in the bargain I am to make; I insist upon the good qualities of the heart and temper to the last scruple; these are the essentials which I rigidly exact, and all these you possess: there are indeed other, many other, incidental articles, which you may, or you may not, superadd to the account; but I am contented to strike hands with you on the spot, though you shall never have set foot upon foreign soil—What says my daughter to this?

'When I cast my eyes upon the countenance of the most benevolent of women, and saw it turned expressively upon me, smiling through tears, joy palpitated at my heart, whilst she delivered herself as follows:—I were of all beings most insensible, could I withhold my testimony to this gentleman's merits, or my entire assent to his alliance with my daughter; but as I have ever reposed perfect con-

fidence in her, and, as far as I was enabled, always consulted her wishes, I should be glad this question might be fairly and candidly referred to her unbiassed judgment for decision: she is very young; our friend here is neither old in years nor experience; both parties have time before them; should she be willing to hold off from the married state for a while, should she foresee advantages in our friend's undertaking a second tour with the same instructive associate (whether into foreign countries or nearer home) let her be the judge of what is most likely to conduce to her future happiness in a husband, and as I am persuaded our friend here will practise no unfair measures for biassing her judgment, let him consult Constantia's wishes on the case, and as she determines so let him act, and so let us agree.

'With these instructions, which Mr. Somerville seconded, I hastened to Constantia, and without hesitation or disguise related to her what had passed and requested her decision. Judge (if it be possible to judge) of my transports, when that ingenuous, that angelic creature gave me a reply, that left no room to doubt that I was blest in the possession of her heart, and that she could not endure a second separation.

'I flew to Mr. Somerville; I fell at the feet of Mrs. Goodison; I interceded, implored, and was accepted. Nothing ever equalled the generosity of their behaviour. I am now to change my name to Somerville, at that worthy gentleman's express desire, and measures are already in train for that purpose. The same abilities, which I am indebted to for the good condition of my affairs, are employed in perfecting the marriage settlement, and the period now between me and happiness would by any other person but myself be termed a very short one.

'Thus am I on the very eve of being blest with

the loveliest, the divinest object upon earth, and thus have I, by the good counsel of my friends (in which number I shall ever reckon you) broke the shackles of that unmanly indolence, under which I was sinking apace into irretrievable languor and insignificance. Henceforward I entreat you to regard me as a new man, and believe that with my name I have put off my infirmity. . We are in daily expectation of our friendly Abrahams, who is *an Israelite indeed:* your company would round our circle, and complete the happiness of

'Your ever affectionate

'EDWARD.'

NUMBER XLVII.

PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the control of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to this kind of excuse, it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions however make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave, others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be reviewed under three pe-

riods, infancy, youth, and manhood; the first includes that portion of time before reason shows itself; in the second it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support, and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect to his responsibility: Infants and boys are chastised by the hand of the parent or the master; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case, becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger, lust, or malice are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence: yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less abject than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent attribute is free agency, and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say—'Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow instinct and renounce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions;'—and yet the people to whom I allude, generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life, when the hu-

man mind is in the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself; notwithstanding this it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay, such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coeval with our nature; if they who have our infancy in charge, suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us: if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and present to our sight frighful objects to scare us; if they practise on our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years, a human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to: In most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions, to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and control, was greatly overmatched by such a host of turbulent insurgents; but upon a closer examination we may find that reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted, whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive to moral ends:

Avarice, for instance, will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity on the other hand will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

Observe the manners of *Palpatius* in company with his patron; assiduous, humble, obliging; for ever smiling, and so subtle and obsequious, you would think he had no will of his own, and was born for the uses and occasions of others: Follow Palpatius to his house, see him with his wife and children, hear him dictate to his servants and the needy dependants, who make suit through him to his principal, you will find all things reversed; the sycophant turns out a tyrant, and he is only indebted to his hypocrisy for keeping his insolence out of sight.

Procax is one of the most dissolute men living; he is handsome, impudent, and insinuating, qualifications that ensure his success with the ladies: He professed the most vehement passion for Fulvia; but Fulvia was on the point of marrying Vetulus, a rich old man, who wanted an heir, and till that event took place she held out against Procax upon motives of convenience only: Fulvia soon became the wife of Vetulus: she had no longer any repugnance to be the mistress of Procax! but the same man, who had pleaded the irresistible violence of his desires before marriage, now pretended conscience, and drew back from her advances; nay, he did more, he put Vetulus upon his guard, and Fulvia's virtue was too closely watched to be in any future danger: What sudden change was this in Procax? Vetulus had no heirs, and Procax had a contingent interest in the entail of his estate.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings, was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—'It is not for myself, madam,' said the

wretched creature, 'it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief.'—Splendida directed her eyes towards the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier: Her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas: The blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight; Splendida turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost; unhappily for the suppliant, Splendida was alone, and without a witness: She put her hand once more into her pocket, and taking out a solitary shilling, dropped it into the shrivelled palm that was stretched out to receive it, and drove on. Splendida returned home, drest herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly: a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress, the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor. Splendida drew forth the same purse, and wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar. The room rang with applauses of her charity—'I give it,' says she, 'to her virtues, rather than to her talents; I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress.' Splendida on her return home took out her accompt-book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling to the article of charity; the shilling indeed Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.

NUMBER XLVIII.

An toti morimur?

SENECA IN TROAD.

I BELIEVE there are few people, who have not at some time or other felt a propensity to humour themselves in that kind of melancholy, which arises, in the mind upon revisiting the scene of former happiness, and contemplating the change that time has wrought in its appearance by the mournful comparison of present with past impressions.

In this train of thought I was the other day carried almost imperceptibly to the country seat of a deceased friend, whose loss I must ever lament. I had not been there since his death, and there was a dreariness in the scene as I approached, that might have almost tempted me to believe even things inanimate partook of my sensations. The traces of my friend, whose solicitude for order and seemliness reached to every thing about him, were no longer to be seen: The cottages and little gardens of his poor neighbours, which used to be so trim and neat, whilst his eye was over them, seemed to be falling into neglect; the lawn before his house was now become a solitude; no labourers at their work; no domestics at their sports and exercises: I looked around for my old acquaintance, that used to be grazing up and down upon their pensions of pasturage; they had probably been food for hounds long ago; Nature had lost her smile of hospitality and benevolence: methought I never saw any thing more disconsolate.

As I entered the house, an aged woman, whom I had long remembered as one of the family, met me in the passage, and looking me in the face, cried out, 'Is it you, Sir?'—and burst into tears: She followed me into the common sitting room, and as she was opening the shutters, observed to me—'That it did not look as it used to do, when my lord was living.' It was true: I had already made the remark in silence:—'How the face of a friend,' said I within myself, 'enlivens all things about him! What hours of placid delight have I passed within these walls! Have I ever heard a word here fall from his lips, that I have wished him to recall? Has the reputation of the absent ever bled by a stab of his giving? Has the sensibility of any person present suffered for an expression of his? Once, and only once, in this very spot, I drew from him the circumstantial detail of an unfortunate period in his life: It was a recital so manly and ingenuous, so void of colouring, so disdainful of complaint, and so untainted by asperity, that it carried conviction to my mind, and I can scarce conceive a degree of prejudice that could have held out against it; but I could perceive that the greatest event in a man's history may turn by springs so subtle and concealed, that they can never be laid open for public exculpation, and that in the process of all human trials there may be things too small for the fingers of the law to feel: motives, which produce the good or ill fortunes of men, and govern their actions, but which cannot guide the judgments, or even come under the contemplation of those who are appointed to decide upon them.'

I soon quitted this apartment, and entered one which I contemplated with more satisfaction, and even with a degree of veneration; for it was the chamber, in which I had seen my friend yield up the

last breath of life. Few men had endured greater persecution in the world; none could leave it in greater peace and charity: if forgiveness of injuries constitutes a merit, our enemies surely are those to whom we are most beholden. How awful is the last scene of a man's life, who has filled a dubious, and important, part on the stage of the world!—'Of a truth,' thought I, 'thou art happily removed out of an unfriendly world; if thou hadst deceived my good opinion, it had been an injury to my nature: But though the living man can wear a mask and carry on deceit, the dying Christian cannot counterfeit: Sudden death may smite the hypocrite, the sensualist, the impostor, and they may die in their shame; but slow and gradual dissolution, a lingering death of agony and decay, will strip the human heart before it seizes it; it will lay it naked, before it stops it. There is no trifling with some solemnities: no prevaricating with God, when we are on the very threshold of his presence: Many worldly friendships dissolve away with his breath to whom they were pledged; but thy last moments, my friend, were so employed as to seal my affection to thy memory closer than it was ever attached to thy person: and I have it now to say, there was a man, whom I have loved and served, and who has not deceived or betrayed me.'

And what must I now think of popularity, when I reflect upon those who had it, and upon this man, who had it not? Fallacious test!—Contemptible pursuit! How often, since the exile of Aristides has integrity been thy victim, and villainy thine idol? Worship it then, thou filthy idolator, and take the proper wages of thy servility; be the dupe of cunning, and the stalking-horse of hypocrisy.

What a contrast to the death I have now been reviewing, occurs to my mind, when I reflect upon

the dreadful consummation of the once popular *Antitheus!* I remember him in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man so caressed, followed and applauded: He was a little loose, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the honestest fellow in the world; it was not to be denied, that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the best creature living. I have seen men of the gravest characters wink at his sallies, because he was so pleasant and so well bred, it was impossible to be angry with him. Every thing went well with him, and *Antitheus* seemed to be at the summit of human prosperity, when he was suddenly seized with the most alarming symptoms: He was at his country house, and (which had rarely happened to him) he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of this attack.

A neighbouring physician was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haste in this extremity: He found him sitting up in his bed supported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath struggling as in the article of death, his pulse intermitting, and at times beating with such rapidity as could hardly be counted. *Antitheus* dismissed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the physician, if he thought him in danger: the physician answered that he must fairly tell him he was in imminent danger—'How so! how so! do you think me dying?'—He was sorry to say the symptoms indicated death—'Impossible! You must not let me die; I dare not die: O doctor! save me if you can.'—Your situation, Sir, is such, said the physician, that it is not in mine, or any other man's art, to save you; and I think I should not do my duty if I gave you any false hopes

in these moments, which, if I am not mistaken, will not more than suffice for any worldly or other concerns, which you may have upon your mind to settle.—'My mind is full of horror,' cried the dying man, 'and I am incapable of preparing it for death.'—He now fell into an agony, accompanied, with a shower of tears; a cordial was administered, and he revived in a degree; when turning to the physician, who had his fingers on his pulse, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not see that blood upon the feet-curtains of his bed. There was none to be seen the physician assured him; it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy.'—'I see it plainly,' said *Antitheus*, 'in the shape of a human hand: I have been visited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying sleepless in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceased friend, to dissipate certain thoughts that made me uneasy. I believed him to be a great philosopher, and was converted to his opinions: Persuaded by his arguments and my own experience that the disorderly affairs of this evil world could not be administered by any wise, just or provident Being, I had brought myself to think no such Being could exist, and that a life produced by chance must terminate in annihilation: This is the reasoning of that letter, and such were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dead friend presented itself before me; and unfolding the curtains of my bed, stood at my feet, looking earnestly upon me for a considerable space of time. My heart sunk within me; for his face was ghastly, full of horror, with an expression of such anguish as I can never describe: His eyes were fixed upon me, and at length, with a mournful motion of his head—'Alas, alas!' he cried, 'we are in a fatal error'—and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, shook them violently

and disappeared.—This I protest to you, I both saw and heard, and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains.'

Antitheus survived the relation of this vision very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forsaken and disconsolate creature is a man without religion!

Reader, whosoever thou art, deceive not thyself; let not passion, or prosperity, or wit, or wantonness, seduce thy reason to an attempt against the truth. If thou hast the faculties of a man, thou wilt never bring thyself to a fixed persuasion that there is no God: Struggle how thou wilt against the notion, there will be a moment when the glaring conviction will burst upon thy mind. Now mark what follows—If there is a God, the government of the world is in that God; and this once admitted, the necessity of a future state follows of consequence. Ask thyself then, what can be the purposes of that future state; what, but those of justice and retribution, to reward the good and to punish the evil? Our present life then is a life of probation, a state of trial and of discipline, preparatory to that future state. Now see what is fallen upon thee, and look well to thyself for the consequences: Thou hast let the idea of a God into thy mind, because indeed thou couldst not keep it out, and religion rushes through the breach. It is natural religion hitherto, and no more: But no matter; there is enough even in natural religion to make thee tremble. Whither wilt thou now resort for comfort, whither fly for refuge from the wrath to come?—Behold the asylum is open, Christianity is thy salvation and redemption: That, which natural religion hath shadowed out to thee in terrors, Christianity will reveal in glory: It will clear up thy doubts, disperse thy fears, and turn thy hopes

into certainty. Thy reasonings about a future state, which are but reasonings, it will not only verify by divine authorities, but by positive proof, by visible examples, attested by witnesses, confirmed by the evidence of the senses, and uncontradicted by the history of ages. Now thou wilt know to thy comfort, that there is a Mediator gone before thee, who will help out thy imperfect atonement, when thou art brought to judgment in a future state. Thou wilt indeed be told for certain, that this life is a state of probation, and that thou shalt be brought to account for thine actions; but thou wilt be taught an easy lesson of salvation; thou wilt be cheered with the mercies of thy God, and comforted with the assurance of pardon, if thou wilt heartily turn to repentance: Thou wilt find that all this system of religion is conformable to those natural notions, which reason suggested to thee before, with this advantage, that it makes them clearer, purifies, refines, enlarges them; shuts out every dismal prospect, opens all that is delightful, and *points a road to Heaven through paths of peace and pleasantness.*

NUMBER XLIX.

As I was turning over a parcel of old papers some time ago, I discovered an original letter from Mr. Caswell, the mathematician, to the learned Dr. Bentley, when he was living in Bishop Stillingfleet's family, inclosing an account of an apparition taken from the mouth of a clergyman who saw it: In this account there are some curious particulars, and I shall therefore copy the whole narrative without

any omission except of the name of the deceased person who is supposed to have *appeared*, for reasons that will be obvious.

'To the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my Lord Bishop of Worcester's house in Park-street, in Westminster, London.

'SIR;

'When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said, but a cold and lameness seized me next day; the cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage; however, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and if I had opportunity to show it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant.

'I have sent you inclosed a relation of an apparition; the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and passing through more mouths has varied much more; therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth; after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy: he said he could swear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned: He is the Curate of Warblington, Bachelour of Arts of Trinity College in Oxford, about six years standing in the University; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here: he is now gone to his Curacy: he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned.

Mr. Brereton, the Rector would have him say nothing of the story, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less. Mr. P. the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report, supposed to have got children of his maid, and to have murthered them; but I advised the Curate to say nothing himself of this last part of P. but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those who knew this P. say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle.

Your's,

'J. Caswell.'

I desire you not to suffer any copy of this to be taken, lest some Mercury news-teller should print it, till the Curate has sent up the testimony of others and self.

H. H. Dec. 15, 1695.

NARRATIVE.

'At Warblington, near Havant in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage house dwelt Thomas Perce the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man servant Thomas .... and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, Anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard: upon this the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm; she told them the reason of her crying out;

she would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer; where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in, and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house upon any terms.

'On the morrow (i. e. Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have consult with some friends about it; I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton the Rector, whose house it was; she desired me to come up; I told her I would come up and sit up or lie there, as she pleased; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel! I went thither and sate up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant: about twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see if any body were hid there to impose upon me: at last we came into a lumber-room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come: the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm! and then I repeated *Barbara, celarent Darii*, &c. jestingly; on this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear: then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated *Baralipton*, &c. then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sate up there the remaining part of the night and had no manner of disturbance.

'Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room and the man in another room, and he saw something walk along in a black gown and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off.' Friday morning the

man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or flam; he told me the reason why he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.

'Sunday night I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition) and the tenant and his man in one bed, in another room; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard something walk in their room at the bed's foot, and whistling very well; at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them; after some time it moved off; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for that there was something in the room went about whistling: I asked him whether he had any light or could strike one, he told me no; then I leapt out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again; I went in three or four steps, and, it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed side, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine: I went and stood directly against it within my arm's length of it, and asked it in the name of God what it was, that made it come disturbing of us; I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, *I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, till it came to the wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place:* till now I had not the least fear and even

now had very little; then I adjured it to tell me what it was: when I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door: I followed it, and it, going out at the door, turned its back towards me: it went a little along the gallery; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear; I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition and heard me speak the words; the tenant also heard the words. The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down; the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Battin of Langstone in Havant Parish; they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P. a former rector of the place, who has been dead above twenty years: upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void since.

'The Monday after last Michaelmas-day, a man of Chodson in Warwickshire having been at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house: his pathway being close by the house, he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light, but turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a

man in a long gown; he made haste away; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres to a lane, which he crossed, and over a little meadow, then over another lane to some pales, which belong to farmer Henry Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men and some others; this man went into the barn, told them how he was frighted and followed from the parsonage house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales, if they went out; they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise; it stood there some time and then disappeared; their description agreed with what I saw. This last account I had from the man himself, whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

'THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.

'*Dec.* 11, 1695, *Oxon.*'

I shall make no remark upon this genuine account, except as to the passage which I have put in italics: if Mr. Wilkins was thoroughly possest of himself at that moment, as he deposes, and is strictly correct in his fact, the narrative is established.

NUMBER L.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR;

I AM a plain man without pretensions, and lead a retired life in the country; the sports of the season, a small farm, which I hold in my own hands, and a pretty good kitchen garden, in which I take

amusement, with the help of a few English books, have hitherto made my life, though it is that of a bachelor, pass off with more than tolerable comfort. By this account of my time you will perceive that most of my enjoyments depend upon the weather; and though the wear-and-tear of age may have made me more sensible to the seasons than I have been, yet I cannot help thinking that our climate, in England, is as much altered for the worse, as my constitution may be. I do not pretend to reason upon natural causes, but speak upon observation only; for by an exact journal of my time (which I keep more for a check upon my actions than for any importance which appertains to them), I can find that I am obliged to my books for helping me through more rainy hours in the course of years last past, than I have been accustomed to be, or indeed than I could wish; for you must know I never read, when I can amuse myself out of doors.

My studies are but trifling, for I am no scholar, but in bad weather and dark evenings they have served to fill up time; a very little discouragement however suffices to put me out of conceit with my books, and I have thoughts of laying them totally on the shelf, as soon as ever I can provide some harmless substitute in their place; this, you see, is not so easy for me to do, being a solitary man, and one that hates drinking, especially by myself; add to this, that I smoke no tobacco, and have more reasons than I choose to explain against engaging in the nuptial state: my housekeeper, it is true, is a decent conversable woman, and plays a good game at all-fours; and I had begun to fill up an hour in her company, till I was surprised unawares by a neighbour, who is a wag, and has never ceased jeering me upon it ever since: I took next to making nets for my currant bushes, but alas! I have

worked myself out of all employ, and am got weary of the trade: I have thought of making fishing-rods: but I have a neighbour so tenacious of his trout, that I should only breed a quarrel, and fish in troubled waters, were I to attempt it. To make short of my story, Sir, I have been obliged, after many efforts, to go back to my books, though I have lost all the little relish I had for them ever since I have been honoured with the visits of a learned gentleman, who is lately settled in my neighbourhood. He must be a prodigious scholar, for I believe in my conscience he knows every thing that ever was written, and every body that ever writes. He has taken a world of kind pains, I must confess, to set me right in a thousand things, that I was ignorant enough to be pleased with: he is a fine spoken man, and in spite of my stupidity has the patience to convince me of the faults and blunders of every author in his turn. When he shows them to me, I see them as clear as day, and never take up the book again: he has now gone pretty nearly through my whole nest of shelves, pointing out as he proceeds, what I, like a fool, never saw before, nor ever should have seen but for him. I used to like a *Spectator* now and then, and generally sought out for *Clio*, which I was told, were Mr. Addison's papers; but I have been in a gross mistake, to lose my time with a man that cannot write common English; for my friend has proved this to me out of a fine book, three times as big as the *Spectator*, and, which is more, this great book is made by a foreign gentleman, who writes and speaks clear another language from Mr. Addison; surely he must be a dunce indeed, who is to be taught his mother tongue by a stranger! I was apt to be tickled with some of our English poets, Dryden and Pope and Milton and one Gray, that turns

out to be a very contemptible fellow truly, for he has shown me all their secret histories in print, written by a learned man greater than them all put together, and now I would not give a rush for one of them; I could find in my heart to send *Bell* and all his books to the devil. As for all the writers now living, my neighbour, who by the way has a hand in reviewing their works, assures me he can make nothing of them, and indeed I wonder that a man of his genius will have any thing to say to them. It was my custom to read a chapter or two in the Bible on a Sunday night; but there I am wrong again; I shall not enter upon the subject here, but it wont't do, that I am convinced of, Sir, it positively will not do.

The reason of my writing to you at all is only to let you know, that I received a volume of your Observer by the coach; my friend has cast his eye over it, and I have returned it by the waggon, which he says is the fittest conveyance for waste paper. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

I shall give no other answer to my correspondent but to lament his loss of so innocent a resource as reading, which I suspect his new acquirements will hardly compensate. I still think that half an hour passed with Mr. Addison over a *Spectator*, notwithstanding all his false grammar, or even with one of the poets, notwithstanding their infirmities, might be as well employed as in weaving nets for the currant bushes, or playing at all-fours with his housekeeper. No man has a right to complain of the critic, whose sagacity discovers inaccuracies in a favourite author, and some readers may probably be edified by such discoveries; but the bulk of

them, like my correspondent Rusticus, will get nothing but disgust by the information; every man's work is fair game for the critic; but let the critic beware that his own production is not open to retaliation. As for our late ingenious biographer of the poets, when I compare his life of Savage with that of Gray, I must own he has exalted the low, and brought down the lofty; with what justice he has done this the world must judge. On the part of our authors now living, whom the learned gentleman in the letter condemns in the lump, I have only this to observe, that the worse they fare now, the better they will succeed with posterity; for the critics love the sport too well to hunt any but those who can stand a good chace; and authors are the only objects in nature, which are magnified by distance and diminished by approach: let the illustrious dead change places with the illustrious living, and they shall escape no better than they have done who make room for them; the more merit they bring amongst us, the heavier the tax they shall pay for it.

Let us suppose for a moment that Shakspeare was now an untried poet, and opened his career with any one of his best plays: the next morning ushers into the world the following, or something like the following critique.

'Last night was presented, for the first time, a tragedy called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*, avowedly the production of *Mr. William Shakspeare*, the actor. This gentleman's reputation in his profession is of the *mediocre* sort, and we predict that his present tragedy will not add much to it in any way. —*Mediocribus esse poetis*—the reader can supply the rest—*verb. sap.* As we profess ourselves to be friendly to the players in general, we shall reserve our fuller critique of this piece, till after its third

night; for *we hold it very stuff of the conscience* (to use Mr. Shakspeare's own words) not to war against the poet's purse; though we might apply the author's quaint conceit to himself—

'Who steals *his* purse, steals trash; 'tis something; nothing.'

In this last reply we agree with Mr. Shakspeare that *'tis nothing*, and our philosophy tells us *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

'For the plot of this tragedy the most we can say is, that it is cetainly of the *moving* sort, for it is here and there and every where; a kind of theatrical *hocus-pocus*; a creature of the pye-ball breed, like Jacob's muttons, between a black ram and a white ewe. It brought to our mind the children's game of—*I love my love with an A*—, with this difference only, that the young lady in this play loves her love with a B, *because he is black.—Risum teneatis?*

'There is one *Iago*, a bloody-minded fellow, who stabs men in the dark behind their backs; now this is a thing we hold to be most vile and ever to be abhorred. Othello smothers his white wife in bed: our readers may think this a shabby kind of an action for a general of his high calling: but we beg leave to observe, that it shows some spirit at least in Othello to attack the enemy in her *strong quarters* at once. There was an incident of a *pocket handkerchief*, which *Othello* called out for most lustily, and we were rather sorry that his lady could not produce it, as we might then have seen one *handkerchief* at least employed in the tragedy. There were some *vernacular* phrases, which caught our ear, such as where the black damns his wife twice in a breath—*Oh damn her, damn her!*—which we thought savoured more of the language spoken *at* the doors, than *within* the doors of the theatre; but

when we recollect that the author used to amuse a leisure hour with calling up gentlemen's coaches after the play was over, before he was promoted to take a part in it, we could readily account for old habits. Though we have seen many gentlemen and ladies kill themselves on the stage, yet we must give the author credit for the new way in which his hero puts himself out of the world: Othello having smothered his wife, and being taken up by the officers of the state, prepares to dispatch himself and escape from the hands of justice; to bring this about, he begins a story about his killing a man in Aleppo, which he illustrates *par example* by stabbing himself, and so winds up his story and his life in the same moment. The author made his appearance in the person of one *Brabantio*, an old man, who makes his first entry from a window: this occasioned some risibility in the audience: the part is of an inferior kind, and Mr. Shakspeare was more indebted to the exertions of his brethren than to his own, for carrying his play through. Upon the whole, we do not think the passion of jealousy, on which the plot turns, so proper for tragedy as comedy, and we would recommend to the author, if his piece survives its nine nights, to cut it down to a farce, and serve it up to the public *cum micâ salis* in that shape. After this specimen of Mr. William Shakspeare's tragic powers, we cannot encourage him to pursue his attempts upon Melpomene; for there is a good old proverb, which we would advise him to bear in mind—*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*—If he applies to his friend *Ben*, he will turn it into English for him.'

NUMBER LI.

Ulcera animi sananda magis quam corporis.

EX SENTENT.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?

MACBETH.

It seems as if most of the ancient writers of history thought no events worth recording to posterity but accounts of battles and sieges and the overthrow of empires; as if men were to be celebrated only in proportion to the devastation they had made of the human species. As my respect, on the contrary, is directed chiefly to those peaceable characters, who have been the benefactors of mankind, it is with pleasure I discovered an anecdote of an ancient king of Egypt of this description, named Osymanduas: this good prince, amongst other praiseworthy actions, has the credit of making the first public library in that learned nation, before books were collected at Athens by Pisistratus: Osymanduas made no scruple to convert one of the chief temples to this generous use, and gave it in charge to the priests belonging to it to digest and arrange his collection; when this was done, he laid it open to the public, and by a very apposite and ingenious device, which he caused to be inscribed upon the front of the edifice, invited all his subjects to enter in and partake of his benefaction: he considered it as the duty of a good king to provide against the mental as well as bodily ailments of his people; it appeared to him that books were the best medicines for the mind of man, and consequently that a collec-

tion of books, such as his library contained, might well be intitled—a magazine or warehouse of medicines for the mind; with this idea he directed the following words to be inscribed over the door of his library in conspicuous characters—Ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον. There is a beautiful simplicity in the thought, which seems to give an insight into the benevolent design of the donor; and as I hold it a more noble office to preserve the mind in health, than to keep the body after death from corruption, I cannot hesitate to give Osymanduas more credit for this benefaction of a library, than if he had been founder of the pyramids.

As the distempers of the mind may be figuratively classed under the several characters of those maladies which are incidental to the body, so the several descriptions of books may very well be sorted into the various *genera* of medicines, which practice has applied to those respective distempers. A library thus pharmaceutically disposed, would have the appearance of a dispensatory, and might be properly enough so called; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that those great benefactors to literature, Ratcliffe, Meade, Sloane, Hunter, and others, have had this very idea of Osymanduas in their minds, when they founded their libraries. If, therefore, it should be thought agreeable to the will of the donors, and a proper mark of respect to their memories, so to arrange their collections, now in the repositories of Oxford and the British Museum, it will be necessary to find out a different set of titles, and instead of sorting them as they now are into the compartments of *The Historians; The Poets; The Divines;* it will be right to set up new inscriptions in their places, and entitle them, *The Alteratives; The*

Stimulatives; The Narcotics. I need not point out to the learned keepers of these libraries how to proceed in an arrangement, to which their own judgments are so fully competent: nothing more will be required of them, but to ascertain the particular species of disease, which the mind of the patient is affected with, and send him forthwith to the proper class of authors for his cure.

For instance; if the complaint arises from cold humours and a want of free perspiration by a stoppage and constipation of the pores of the mind, by which the feelings are rendered inert, and deprived of that proper emanation and expansion, which the health of the soul requires; let such a one be shut into the warm bath of *the Sudorifics,* which I need not explain to be *the Satirist,* and they will soon open his pores and disperse all obstructions. If the mental disease be of the inflammatory and feverish sort, attended with fits and paroxysms of anger, envy, revenge, and other atrabilious symptoms, which cannot be mistaken, it will be proper to turn the patient into the cell of the moralists, who will naturally be found under the title of *The Coolers and Sedatives:* on the contrary, where the complaint is of the lethargic nature, in which irritation is necessary, the controversialists will furnish him a remedy: in short, we need only say, that when the several authors are properly arranged, every case may find its cure. The comic writers will act as carminatives to dispel the vapours; books of travels as cathartics to procure a motion; memoirs and novels will operate as provocatives; politics as corrosives, and panegyrics as emetics. Two compartments should be kept apart and specially distinguished, viz. the sacred writings under the title *Restoratives,* and the works of the infidels under the denominations of deadly poisons: the

former will be sovereign in all galloping consumptions of dissipation, and the latter will be resorted to by none but suicides and desperadoes.

I should now dismiss the subject, but that I had forgotten to speak of the essayists, who from their miscellaneous properties certainly come under the class of compounds; and cannot therefore be so precisely specified: as they are applicable to chronic diseases rather than acute ones, they may very well stand in the list of correctors, which, taken in a regular course, and under proper regimen, are found very efficacious in all cases where the constitution is impaired by excess and bad habits of living: they seem most to resemble those medicinal springs, which are impregnated with a variety of properties, and when critically analyzed are found to contain salt, nitre, steel, sulphur, chalk, and other calcareous particles: when the more respectable names of *Bath*, *Spa*, *Pyrmont*, *Seltzer*, and others, are disposed of, I am not without hope these humbler essays, which my candid readers are now in the course of taking, may be found to have the wholesome properties of *Tunbridge waters*.

It is supposed that this library of the venerable *Osymandyas* descended to the Ptolemies, augmented probably by the intermediate monarchs, and ultimately brought to perfection by the learned and munificent Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus, so well known for his Greek translation of the Hebrew Septuagint.

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages: I read of no collections antecedent to those made by Æmilius Paulus and Lucullus, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free access to his library, but neither in his life-time, nor at his death, made

it public property. Cornelius Sylla, before his dictatorship, plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and these he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public use. This was at last undertaken by Julius Cæsar upon an imperial scale not long before his death, and the learned M. Varro was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library: its completion, which was interrupted by the death of Julius and the civil wars subsequent thereto, was left for Augustus, who assigned a fund out of the Dalmatian booty for this purpose, which he put into the hands of the celebrated Asinius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections in addition to his own purchases, opened the first public library in Rome in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterwards instituted by the same emperor, which he called the Octavian and Palatine Libraries; the first, so named in honour of his sister, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title specifies, was in the imperial palace: these libraries were royally endowed with establishments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus, the grammarian, was one.

The emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the *Via Sacra*, in which quarter he himself resided. Vespasian endowed a public library in the temple of Peace. Trajan founded the famous Ulpian library in his new forum, from whence it was at last removed to the *Collis Viminalis* to furnish the baths of Dioclesian. The Capitoline library is supposed to have been founded by Domitian, and was consumed, together

with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a stroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The emperor Hadrian enriched his favourite villa with a superb collection of books, and lodged them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. These were, in succeeding times, so multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the several emperors, that in the reign of Constantine, Rome contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries, of which the principal were the Palatine and the Ulpian.

Though books were then collected at an immense expense, several private citizens of fortune made considerable libraries. Tyrannio, the grammarian, even in the time of Sylla, was possessed of three thousand volumes: Epaphroditus, a grammarian also, had in later times collected thirty thousand of the most select and valuable books; but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the emperor Gordian a library containing no less than sixty-two thousand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to these expenses, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furnishing their banqueting rooms with books, not for use, but for show, and in a mere spirit of profusion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always supplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongst the other recreations of the place; in like manner their country houses and even public offices were provided, for the use and amusement of their guests or clients.

The Roman libraries, in point of disposition, much resembled the present fashion observed in our public ones; for the books were not placed against the walls, but brought into the area of the room, in separate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in presses: the intervals between these compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid

ates of glass and ivory, and marble bass-relievos. i these compartments, which were furnished with esks and couches for the accommodation of read-'s, it was usual to place the statues of learned en, one in each; and this we may observe is one ' the few elegancies, which Rome was not in-ebted to Greece for, the first idea having been arted by the accomplished Pollio, who in his li-ary on Mount Aventine set up the statue of his ustrious contemporary Varro, even whilst he was ving: it was usual also to ornament the press, here any considerable author's works were con-ined, with his figure in brass or plaster of a small ze.

There is one more circumstance attending these blic libraries, which ought not to be omitted, as marks the liberal spirit of their institution: it as usual to appropriate an adjoining building for e use and accommodation of students, where ery thing was furnished at the emperor's cost: ey were lodged, dieted, and attended by servants ecially appointed, and supplied with every thing, ider the eye of the chief librarian, that could be nting, whilst they were engaged in their studies, d had occasion to consult the books: this esta-lishment was kept up in a very princely style at lexandria in particular, where a college was en-wed and a special fund appointed for its sup-rt, with a president, and proper officers under , for the entertainment of learned strangers, resorted thither from various parts to consult ose invaluable collections, which that famous li-ary contained in all branches of science.

END OF VOL. XXXVIII.